

The background of the cover is a dramatic, painterly illustration. It features a close-up of a person's face, which is pale and has a look of intense shock or fear, with wide, staring eyes and an open mouth showing teeth. Behind the face, a large, multi-fingered hand, possibly belonging to an alien, is reaching down. The hand has a reddish-orange hue, contrasting with the cooler blue and green tones of the face and the surrounding background. The overall style is reminiscent of classic horror or sci-fi pulp magazine art.

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284 Pages

# Stolen lives

**True Stories Of Alien Abduction**

Téodoro Rampalé



# Stolen lives

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## True Stories Of Alien Abduction

They look like us,  
talk like us, act like us.

Sometimes I still  
pretend that it was all a  
dreadful gripping night-  
mare, some dream I  
dreamed that was now  
stuck in my head.

I told myself I was  
over reacting to that chill-  
ing vision, that I had let  
paranoia creep into my inter-  
pretation of the dream, so that  
I began to see evidence of alien  
influence in everything until I was  
reluctant to sleep, fearing that the  
dreams would return.

I would venture outside at night to watch the stray cats and wandering dogs,  
and to gaze at the stars. I felt compelled to look at the sky day and night, ever  
searching for the visitors and their glowing starships although I began to fear  
that such reckless *vagabondage* might lead to my death.

Logic insisted that such things couldn't be true, but there it was: a fragile,  
lovely childlike being inside my head, listening, watching, watching, listening.

"Téo," it would whisper. And "Téo," again.

It almost looked human.

Almost... .

*Téodoro Ramonali*

# Pandora Books

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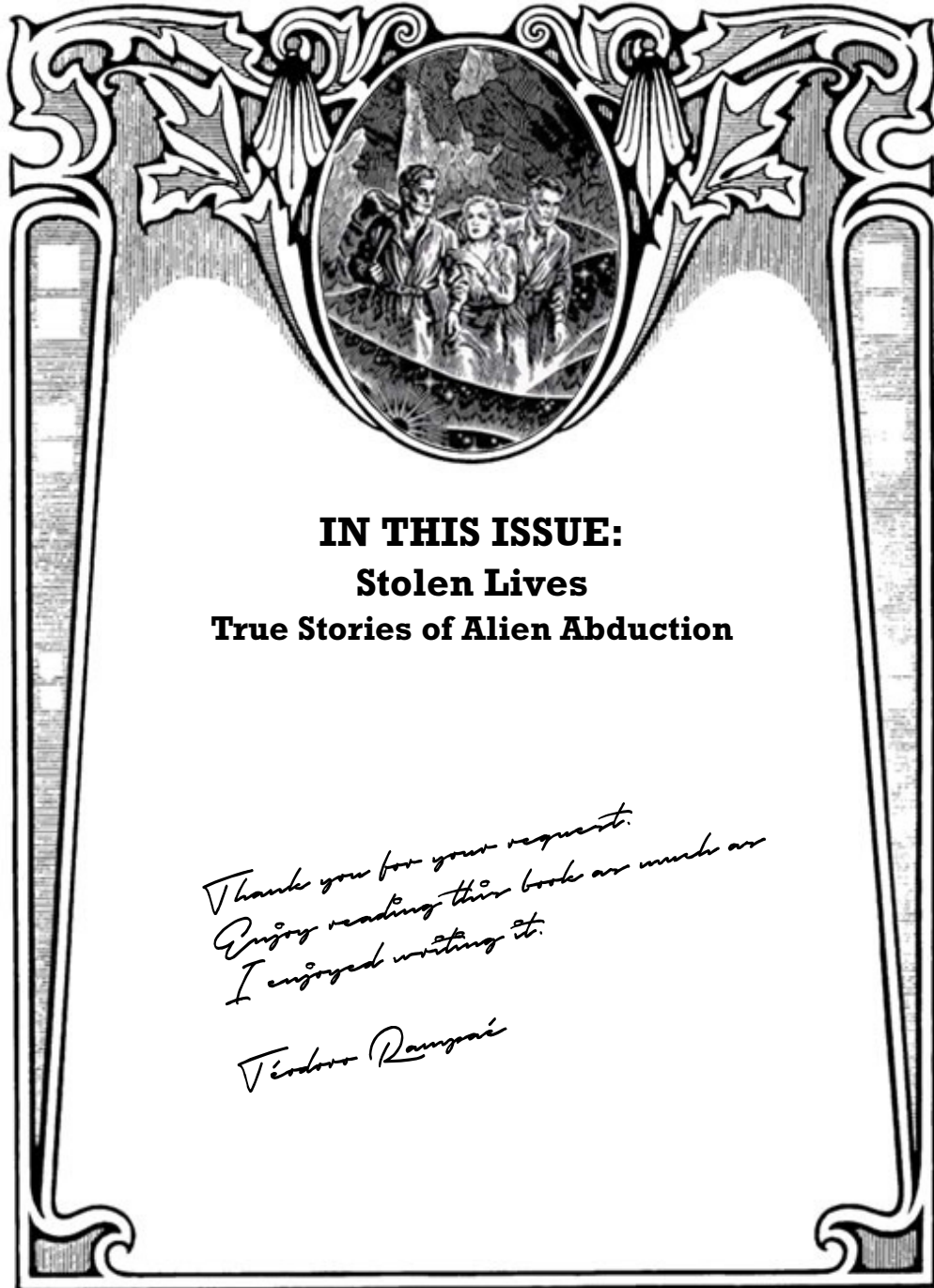


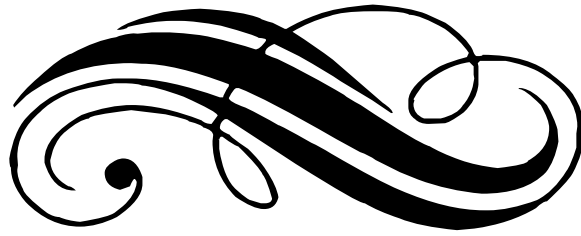
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# Pandora Books





## **STOLEN LIVES**

### **TRUE STORIES OF ALIEN ABDUCTION**

All of the people in this account are real. Because of the nature of the events they experienced, however, all involved have chosen to be identified by pseudonym only .

In December 1987, Téodoro Rampalé was a successful author in a large western city. He had a happy second marriage, good health, professional respect, intelligence, and a kind, good-humored nature. At the same time, Justin Rampalé, a bright science student at the local university, was living on five acres of a 35-acre area on the edge of the city. He had a roommate, Jason, a girlfriend, Mila, also a science student, and three dogs.

Today, almost three years later, it would seem that things are still much the same for Téodoro and Justin, but I know better. Téodoro is my husband, Justin my son, and Mila is now our daughter-in-law. Together, we have all struggled to understand an astonishing phenomenon that revealed itself in our lives. It has altered our whole reference of reality in ways we could never have imagined.

We discovered that we were victims of abductions by some alien force. We learned that this force, this alien presence, had in fact been a part of our lives for many years. And through sharing our experiences, and seeking answers and help from others who had also encountered these beings, we learned to survive with our sanity intact and our perspective on life immeasurably expanded.

Stories of humans abducted, examined, and crossbred by alien beings of unknown origin are nothing new, not since Budd Hopkins's, Whitley Strieber's, and most recently, the media's interest in the subject. But that interest itself, a serious interest, is new. There hasn't been so much discussion on the air and in print about UFOs and ETs since the 1950s. And although UFO activity never ceased in the past forty-five years, it certainly has changed, most noticeably since 1981.

Undreamed-of numbers of people have discovered that they, too, have encountered this alien presence. Abduction activity affects all types and ages of people, and for the victims there is no shelter and no one to offer any real help. They are victims of affronts which no official power— political, spiritual, or social—dares to validate.

When we discovered this phenomenon in our lives, I began keeping a journal of events. At first it was only of Téodoro's experiences, but it soon expanded to cover mine and those of Justin, as well as of Mila and Jason. Awareness and involvement in the phenomenon, it seems, was spreading.

What follows is an integrated account of our experiences, taken from the journal entries from May 1988 to the summer of 1989. Many of these events were consciously experienced and remembered. But other occurrences were blocked from memory and known only from the evidence of marks on our bodies, episodes of “missing time,” or strange phenomena in our homes. In several instances, hypnotic regression was used to uncover more about the blocked episodes, although many of our experiences have yet to be explored in this way.

This account also includes information from television reports, from books and other research documents, and from the stories of new people who came into our lives because of this phenomenon. I have not limited our story, as has been done in other abduction accounts, to only that information I judge to be believable, or palatable, or conforming to some theoretical explanation of my own choosing. Instead, this is the whole story of our first year after the discovery of alien intrusion, with all our fears, doubts, trials, and successes.

The information in this book is very personal, yet I believe its focus is of great, immense importance. We are in the midst of a reality-challenging mystery, and although I once said that this story couldn't be written until it was over, we no longer have the luxury of waiting. Like some species-wide recurrent nightmare, it may never be over. Or the mystery might all be made clear tomorrow, with revelations that will mark the end of the world as we know it.

The people in this book are victims. They are also my family and friends, both old and new, and it matters very much to me what happens to us. It should matter to everyone else, too, because our story is proof that no family, no child or friend or mate, is safe from intrusion and abduction. The experiences of our small group, in fact, are being repeated in thousands of homes right now.

Finally, the things we've experienced prove that our global reality is not what we once thought. This phenomenon continues to spread, and, no matter what the actual nature of its cause, the world will change irrevocably. For us, it already has changed, and we can't help but fear to discover the direction it portends.

## STOLEN LIVES — TRUE STORIES OF ALIEN ABDUCTION



### THE BEGINNING

In the spring of 1988, our world ended. Life went on, but everything we had always known about reality—our trusted perceptions of ourselves, of the present and the past, of the nature of time and space—were destroyed. The end of one's reality is truly the end of a world. Another world follows, of course, but exile from the first one is permanent. We were thrust into new territory, a place of missing-time episodes, of UFOs and unhuman beings and all sorts of bizarre phenomena that wouldn't go away. Yet we hardly noticed its beginning, and later, when it became clear that something strange was occurring, we had no idea that the very fabric of reality was about to change for my husband, Téodoro, and myself, as well as for our family and friends.

This is the story of how we came to this new reality. It is an account of the experiences that erupted in our lives, of our entrance into that other world of altered realities we "sane" people merrily deride or ignore. In the beginning, we kept these things to ourselves, out of fear and confusion, but now we realize the story should be told, for two very good reasons.

First, what happened to us is not unique. It is occurring all over the world, yet until now such an account, involv-

ing a cluster of people, has never been presented in its entirety. What follows here is the complete truth, with nothing omitted or added to make the story more believable or more fantastic. Second, the implications of our experiences are global, in fact cosmic, and they point to a very disturbing future. If our world has truly changed, so has yours, for we occupy the same world.

Please don't assume that my friends and I were unbalanced or fanatics of some sort, given to extreme beliefs, when this all began. Instead, we were generally open-minded about most things, which I'm sure would have included the existence of aliens if the subject had ever come up. But it didn't, at least for me, until quite inexplicably while teaching a freshman course in argument and logic I did something I'd never done before in my eight years as a university instructor: I brought up the subject of UFOs in class, as part of an assignment.

UFOs were one of three topics, actually, including the Loch Ness monster and Bigfoot, and my students were asked to make an objective evaluation of the evidence pertaining to one of these phenomena. I chose these three because I assumed the evidence would be weak and inconclusive when examined from a clear-thinking, insightful, educated point of view. In truth, however, I had never really looked at the evidence with more than a passing curiosity.

But in reading these research papers, I became familiar with titles of available books on these subjects. Per-



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haps that's why I suddenly decided to buy a paperback I'd seen for months at the mall bookstore, one which had never interested me before: *Communion*, by Whitley Strieber, a bizarre account purporting to be factual, about his experiences with some sort of alien entities, from some undetermined source. I read the book skeptically, yet was intrigued by his emotive story of intrusion, terror, and the groping for understanding.

In late April I was on my way to the West Coast for a few days, leaving Téodoro alone at home. Before I left, my son, Justin, borrowed Strieber's book and took it to his house. At the airport I looked for something to read on the flight and, remembering that Strieber had mentioned Budd Hopkins as a researcher into UFO phenomena, I bought *Missing Time*, Hopkins's account of several abduction experiences.

In California I read the book late at night, with very strong reactions. For one thing, I wondered how on earth Hopkins and Strieber could get away with claims that their books were factual, since the material—strange alien beings, small and gray and clone-like in their actions—was so obviously impossible. Hapless humans abducted, medically examined, then released with little or no memory of such events? Who were they trying to kid? I also remember thinking how glad I was that these stories were not true. How, I wondered, could you ever live in a world where such things could happen?

It was hard enough, I thought, to cope with the real world, even for the

sanest of us. Téodoro and I, for instance, were financially solid and very happy in our marriage. Yet for several months, we had been attending separate counseling sessions in an effort to find out why we'd developed physical symptoms of stress.

For me, it was the onset of TMJ, with all its painful clenching of the teeth and jaws, and for Téodoro it was a variety of things. He was usually a calm, centered person, but since Christmas he had grown increasingly tense and short-tempered. His eyesight worsened, he had frequent headaches and stomach-aches, and he suffered from tingling, numbness and pain that ran from his hip all the way down his left leg. Counseling helped us deal with the apparent problems in our lives, but the stress didn't disappear as promised. In my therapy, hypnosis had been used, so I became familiar with a relaxation technique involved in achieving a trance state. Since I'd been unsuccessful in finding the source of my stress with the first therapist, I began seeing a second counselor, Dr. Riley (pseudonym), who helped me work on consciously relieving the symptoms through mental relaxation.

I was also keeping notes on my dreams during this time, again as part of my therapy. I'd studied Jungian theory and found that these ideas deepened my insight into the psyche. At the time, I believed that explanations for all human behavior, including the experience of visions, lay in the archetypal structure of the human mind. Examining my dreams gave me entrance into the



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nature of my own psyche, and looking back now, I can see in those dreams the presence of a looming shadow.

A brief chronology of events shows how rapidly this new subject surfaced in my life, which until then had been completely free of extraterrestrial interests. In mid-April I assigned UFOs as a possible research topic in class. On April 21, I dreamed of seeing my husband and a group of his friends sitting happily together in a round environment, either in a round room or at a round booth, or both. His friends were all males in black attire, and I somehow knew they were vampires. On the twenty-second, I dreamed that a worldwide disaster or catastrophe had occurred, and my son was missing along with some of his friends. On the twenty-fourth, I began reading *Communion*. I asked my husband if he'd ever seen a UFO, and he said he hadn't. I replied that I hadn't, either, yet I remembered seeing a puzzling light zigzagging high in the Oklahoma sky in 1959 or 1960.

On April 25, I had two significant dreams. In the first, I went from dime store to dime store with my husband, and in each one I saw a doll in a cage. The dolls became more and more life-like, until in the last store the doll was a miniature living little girl. She cried and reproached me as her mother, for leaving her there so long. I also dreamed of seeing a UFO land. I went toward it in great excitement, but the UFO suddenly exploded, and I knew that the government was responsible. The explosion somehow set off a land rush for Canada. Awake, I did not recall ever having

dreamed about UFOs before. On the twenty-seventh, I bought *Missing Time* and read it in California.

It may seem a long way from UFOs and aliens to the vampires, catastrophes, and caged living dolls that appeared in my dreams, but I've learned that each of these images is directly relevant. Not so obviously, perhaps, but very significantly, and that's what makes me believe the dreams were in some way foreshadowing the events yet to unfold.

And I'm aware that UFO scoffers reading this account will say that the books were the sources of everything that followed. But that is not, from the distance and experience of the past three years, how I interpret it now. Instead of these books causing all the turmoil that was to follow, I believe I was drawn to them because of the discoveries I would soon have to confront. The alien phenomenon forced itself into my consciousness and directed me to the subject, to the books, as a means of preparation. I was being made ready, I feel certain, to deal with what was looming ahead.

When I returned from my trip to California, Téodoro was suffering from back pains, the numbness in his left leg and foot which had recurred for several months, a headache and an upset stomach. So on May 2, after dinner, I offered to show him the relaxation hypnosis technique I'd learned in therapy, hoping he could relieve these symptoms. He lay down on the couch and I began to lead him into a trance state. It was the first time I'd ever helped hypnotize any-

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one but myself, but he was a good subject. Before long I'd taken him through some of the tests my therapist had used to prove to me I was really hypnotized: one arm floating like a feather, for instance, while the other hand weighs heavily into the chair.

When I saw that Téodoro was clearly in a trance, I decided to imitate my own therapist, in hopes of helping Téodoro uncover the problems that must be contributing to his stress. First I asked him to look back over his life and see if any particular event or person seemed especially important. And Téodoro responded easily, scanning back to recall mostly fond memories. He talked about his parents, his childhood, and the wonderful times he spent with his grandparents. But no particular problem came to his mind.

So I tried another of the therapist's tactics. "Why don't you ask your unconscious to communicate with you?" I suggested. "Ask if it will reveal to you anything that might be disturbing or significant."

Téodoro was silent a moment, and then he nodded. "Yes," he answered, "it says it will talk to me." Sitting back, then, I expected to hear any number of things—friction at work, mixed feelings about his children, or, more likely, I thought, unresolved emotions left over from his first marriage.

My expectations were blown away, however, as Téodoro spoke. First, he saw himself in his father's 1940 model Ford, with the windshield and dashboard bathed in such a blinding light

that his eyes hurt. He was less than two years old, standing in the front seat as his father drove, and he recalled a dark afternoon storm before the light flooded in. He saw his father at the wheel, unmoving, as if frozen in place, before the memory jumped to the drive home through the hills around Grass Valley, California, near the Nevada border. Although the scene was clear enough, he didn't know why it had presented itself to him.

Then Téodoro again asked for subconscious help to uncover anything significant or disturbing that was being suppressed and causing his painful symptoms. But the next image he received was of a wall, a long, curving gray wall marked with strange symbols, and he couldn't see beyond it. I used a technique to help clarify his vision, directing him to imagine a thick curtain and to open it very slightly at first and peek through. He envisioned the curtain and mentally pulled it apart, and then he suddenly jumped in fright, literally levitating horizontally off the couch with a great start.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously, wondering if I'd strayed into something neither of us could deal with.

"A face!" he told me, still obviously terrified, as he described a strange countenance, grayish-white and deeply wrinkled, with an O-shaped open mouth and two huge, circular, black, staring eyes.

Just then the phone rang, and I quickly tried to relax Téodoro long enough to let me answer it. I picked up

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the receiver, said “Hello,” and then heard the most unusual sounds I’d ever heard over the phone. Someone or something was talking to me in a rather thin, erratic, rapid voice, but I could understand nothing. The talking didn’t sound as if it came from a machine, but it was nothing like a human voice, either. Surprised, I listened for perhaps twenty seconds and then repeated my “Hello.” Abruptly the talking stopped, and all I heard was a faint static background. This lasted for another few seconds, and then the line went completely dead.

Puzzled, but too concerned about my husband to think about the call, I hung up and rushed back to Téodoro and asked him to continue his description.

“His face looks sort of like putty,” he said, “and it’s so wrinkled and old-looking.” He felt that someone was holding him, lifting him to see this face up close. “I don’t want to go to him,” he continued. “I still see the wall, it’s transparent, and there are some symbols on it.”

He talked about seeing a black sky, with pinpoint stars, and then he gasped, shaken again, and described what could only be considered a space craft. “It’s so big!” he kept saying, and it was giving off an orange glow.

After having read *Communion and Missing Time*, I didn’t want to hear about alien faces and flying saucers, especially from my own very sane husband. I was upset by Téodoro’s descriptions, and all I could think to do was bring him out of the trance immediately. But he

was still agitated, trying to describe what he’d seen in better detail, and finally he drew pictures of the face and the orange craft. When I looked at the face he’d drawn, I too was terrified and repelled, so much so that I simply couldn’t stand to be in the same room with it. And I didn’t understand why it upset me so much, for it was not identical to the gray-faced aliens discussed in the books I’d read—books, by the way, that Téodoro hadn’t seen.

At first I thought that Téodoro had somehow, perhaps telepathically, picked up on the material I’d read. Not that I’m a big believer in telepathy, but I was reaching for some understandable explanation. When I thought back through the hypnosis, however, I saw that Téodoro had described events and scenes different from those in Hopkins’s and Strieber’s books. If he were really reading my thoughts, I reasoned, his descriptions should have matched more of the details. Téodoro had told me of a blinding light, a paneled, curving wall with symbols, the enormous orange spacecraft, and the wrinkled, dark-eyed alien face. Yet these things weren’t familiar from my reading.

Furthermore, it didn’t seem likely that Téodoro had simply invented these images, because his emotional responses had been genuine and intense, surprising him as much as me. Yet it seemed just too coincidental that I would have suddenly read those books, with no previous interest in UFOs, and then would hear my own husband talking about such things, with such conviction. The only thing I felt sure of was that

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I hadn't intentionally influenced him, during hypnosis, to describe the UFO or the alien face. All I had done was ask him to consult his subconscious mind and see if it would show him the cause of his stressful symptoms.

Téodoro and I were both quite shaken by his descriptions. I slept poorly that night, and in the morning I was still so frightened that it was hard to leave my bedroom. That picture, I knew, was still in the living room, and I dreaded going in there. So, although I'd only seen Dr. Riley twice, early that morning I phoned him, asking if he would talk to my husband and try to sort out the reality behind the things he'd seen. I didn't believe Téodoro had actually ever seen such a face or spaceship. Yet both our reactions were so strong that I wanted reassurance of another more logical and acceptable explanation.

The therapist refused to talk to Téodoro. Instead, he said he wanted to see me and deal with my strange fears, but I insisted that it was my husband who needed looking after! We needed to know that his memories stemmed from a movie he'd once seen, perhaps, or from a forgotten nightmare, and we wanted someone in authority to tell us that. "Won't you talk to him for a minute?" I asked repeatedly.

The therapist lost patience with my insistence. After warning me again that I was the one in need of help, he ended the conversation on a sarcastic note. "I can tell you this," he concluded vehemently. "Whatever it was that your husband recalled, it certainly wasn't flying

saucers and little green men!"

I desperately wanted to believe him. Images from the books I'd just read kept running through my mind, though, and I began to think that perhaps such tales weren't impossible. We needed a hypnotist, but the only one I knew refused to help. So two days later, our intense curiosity won out. We turned on the tape recorder to keep a record of what might follow and put Téodoro into a trance again. This time we were looking for something specific: the origin of the images he'd first recalled.

The story that unfolded was not a repeat of what I'd read by Strieber or Hopkins, so I felt confident that Téodoro wasn't subconsciously picking up his material from me. But that's all I felt confident about. Here was my husband of almost ten years, a man of caution and intelligence and great analytical ability, telling me about two different childhood encounters with nonhuman beings.

We began by focusing on the creature he'd drawn on May 2. He brought up the image and told me, "I saw a strange eye. It's close. It goes from left to right and it's big and close and dark and open, just looking like a big deer's eye, not a human eye, just big." Throughout much of this session, I noticed that Téodoro spoke in a more childlike manner than usual, as if he were recalling these events from the child's perspective.

I asked, "What color is the eye?"

"The outside is like dirty white," he told me. "The outside, the skin around the eye, like thick paper. The eye, it's



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black or brown. Close to my face, about two inches away.”

“Can you see who the eye belongs to?” I questioned.

“I know,” Téodoro nodded.

“Can you tell me?”

“It belongs to, uh,” he hesitated, “I don’t know if it’s real or not. It’s the man I drew.” And then he saw another head, bald and more human-colored. “This one,” he said, “it’s very bulbous, like a dolphin.”

I tried to elicit more details, but Téodoro was unable to see much more of the scene. So I instructed him to become more tranquil and to focus his mental vision.

“It’s hard to see,” he admitted. “It’s hard to look at, to bring into focus.”

“Is that because you don’t want to look?” I asked, “or because you can’t?”

“Cause I’m not supposed to,” he replied. And then he said he couldn’t tell where he was, that he felt like he was moving between two incidents: the scene on the large craft, and a different memory he’d told me recently, of being in a strange school.

“I feel almost like I’m going back and forth between the other time,” he said, “and looking through the wall, and the school is very, very real. I walk through the halls. The janitor just left.”

“Are you able to see the janitor?” I asked.

“No, but I know he left. He was nice. I remember him saying it was time to go. And so time to go. Yes, I remember that. He said it was time to go. And so I’m looking for my aunt and mother.”

“Where’s home?” I questioned.

“Dallas.”

“All right,” I said. “So, now do you know how old you are?”

“I’m five,” he answered. “Before I was in school.”

I asked Téodoro to move ahead with his recollection, and he told me that everyone was gone, the school was empty, and he wondered where his mother was.

“I go back to the room,” he said.

“Do you know what you’re doing in this room?” I asked.

“I think I’ve been, I don’t know if I was studying,” he replied. “I can’t remember. It’s real comfortable. So nice I don’t want to leave. But I stayed too long. And outside the sky is green and orange. That sounds weird. It’s green and orange and white. Like the sun’s going down through thick clouds. But there’s no clouds. It doesn’t feel right, like normal clouds. It’s not clouds.”

After a few minutes of trying without much success to learn more about this scene, we moved on to his memory of being in the 1940 Ford and seeing the bright light flood into the car. Once again, he saw himself and his father driving down the rural road, with storm clouds whirling in the sky.

“The light comes straight down,” he said, recalling the event as if it were happening again. “Oh! No! It came at us! The light hit the dash. Boy, it’s extremely bright, it was almost so bright it went through the car.”

“What does your father do?” I wanted to know. “Can you tell that?”

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"Oh, my God, yes!" he replied.

"Is the car still moving?"

"It seems like it's not. No, it's not moving at all."

"Is your father moving?"

"He doesn't seem to be," Téodoro said. "The car is stopped."

"Can you see anything out around you?" I wondered.

"I don't believe that I see this," he murmured. "Yeah. There's somebody coming to get us. But they're okay, I'm not scared, they're not moving fast."

"What do they look like?" I asked. "How many are there?"

"Four," he told me. "Uh-oh. I see this, and I don't know if I'm really seeing it or not. They're just coming. It's like they beckon."

Téodoro said they took him from the car, carried him away, and then he experienced a strange backward sort of movement. But I interrupted the flow of events and asked him for a better description of the beings who took him away. And this time, the description somewhat matched that of the typical gray alien.

Their faces were "cartoonlike," he said, "and they're wearing cover-like things." But it was their eyes that most fascinated him. "They're just big, real pretty circles. Very smooth and don't blink. The light's so bright it hurts their eyes, so they cover their eyes from the light." He described their skin as some sort of dirty white covering, which he felt as he was carried by one of the beings to a small "saucer-shaped" craft resting on the roadside.

And he told of going to the huge orange ship and encountering the Elder, the being whose face he'd seen two evenings earlier. Téodoro describe deep fissures in the Old One's "putty-like skin," vertical wrinkles, and black eyes. "He has the darkest eyes," he said, "like he knows all, and sees so much, knows so much, and he doesn't care."

"Does that Elder look like the other four beings?" I puzzled. "Or is it one of the four?"

"No, this is the Elder," he insisted. "Those were young ones, They're not the same. This one does not have a covering on its face. It's the Elder I saw last time."

Téodoro remembered some kind of physical examination, and as he relived the experience, he became very agitated. He'd just begun to feel hungry on the ship, "a feeling of emptiness in the pit of my stomach," he explained, and then he was suddenly talking very rapidly.

"There's a, there's a light! And there's a, uh! Uh! A thing that looks like a rearview mirror, but it's not, it's thick, and it's got a plate glass, shiny glass or cover, and it's, it's coming at me. And then there's that other thing, that looks like . . . metal . . . teardrop-shaped. And over that teardrop there's two dots, two silver dots. They don't have heads, like screws, they're just dots. It touches here," he gestured, pointing to his stomach.

Finally, he remembered a strange sense of backward movement as he was

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returned to the car, where his father was still waiting, frozen, clutching the steering wheel. Before ending the session, I asked one last question.

“Can you ask your unconscious if you’re familiar with the Elder? Is this the only time, can your unconscious tell you if this is the only time?”

“It says no,” Téodoro replied, “no, it’s not the only time. It says I know him.”

Intrigued by his answer, yet reluctant to delve any further into the experiences without some expert guidance, I helped Téodoro return to a normal state of consciousness.

For the next week, it was all we could think about, and I continued to feel afraid when I was alone at times. After Téodoro's revelations under hypnosis, I certainly didn't want to put him in a trance again myself, yet we both wanted to know how much reality his memories had. I was concerned about Téodoro, sometimes wondering if I should doubt his mental grip, yet knowing deep down that he wasn't the sort to fantasize such things, much less to fabricate them deliberately.

Téodoro had always been an earnest, honest, intelligent, practical person. He'd excelled in high school in everything from science to music, and when he enlisted in the military, the Army put him to work as a linguist in a branch of military intelligence. The assignment took him overseas where he traveled extensively. After the service, Téodoro and his first wife eventually divorced. She remarried and moved with her new husband and Téodoro's

two children to another state. Téodoro finished college with a computer science degree and within five years established himself as a successful consultant. His work demanded expertise, reliability, and confidentiality, and he was recognized as one of the best. Professionally or personally, no one could accuse Téodoro of being a liar, a joker, or unstable.

Yet the memory of the face and the ship wouldn't go away. And during that week, other things, other memories began popping into his mind, especially an incident in California. In 1971, when Téodoro's son was about two years old, there were poltergeist activities in their house and an earthquake that apparently only Téodoro experienced. It was at this time that his son began talking about a “black man” who appeared through the wall in his bedroom. When Téodoro tried to find out more about this being, his son replied that the black man talked to him, but he refused to say what they discussed.

We both felt that we needed to find some sort of “expert” on UFOs and alien beings, if there were such a thing, but we had no idea where to look. Finally, I noticed a listing of a UFO research organization in Hopkins's book, and I called the international director, hoping he could direct us to some local person for help. Through him, we contacted a metropolitan chapter of a loosely related organization, Metroplex Mutual UFO Network (MUFON), and arranged to meet with a few of the members later in May.

The date seemed impossibly far

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away, considering our states of mind. One night I dreamed of seeing a house with its roof shaking, bouncing like a lid on a boiling pot, and I understood this was a sign that UFOs were coming. And then, a few nights later, I had my own bizarre experience, this time fully awake. On and off all night I woke up hearing strange sounds in the house, but I was too apprehensive to get up and see about them. There were bumps and clicks unlike the usual creaking house sounds we were familiar with. At one point I felt almost sure that someone was in the house, but I was too frightened to open my eyes.

Then I heard several people, in the corner of our bedroom near the door, speaking to me. It sounded like one voice, but it seemed to come from the whole group. I realized that the voice had been talking for a while, although I couldn't remember it, and then I clearly heard it say, "This is 'eliomi' (or 'elianni'?), the longing for that you've asked for." I was terrified, clutching tightly to Téodoro's arm, and then the voice was gone.

Téodoro, meanwhile, was rediscovering more old memories that had always seemed odd. He remembered once when he was thirteen, waking up to see a strange woman, dark-eyed with white wispy hair, approach him in unfamiliar surroundings. She got on top of him and engaged in sex, yet it was not at all erotic for Téodoro. He never told anyone of the experience and finally dismissed it as a dream. He also recalled being frightened one night while out parking with his fiancée, hearing

pounding footsteps approaching the car. He had told me of this incident years ago, in fact, how they immediately started the car and tore out of the deserted area to go home, but when they arrived it was almost two hours later than it should have been.

And one other thing, a memory much more recent, came to mind. Téodoro reminded me of something he'd seen the past December right in our own town. Driving home, he glanced toward downtown and saw a strange, spherical metallic object stationary above the courthouse. He said when he arrived home, he parked and walked up the hill less than a block away to get a better look at the object, which he could tell was not a balloon. He walked around and stared at it for five or ten minutes, but when he turned to go back down the hill, he was shocked to see that the sky had grown very dark, as if time had passed that he wasn't aware of.

I remembered the incident then, that he'd told me about seeing the sphere, and that I had helped him look through the Sunday papers to find any news item that could explain what it was. Our town was sometimes used as a filming location for movies, and we thought the sphere might have been a movie prop. But there wasn't a mention of such a thing, so we both forgot all about it. And not once did either of us think of it as a UFO. Téodoro did, however, sense some relationship between the thing he saw and a deep, straight scar on the back of his leg that he found a few days later. He recalled accidentally touching



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it and being instantly angry about it, wondering how he could have gotten such a cut without knowing it.

When the evening finally came for our meeting with the UFO research group members, we were both anxious and apprehensive. We drove into the city, about forty miles away, and met several gracious and interesting people. I didn't understand all of the questions they had, but they seemed to know quite a bit about UFOs and even about alien abductions, so we opened up to them. And, although it was only Téodoro who seemed to be involved in this strangeness, I told them about a few odd things in my own life, even though I didn't think they were relevant.

But they insisted that I talk about any unusual events or recurrent dreams I'd had, and I related an early-childhood nightmare that happened several times. All I could remember was a tall, insectlike being standing next to me, holding my hand, and telling me it was my mother. But more interesting was an experience I'd had in 1980, something that I'd always treasured as a genuine vision, since I had no other explanation for it.

Returning from a neighbor's and walking into my backyard, I was suddenly hit by a strange feeling, a sort of electric, shimmery feeling, and I began to see colors and movement around everything in the yard. I walked on and then saw four people standing side by side beneath a large tree. I thought of them as people because they were about my size—five feet tall—and had the usual appendages, but their appear-

ance was actually like a shadow. They seemed gray and featureless, yet somehow I knew there were two males and two females. They greeted me warmly and told me they were my ancestors, that I carried all of their memories and wisdom in my body. I laughed at that, but they assured me that there were ways I could tap into that knowledge and use it.

I was coming home to prepare dinner, and since I was a notoriously insecure cook, I asked them why I was such a disaster in the kitchen. After all, I said, surely one of my ancestors was a good cook, so why couldn't I use that knowledge myself? At that point they began to direct me in the preparation of the meal, at least the two males did. While I was cooking, the two females stood close behind me, talking quite rapidly to some part of my mind other than my consciousness, but I couldn't understand what they were telling me. When I asked, the males said that I shouldn't worry about it, they were only giving me certain "instructions."

The entire incident lasted about forty minutes, and then I was aware that the ancestors were no longer with me. When Téodoro and Justin came home that evening, I excitedly told them both about the vision I'd had, and Téodoro noticed that I seemed to recall very little detail about the forty minutes.

We told the UFO group about the various memories as well as what Téodoro had related during hypnosis, and then we asked to be put in touch with a knowledgeable hypnotist. To our surprise, however, no one in the group

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came up with a name. So our one hope for help came to nothing that night, and we drove back home feeling as lost as ever. And, although Téodoro didn't tell me about it until the second time it happened, he noticed that we were followed for over twenty miles by a white Chevy. It pulled out of the neighborhood when we left, about 12:30 A.M., and stayed with us until we reached the outskirts of our own suburbs several towns and almost forty miles away.

Our contact with the MUFON group paid off a week later, with the news that their June speaker was a hypnotist and UFO researcher whom we could meet. At this point our spirits lifted a bit, and when Téodoro's parents came to visit, we decided to question them about the time Téodoro remembered being taken from the car. To our surprise, his father did recall a trip when Téodoro was a year old, through the foothills of the Sierras.

At the time, Téodoro's grandfather ran a restaurant where his mother and father helped out. It was a holiday weekend, and the great number of customers had depleted the steak supply, so his father took Téodoro and went to a couple of other towns to buy more meat.

"Was there anything unusual about the trip?" Téodoro asked.

"Not really," his father replied.

"Well, you were gone an awfully long time," Téodoro's mother interjected.

"Why?" Téodoro asked. "Did you have to stop anywhere other than the meat markets?"

"Yes," his father answered, "but only for a few minutes. There was a tree down across the road, I think."

"What happened there? Did you have to move it, or detour, or what?" Téodoro probed.

"No, I didn't move it," his father said. "Some men came out of the woods and took it away."

Téodoro's father was a gregarious, helpful person who would have volunteered to help anyone in trouble, so it seemed odd that he wasn't involved in removing the blocking tree.

"What did you do, then?"

"I just sat in the car, and they moved the tree," he replied. "It only took a few minutes."

"But we were pretty late getting back to the restaurant?" Téodoro asked, hoping to prompt some further memory.

"You sure were," his mother answered. "I was really getting worried about you by the time you got back."

It was the first time Téodoro had heard this story yet the details—the location, Téodoro's age, his mother's absence, the missing time—all fit with his recollections while under hypnosis. His father's confirmation that such a trip had really happened somehow made things even harder for Téodoro and me. All along we were still hoping that the strange memories had no basis in reality, for we just couldn't accept the existence of space ships and little green (or, in this case, gray) men. Yet we were more anxious than ever to meet the investigator, a woman named Beth Burton, from Oklahoma.

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At the MUFON meeting, we introduced ourselves briefly to Beth and sat back to listen to the talk, intrigued by her information yet still skeptical. She began with accounts of multiple UFO sightings throughout northern Oklahoma, witnessed by hundreds of people including local law enforcement officers and increasing dramatically since 1987. In that same period, she said, many people had come to her telling of their abduction experiences. She mentioned the crossbreeding experiments and sometimes painful physical exams, none of which I wanted to hear. After the session, though, we went with Beth back to her hotel to discuss the possibility of working with her.

And the more we talked, the more we liked her. A wife and mother in her late forties, she was completely unpretentious and very warm, humorous, and knowledgeable. Her UFO research began almost a decade earlier when she assisted one of the most respected scientific “names” in the field, Dr. Jacques Vallee, in cattle mutilation research. Dr. Vallee had done important computer work for NASA’s space program, and his investigations into the UFO phenomenon resulted in such books as *Passport to Magonia*, *Dimensions*, and, most recently, *Confrontations*. He was the model, in fact, for the French scientist in the movie *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Beth’s work with abductees started first with the help of a qualified hypnotherapist, but when the number of cases exploded, the therapist taught

her his technique and she continued on her own. Her serious dedication to the research was very clear, and she took no payment for the hours she devoted to each case. We talked late into the night, and finally when it was arranged that we’d visit her in a few weeks, we took our leave, at 2:15 A.M.

About halfway home, while discussing the meeting with Beth, Téodoro suddenly changed the subject. “Do you see that white car behind us?” he asked, peering into the rearview mirror.

“Yeah,” I said, glancing back. A white American model was in the near distance, but I couldn’t believe it was really following us, as Téodoro insisted. “How can you be so sure?” I countered.

“I saw it in the parking lot of the hotel,” he replied. “It pulled out when we did, and it’s been on our tail ever since. I’ve tried changing lanes and changing speeds, but it stays right there.”

“That’s crazy,” I told him. “Why would anybody want to follow us?”

“I don’t know,” Téodoro answered, “but this is the second time it’s happened. Once might have been a coincidence, but not twice.”

Then he told me about the first white car, the night we met with the UFO group, and we both began to worry about what we had gotten ourselves into. Two months before, our lives were normal and the world was a familiar and comfortable place. Yet here we were, being followed in the middle of the night, having spent the evening actually considering the existence of alien be-

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ings, and the absurd possibility that these beings had somehow touched our lives.

Our pasts, we now feared, held some mysterious and frightening secrets. Was it better, we wondered, to leave those secrets buried? Our lives had been good, and these new, unsettling developments were very unwelcome. We didn't realize, at that time, just how deeply and irrevocably they would change our world, yet we couldn't help but fear what was coming. Our instincts told us to be conservative and protective, to keep this new knowledge to ourselves, and so we did. That meant, however, that inevitably we began to withdraw from our close friends. They loved us, we knew, but how could we expect them to accept such outrageous, fantastic stories? At this point, we still weren't sure we believed them ourselves. So the prudent, sensible thing to do was to keep silent, at least until we knew much more about what had happened.

But pulling on our emotions in the other direction was a strong need for answers. We felt angry, as if our lives had been broken into and robbed of some very precious innocence. We wanted an explanation, maybe even an apology, for our forced encounters with these beings, so we decided to find out everything we could about our dimly remembered experiences. For Téodoro, especially, this was important, since he had always known that strange events had happened to him, without remembering enough detail to know what any of these events really comprised. He was like a man with partial

amnesia, who cannot feel complete with such perplexing gaps in his memory. So, in spite of our fears, we decided to explore this phenomenon, in our own lives and in whatever research material we could find. In our concern for the past, however, it never occurred to us that the same strange events might start up again in the future.

Once our research began, we found a great deal of ambiguity in the UFO-ET phenomenon, stemming mainly from the nature of the evidence. Eyewitness accounts, which make up the bulk of UFO material, are ultimately unverifiable, to most people's thinking, no matter how many witnesses confirm each other's story. Sure, they may all have seen something at the same time, but given the brevity of the usual sighting and the distances involved, accurate descriptions must be very rare. Photos can be faked, and so, for that matter, can video. Physical traces are admittedly evidence of something, but the "something" itself isn't there to identify reliably. And there's always the chance of deliberate deception. So what is one to make of the tons of material in the book stores claiming to deliver factual accounts of UFO and alien activity?

It would have been much easier to dismiss the whole bizarre notion if I didn't have someone I loved and trusted telling me similar things about his own life. But I still couldn't seriously accept Téodoro's memories as factual, and I'm not certain that he could, at that time, either. We were involved in something so strange that we tended to treat it like a fiction, as if we'd just discovered we



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were actors in a movie we didn't realize was being made. We knew, of course, that something was going on, but we held to the idea that his memories were symbolic, not actual. And as we left to visit Beth late in June, we both hoped that regression would uncover the hidden truth about Téodoro's experiences, a truth that had nothing to do with UFOs.

Soon after our arrival, Beth and Téodoro began their first session. She kept him in a trance state for several hours, patiently encouraging him to dig deeper into his stored memories. Before they started, Téodoro told Beth about a few of the odd things he'd been recalling, as well as the events he'd discovered in the earlier regression with me. So she directed his thoughts to these memory cues, and I listened in rather shocked attention to the incredible story he unfolded.

The first strange memory they explored was of a "waking dream" Téodoro had as a preschool child. In the "dream," he was taken to a sort of school, and he recalled at one point feeling very abandoned and afraid. Under hypnosis, he now recalled being in a school environment with the Elder and another unidentified being, and of feeling that he was being tested in some way.

"It feels like I'm there to learn something, I know I learned something. I feel something in my heart, and yet at the same time I feel like I'm—and that's silly," he interrupted himself, "because I'm so young—but I feel like I'm teaching. I don't know how I could. Something is being learned from me," he said, "and

at the same time I'm being given feelings that are much bigger than I am, that go well beyond, go far beyond me."

Beth asked Téodoro if he'd ever seen the Elder before, so Téodoro once again went through the abduction experience when he was a year old which he'd first related to me. He described the small craft again. "It's quite solid," he said, "and it's just a dull, not very spectacular piece of work. It's sitting there and I can see it, and it's standing on about three legs, or four."

"Please be more specific," Beth requested. "Is it on three legs or four legs?"

"I can't, I'm sorry," Téodoro replied. "I just remember that as a kid. My mind's just so interested in what I'm seeing. It's the people that are coming to get me. They're little, and yes, they do have . . . I don't know if you've ever seen them, they are quite diminutive. The people aren't very big. I mean, I'm just a little kid, and they're picking me up, and they feel small. Like maybe an eight-year-old child. And they pick me up, and I feel through the fabric they're thin. I feel like I'm being held by somebody that doesn't really know how to hold people."

I noticed that this time, telling Beth about it, he showed much less emotion than before, as if he'd come to terms with the incident in some way. He was able to view the whole thing with clearer vision, also, so Beth elicited much more information than I had. And then she asked him, once again, if he'd ever seen the Elder or any of the shorter

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“cartoonlike” beings before this abduction experience.

“Yes,” he replied, and then in a bewildered voice he began telling of seeing himself as a ball of golden light and of watching a group of beings “make” him. “They got me ready to be born. They’re excited. I’m watching what they make. I feel like I’m watching them make me. I feel like they wanted me to be born, like I was their thing there with them before I was, with somebody. They’re workers, they’re not makers. And I’m watching them work. And after I was born, they watched, and they came, and they took me back there again.”

“Can you describe the process that was taking place?” Beth wanted to know.

“What I see when you ask me that,” he explained, “is a series of very intricate red and white patterns. They are interlocked, and they are being fixed. One of the people is pushing these patterns around with their fingers. It’s like a box or panel, like a computer terminal with totally different keys. And it feels like they’re moving things around, chemicals, I’m having to say, speculation, because what I see is red and white patterns, lines interconnecting. They’re adjusting these lines, they’re moving them around, pushing them to different levels. And I don’t know what that means. It feels like it’s very important.”

“What happens after that?” Beth asked.

“It’s like instead of watching,” he replied, “I’m inside.”

“Inside of what? Can you give me a description?”

“I’m inside of Mother,” Téodoro said. “You can see the light in the daytime, it’s pink and yellow, it’s living.” After this surprising revelation, Beth questioned him about why he was “made” by these beings and then born.

“Are you receiving directions or instructions?” she asked.

“Feels like I’m making the decision myself,” Téodoro responded. “I make the decisions. It’s time. My feeling is that it’s a difficult decision to make, but that, knowing I really change, knowing I will not be myself, that I elected to do it. I wish to be . . . solid. To feel more than just inside, to feel outside, too, to feel the outside world, to have it affect me. And so I made the decision to be born.”

“Were there any instructors,” Beth probed, “any others above you who gave you a choice to be born? Who gauged this movement for you?”

“An agreement,” he told her, “just an agreement.”

“And who did you make the agreement with?”

“I’m getting into an area that’s almost incomprehensible, without sounding strange,” he admitted. “But it’s like, there is reason, there is purpose, and I have to do it and want to do it, and it’s time to do it, and I can, and I go.” When pressed about the worker beings he’d watched, Téodoro said that they were in effect carrying out instructions from a higher authority. “There was another source,” he explained, “and we all know that the source is the instrument of this.

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They are under the control of that Elder. The Elder makes the thought, and they 'do.' The Elder sees, and they see."

Beth asked, then, if Téodoro considered the Elder to be synonymous with the ultimate Creator, and he said no. "The Elder is an instrument, a vessel that contains the wisdom and the art and the mind and the knowledge and the experience. And knows its future and knows its past, and it's sad and not sad, and happy and not happy."

By the time they finished with Téodoro's pre-birth recollections, I was truly disturbed. Téodoro normally shied away from metaphysical ideas, yet what he'd just described was far beyond the merely metaphysical. It was crazy. My mind was almost numb, but there was still more to hear.

The last incident that Beth focused on was the sighting of the metallic sphere in December 1987. Once again, Téodoro told of seeing the object from his car, parking at home and walking up the hill, and then watching the sphere above the courthouse. But this time he recalled much, much more.

"Tell me what is happening now," Beth directed.

"I don't understand," he said. "I feel like I'm seeing myself being brave and going into a beam of light. I'm watching it. It's just like everything narrows into a very tight beam. And I disappear into that. And that doesn't make sense. I wish I could see."

"What are you experiencing around you," Beth asked, "what are you aware of?"

"Oh!" he said, startled. "There's a big eye. I just saw it again."

"What is the source of the big eye?"

"It's like a lamp, like a big lamp," he replied. "It just goes through everything, you know? It just washes you with something. Washes everything."

"Can you give me a description? How does this lamp wash you?"

"No, well, it's very trying. This whole feeling at this time is real trying."

"What do you mean, 'trying'?" Beth questioned.

"I don't want to be here," Téodoro answered. "Wherever this is. Feel like I'm in a small, cramped place. Not like a coffin or anything like that, but just in a small . . . it feels claustrophobic, the room."

"Can you look around and describe it to me?"

"Oh, I'll try, Beth," he said, becoming agitated. "I'm so upset about being here that I don't want to look. These don't feel, it doesn't feel like the other feelings that I've had. It feels grubbier and dirtier and mechanistic more than spiritual, or loving."

"Tell me your feelings. What are you experiencing?"

"Feel like I'm on my back, with my legs pushed up to my chin. Feels like I'm just balled up in a gray cloud on my back. It feels small and dank. Like a cellar but not a cellar. It's not wet, but it smells yucky. Closed quarters, like an old gym, old locker room. It feels cluttered, it feels real cluttered, busier. It doesn't feel smooth and expansive, like

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a big ship does. And I don't even know if I'm in a ship. I can't tell, it just feels like I'm in a room and there's all these small scatterings. I mean, it's got walls. Feel like I'm in a room with walls and laying on my back, and I'm being pushed here and shoved there, and . . . I'm really shutting my mind now to what's going on up there."

"Are you alone?" Beth continued patiently.

"No," he admitted, "there's somebody doing this stuff, but I don't know him."

"Can you tell how many? Is there one or many?"

"There's more than one," Téodoro said, "but I can't tell you how many. I'm the only 'person' that I feel here, but I could be wrong. It's just, I'm pissed off."

"Are these the same beings that you have known before?" Beth asked.

"No, doesn't feel like the same."

"Do they have you with your permission?" Beth pressed him.

"No."

"What could be done to prevent this from happening? Is there any recourse?"

"I refused to go this time," Téodoro said. "I don't know what more I could do next time."

"You refused, and yet they'd take you, right?"

"Yes, and they cut me," he told her. "They lifted up my, when my leg was lifted up, they cut me. They wanted something. They might have made me do something, and they wanted to see

something happen, or they wanted something. They didn't tell me, they won't tell me. I don't know, I don't like that."

"Can you tell me why they're doing this to you?" Beth asked. "Do you know?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered. "It sounds too unbelievable, but it seems that they must have pieces of us . . . so that we can stay alive. They need pieces of me so that there is a way to continue. They need something so they can repair, so they can make, so that they correct and fix. And I shouldn't be angry, but it makes me angry when they take me away and don't let me know. I'm old enough now. I know I'm old enough and I care enough. And I don't understand why. And that makes me mad."

When Téodoro was brought back to full consciousness and questioned, he said the memories seemed very real, and I could hear the amazement in his voice as he went back over the experiences. I was anything but calm, understandably, and equally amazed, but I still couldn't let myself believe that these things had actually, factually, occurred.

Not to my husband, not in my reality. I was frantically searching for psychological explanations and coming up empty as we went to bed, and Téodoro was very quiet. On the trip to Oklahoma we had discussed the possibility that actual contact with UFOs and aliens—whatever they really were—might have happened to him in the past, telling ourselves we could surely learn to live with



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that knowledge, now that it was all over. But December 1987 was far too recent for comfort, edging much too close to our present lives.

A second regression took place the following evening, Saturday, after we spent the day visiting with two of Beth's friends and Jerry Lee (pseudonym), a guest of hers who was a counselor from another state. Beth and her husband lived in one house, but they owned the house immediately to their left, where Jerry, the other guest, was staying. Téodoro and I were staying in a third house they owned, directly across the street from Jerry.

Téodoro went into trance easily this time and proved to be much more clear-sighted and responsive than he'd been the night before. The first incident to which Beth directed him was a day in Kansas, 1960, when he'd remembered having a bad pain in his nose, for no apparent reason. Beth asked him to describe the setting and the situation.

"It was when I was about, in the sixth grade," he began, "so I was thirteen. And some boys have just told us, told me and my friend that they saw a UFO land at the top of the field that's across the street from my house. And I think that they're silly, that . . . couldn't happen, but I want to go see it. We used to play there, it's a big field. It was summertime. And I was scared, because I didn't know what it meant. I thought they knew what they were talking about. I can see it.

"It really was there, Beth," he continued. "I remember that I was terrified

to go over there, across the street from my house. The field was like a city block. It was a real long block, must've covered ten acres or more. I remember, I'm trying to see why that hurt my nose. I remember telling my mother that I thought I broke my nose. But I didn't have a fight, but it sure hurts. Hurts inside. It shouldn't hurt. Feels big.

"I remember Tom and I went to explore, then that's all I remember, except that my nose hurts. It felt real, real swollen around the bridge of my nose, at the top. Near the eyes. It feels like I've been hit! Except we didn't have a fight."

"Tell me again what you see when you go to look," Beth requested, hoping to learn more detail.

"God, there really is something over there, you know it," he said. "Oh, it makes me tingle all over! Ah, yeah, I know there's something there, there really is. I can't, I'm not supposed to see that, Beth, I'm not supposed to see that. I'm really not supposed to see anything there."

"What are you experiencing?"

"Tugging," Téodoro said uneasily. "Bill's going, too, and I, it feels like I've got to go, too. I feel like I'm stumbling, I'm falling, and then . . . I'm real tired, and my nose hurts."

When Beth led him back over these memories and helped him clarify his vision, Téodoro told of encountering three beings whom at first he thought of as strange children. They took him and his friend Tom into a landed craft where he was placed on a table. Quite clearly reliving the pain, he told of some sort of

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instrument being pushed up his nostril and feeling a sharp “popping” sensation as the instrument penetrated a membrane into his brain. I listened, utterly shaken, and felt terrified for the first time that Téodoro was telling the literal truth. The pain in his face was real.

The next memory explored also dealt with Kansas, and once again Tom was involved. While spending the night at Bill’s house, Téodoro recalled looking out a bedroom window for some reason. Then he found himself back aboard the same ship where he’d had the nasal examination. This time, as he lay on the table, after having been made to drink a cinnamon-smelling liquid, he saw a white-haired woman walking over to him. He said she seemed gentle and perhaps caring. She got on top of him, initiating sex, and when it was over she left. Téodoro saw that the Elder was in the room, watching.

“Did he watch while she was on top of you?” Beth interrupted.

“Yeah.”

“Did he seem to enjoy watching you?”

“No.”

“Why was he watching?” Beth pressed.

“Because the Elder is like my teacher, my master,” Téodoro tried to explain.

“I see that you like your Elder, that you have great depth of feeling for your Elder,” Beth mused. “Is he a part of you?”

“I don’t feel like a relation,” Téodoro disagreed. “I feel like a pupil.”

“Do you have any idea why they selected you?”

“No, but they’re excited,” he said, referring to his experience with the woman, “they like it. They seem to be darn certain that I’m the one they want. Certainly don’t leave me alone.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“It just seems like they’ve bothered me, bothered, busied themselves by keeping track of me for such a long time,” he told her.

Quite a long time, apparently, for the next exploration was of a memory from 1966. Visiting his fiancée that December, Téodoro took her parking on a remote, newly widened road outside the city. Their night was quickly interrupted, however, by ominous loud footsteps coming toward their car, so they sped away. But when they arrived home, almost two hours had inexplicably disappeared, and they were in trouble with his fiancée’s parents for being so late. With Beth’s help, Téodoro was able to discover much more that happened that night.

“Well, the lights aren’t right,” he began, “with the radio on there’s a little light on the radio, and all the other lights are off. And then it seems like, I have not been able to see any of this experience since it happened, ever, once. It was terribly frightening.”

“Was your fiancée scared, too?” Beth asked.

“Yeah, she was real scared, too. Because what happened, what I can remember happening, was we’re touching each other. Then the car is flooded

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with a feeling of immobility, and it seems like confusion. And something comes out, watching. . . .”

“Are you still embracing her?”

“No, not, not at all,” he replied, visibly frightened. “I feel like I’ve got to run, I want to get out of the car and run. I get out of the car! We both get out of the car. I have to get out. Feels like I was told, compelled to get out of the car and walk to the front of the car. And I do. I can feel the dirt beneath my feet. I can feel the warmth of the engine, and I can see the front of my car. Down the road there is in the darkness, from the darkness there’s something coming at us from the front.”

“Are you able to move while you’re standing there?” Beth inquired.

“No.”

“Is she able to move?”

“No.”

“What do you see coming?” Beth kept questioning him.

“Darkness,” he told her, “dark figures. Four.”

“Do you recognize them?”

“No,” he said, “I don’t recognize these. These seem to be taller and dark all over. And they’re really scary.”

“How tall are they?” she probed.

“They seem to be almost up to my chin,” Téodoro indicated. “Almost five feet tall, but they’re so thin and black. Covered in black clothing. I can’t see their faces. It’s so dark I can’t see.”

“How does she react?” Beth asked, referring to the fiancée. “Can you talk to one another?”

“No, but I feel like she just wants to run like a rabbit. We’re pulled, held still. We’re just held still in front of the car. It’s tiring. My heart’s just going ninety miles an hour. I feel hot.”

“What are they doing? Are you being touched or communicated with?”

“No, it feels like I’m being leered at, doesn’t feel like I’m being studied.” Téodoro’s face showed deep concern and fear. “It doesn’t feel like the same kind of feeling I have when the little ones are around, or the Elder. It seems like a different group. It seems like they’re more interested in something else.”

“What are they interested in?”

“They’re interested in my fiancée,” Téodoro replied. “They’re not interested in me. Not these people. And they take her. She goes with them. And I’m just stuck. Just frozen.”

“Can you tell where they take her?”

“I don’t know,” he said, “but I don’t like it.”

Téodoro showed strong, frightened emotions as he recalled that night, standing paralyzed by his car. When his fiancée returned, much later, he said, they got back into the car, heard the loud footsteps, and drove away in a panic. Yet neither of them was aware that almost two hours had passed, and they recalled nothing of the thin black beings or the woman’s abduction.

The regression was running late into the evening, but Beth asked Téodoro once again to look at the December 1987 abduction. His recall had been so vivid, she hoped that he might

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offer more information. In the previous session, Téodoro seemed to think he'd been taken into an unfamiliar room, by a different group of beings. But this time as he looked at the experience, it was more recognizable.

"It's the same one that, when I was a child, but it's now smaller, I'm bigger," he said. "And it's just busier, these people are so busy. They're in a hurry."

"Then they were the same people that were with you when you were young?" Beth clarified.

"Yeah. It feels, it has the same light, the same feel about it. It's the same area, it feels like I'm in the same place again. But this time, they're just there to say, 'Téodoro, you, are . . . you've got to remember, you got to know yourself. Remember!'"

He became very agitated, and Beth brought him out of the trance, calming him. But the emotions were overwhelming, and Téodoro couldn't help crying in relief. So much had been kept hidden for so long, and now he felt he'd recovered great pieces of his past. He sat up a long time after the session, describing details of the incidents—the cinnamon-scented liquid, for instance, and the pale yellow, slitted "cat eyes" of the thin, black ones in 1966—but he was no longer agitated. There was a real sense of relief and certainty about him that gave away his state of mind: I could see that Téodoro now believed these things had truly happened to him, just as he'd recalled them.

I was shaking, unable to hold a cup or even a cigarette, the shaking was so

intense. I had an irrational desire for Téodoro to suddenly burst out laughing, to deny that he'd been telling the truth, but it wasn't going to happen that way, and I knew it.

Beth was exhausted and went home shortly before 2 A.M., but Téodoro and I were still far too agitated to sleep. That night I experienced real terror for the first time—Téodoro's memories were utterly terrifying if they were true, and I felt they were now—and I wasn't about to let Jerry, the counselor who was visiting Beth that weekend, go to his guest house and leave us alone. He had been resting in another part of the house during Téodoro's session with Beth, and when he finally insisted on going back to his own quarters, I asked if we could accompany him, and he agreed. We went upstairs to his bedroom in the house across the street and talked, telling Jerry about the regression, which he hadn't heard.

Going back over the story, I was still frightened, but at least the shakes had stopped. And Jerry was a good listener. He was a large, friendly man ten years our senior, and, like Téodoro, a former member of military intelligence. Since his retirement, two things had developed for Jerry: a career in private counseling and a terminal heart condition, which he faced with calm acceptance and an assurance of a rewarding hereafter. I found his presence comforting, and even though I was much calmer myself, I was still too afraid to leave the room alone, even to go to the bathroom.

And then, about 3 A.M., something happened. A moment before, I would

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rather have died than been left alone, yet now I was suddenly compelled to go outside.

"I can't stay in here anymore," I told them, getting up from my seat and pacing. "I've got to get out, right now!"

Téodoro looked at me as if I'd lost my mind. "It's the middle of the night, Carol," he objected. "What on earth would you do out there?"

"I don't know," I admitted, "I just need to be outside, really bad."

"Come on back and relax," Barry said, but I was already hurrying down the stairs. Both of them jumped up and followed after I burst through the front door, out into the darkness.

Jerry and Téodoro caught up with me in the middle of the street, and I just stood there, feeling silly. They both asked me why I had rushed out, but I had no explanation, only that I couldn't resist the urge. We were looking around, up through the trees at the nighttime sky, and within a few minutes, maybe two or three, I noticed they were both staring up toward the east.

Then Jerry pointed, in silence. I looked up and saw a bright white light flash once, and my heart sank. "It's got to be a firefly," I whispered to myself, but then it flashed a second brilliant time, larger than a tower beacon, in a different location, and I felt as if my heart stopped beating. This is what it feels like to die, I remember thinking, but I kept watching the light. It flashed on and off in a leisurely zigzagging fashion, moving around to the north, and then it stopped moving.

"I think we've got something here," Barry said fearfully, staring up at the stationary light.

We watched in silence for a few moments, and then the light began to change. Instead of a single bright white light, we now saw changing colors of white, red, and green. The light grew perceptibly larger, until the colored lights appeared to make up, or be attached to, a horizontal row. It finally dawned on me that the light was growing larger because it was coming closer and closer to us, and I panicked. I turned to run back inside, but in my last glimpse I saw a dark pie-pan shape beneath the row of lights. It was a craft of some sort, coming straight down towards us, and all I could think of was to run indoors and hide. Barry was right behind me, but Téodoro stayed outside a few moments longer and then hurried inside, torn between wanting to comfort me and wanting to stay and watch. He, too, had made out the pie-pan shape beneath the row of lights and the dull reflection they cast on the dark body of the craft.

If I had been shaky before, I was near hysteria now, and we all three huddled closely together in the living room, waiting for whatever might be coming next. Every sudden noise made me jump in fright, and the men were visibly upset and anxious, too. My pulse was racing, as was Jack's, and we hoped the strain wouldn't cause him any harm, given his serious heart condition.

His own thoughts, however, were of a very different nature. For a while he said nothing, and then when he spoke

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there was a different sound in his voice, a quaver of uncertainty.

"I thought I had it all figured out," he said, slowly shaking his head. "I mean, I thought I knew what life was all about. And all those things I've studied, I even thought I knew what to expect after death. But now," he paused, "now I think that I don't know anything."

It was an utterly humbling realization, and we shared it with Jerry. The craft with brilliant colored lights had truly been in the sky over our heads, which in the flash of a moment turned our universe into an entirely different place than it had been before. But as the minutes slowly passed without any further incident, we began to calm down, discussing the craft and wondering what it was.

Comparing notes to make sure we'd all seen the same thing, we realized the craft had certainly not been a conventional airplane. The sighting occurred at a few minutes past 3 A.M., there had been absolutely no sound associated with it, and the lights were all wrong, we knew, having watched planes overhead from our home as they came into the large metropolitan airport nearby. Besides, what sort of plane can zigzag at 45-degree angles as the initial large white light had done?

When we finally went to bed, each of us knew we'd seen a UFO which, coming just after Téodoro's second, pain-filled regression, seemed a clear confirmation of the reality of his recollections. Neither Jerry nor I slept that night, although Téodoro drifted off eventually,

exhausted by the emotions he'd been through, and it was a long time after that before I again enjoyed a peaceful night's sleep.

### July 1988

After returning from Oklahoma, Téodoro and I both felt compelled to spend a lot of time outside at night. We'd walk up the hill near our house, where Téodoro had been abducted in December, and watch the skies in vague expectancy. It may sound foolish, but we wanted another contact. We were angry enough and determined enough to want answers, and the aliens were the logical place to find them. We referred to them as aliens because they certainly weren't human, but we didn't know if they were interplanetary beings, entities from a different dimension, or something even stranger than we could imagine.

"Is there any way you might be able to contact them?" I once asked Téodoro as we stood staring up at the stars. "They've apparently been in your life for years. Don't you think they know your thoughts, then?"

"Maybe," Téodoro conceded, "but I don't think it works like that. They just do what they want to do. I never called out for them to come get me before, anyway, I know that."

"I wonder what I'd do if one of them actually appeared in the house," I said, visualizing such a scene. "I think it would scare me to death. I've been practicing every time I open a door, pretending there's some alien creature standing there staring back at me. And

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every time I do it, I get weak.”

Téodoro squeezed my hand. “Don’t worry about it,” he told me. “Whatever happened, it’s over. They don’t show up by invitation.”

Still, it was a time of great fear for me, wondering if the alien beings were going to come back. I continued to call out to them mentally, asking them either to leave us alone or to appear to us consciously and give us some explanation of what they’re doing to us. Or, if that wasn’t possible, I asked that they give us warning of their return so that we wouldn’t be so frightened if anything else happened.

And then, less than two weeks after our sighting of the UFO, another strange experience took place. On July 7, after entertaining a visitor in our home, we went to bed, but our sleep was anything but peaceful. All night I felt uneasy, the way I’d been back in May when I’d heard the voice in our bedroom. This time I heard several unusual sounds in the house, including a distinct knocking, and I also remember hearing another voice, saying a single word that began with a “K” sound but which was unfamiliar, when I woke up once in the middle of the night. But again I was too frightened to open my eyes, much less to get up and look around.

In the morning when I went into the kitchen to start breakfast, I was shocked to see that our television was on, with the sound muted. Téodoro and I were both certain that the television had been off when we went to bed, yet it was playing now, and we couldn’t figure out how

it could turn on by itself. I asked several people who understood televisions and electricity if there were any way a power surge might have activated the set, but the answers were negative. And the fact that our remote control operated on infrared made the event even more puzzling, unless there had been some other infrared source in the house.

We phoned Beth, knowing she had much more experience with this strange phenomenon than we did, and told her what had happened. She urged us to check our bodies, to look for any unusual scars or marks, and we did so. That was when I discovered two things: a pair of small puncture, wounds about a quarter of an inch apart on my inner left wrist, and three solid white circles on my lower left abdomen. The circles formed an almost perfect equilateral triangle, with sides of 15 millimeters. The puncture marks looked as if they could have been made by two hypodermic needles, and they were fresh, still scabbed, but there was no sensation of pain associated with them. The circles forming the triangle didn’t appear to be a wound of any sort—no broken skin, no itching or pain—just three white areas where the pigment had disappeared.

I had no idea what could have caused either of these sets of marks, until Beth explained that many of the people she worked with turned up similar scars on their bodies after abduction experiences. Now I was really frightened. Consciously, neither Téodoro nor I remembered any event which could account for the marks, only the strange sounds in the house and the television

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being on, but that, too, she explained, wasn't unusual.

My later research into books about UFO experiences confirmed this fact, as I read about several instances in which people had encountered UFOs and their occupants and then began experiencing events that were commonly associated with poltergeists: lights turning themselves on and off, for example, and electrical appliances behaving in unusual ways. Even more frequent were reports of UFOs passing over automobiles and causing them to completely lose power, as well as stopping watches which the passengers wore. And airplane pilots coming into proximity with UFOs often complained that the electrical equipment on their craft malfunctioned.

We already knew from Téodoro's experiences that abductions can occur without the person consciously being aware of the experience, and Beth confirmed this. Our feelings of helplessness were overwhelming. If these strange beings could come into our homes undetected, do whatever they wished to us, and then leave us with no memory of their presence, how could we ever defend ourselves or resist their intrusions? To this question, unfortunately, Beth had no answer.

But we didn't give up. We started reading books on the subject, searching for more understanding and hoping to find an account where someone had been able to stop these things from happening. All through the summer I raided bookstores and ordered other books from the library, yet nowhere in my

reading did I discover an answer. Still, we were learning a lot. We found out that this phenomenon had been going on for years, at least since the late 1940s, and that in itself was some sort of relief, knowing that we weren't the only ones who'd been through such things. And we kept in touch with the MUFON group in the city, just in case they could help us in some way.

### August 1988

In August we received a flyer announcing an upcoming MUFON meeting with a guest speaker we'd never heard of, a man named John Lear, and we decided to go. By this time we had told our son, Justin, about our experiences, and he simply didn't believe such events could be real. Still, he decided to go with us to the Lear lecture.

The only other person I had confided in was Connie, my best friend. I couldn't just blurt out that Téodoro had been contacted by aliens, so I started by describing Téodoro's first hypnosis for relaxation. "When he was under," I said, "he began exploring his subconscious, looking for causes of stress. And he had some pretty strange memories come to the surface."

"What sort of memories?" Connie asked.

"Really strange," I hesitated. Connie was my closest, oldest friend, yet I was afraid of her reaction to Téodoro's story. Who could blame her if she thought we were crazy? But I had to take the chance because I needed her support. Gripping the paper with Téodoro's drawings, I went on. "What



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he remembered was so strange that we don't know what to make of it."

Connie glanced at the paper in my hand and then back up at me. "Why? Is it something horrible?" she asked.

I shrugged. "We have no idea," I said. "But he drew some pictures of what he remembered. Do you want to see them?"

She nodded, and I handed her the paper. Her response was immediate. When I showed her the face, she literally jumped in her chair and tears came into her eyes.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Why did you respond so emotionally?"

"I don't know, I don't know," she insisted, shaking her head.

But I knew there had to be a reason, so I pressed her. "Why did that drawing make you cry?"

Finally she replied, "I didn't think anyone else knew," but then immediately denied again that there was any reason for her tears.

It occurred to me that Connie might have had experiences of her own, for why else would that drawing have brought tears to her eyes? But she assured me that nothing unusual had ever happened involving UFOs or alien beings. Still, she was very supportive. She'd known me for twenty years and had every faith in my honesty and sanity, and she too wanted to go with us to the meeting. At the last minute, Justin announced that his best friend, Jason, in whom he had confided, was also interested in going, so the five of us drove into the city in two cars, ours and Jason's.

Fortunately, we arrived early and managed to get seats near the front, for by the time Mr. Lear began to speak, a crowd of over three hundred had packed the room, spilling out into the hallway. The room was hot, yet we didn't notice once the lecture began, because the information we were hearing was riveting. Lear told about his research, his countless interviews with people who'd had similar experiences, but the most shocking and unbelievable part concerned an alleged government involvement with these alien beings.

Lear, an expert pilot, had flown missions for the CIA and thus had contacts in the intelligence community, and he insisted his information was true. There were bases, he told us, hidden throughout the country where the aliens carried on a variety of bizarre activities, including crossbreeding experiments with humans. And he said that the "invasion" of these beings was already a fact, that the government had made a secret deal with them, giving permission for the abductions to take place in exchange for promises of advanced technology.

But the government had been duped, he said, and in fact had received very little in the way of useful technology, while the aliens had carried on their abductions and experiments far beyond what was allowed by the agreement with our government. And now, he concluded, the government was in a real quandary. For years they had officially denied the existence of UFOs and aliens, but now with the escalation of ET activities, they didn't know how to go

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about warning the population, much less how to prevent these things from continuing.

Our little group sat listening in apprehension and disbelief. One part of my mind realized how wild and frightening and unsubstantiated Lear's words were. These things could not be true, I insisted, not in the world that we know. "That's just the point, though," another part of my mind interrupted. "The world you knew didn't accommodate UFOs and aliens, but you have them now anyway, don't you?" This split in my feelings confused me as I watched Lear very calmly, very seriously, deliver his message of doom.

"I'm not here to warn you about an alien invasion," he concluded. "The invasion is over, it's already happened."

I glanced around occasionally, wondering if everyone else in the room was as astounded as I, and I noticed that Jason seemed rather strange. He appeared almost to be in a trance, staring down at the floor, unblinking, and when the lecture ended he hurried out of the room with only a few words of good-bye. Assuming he must have been in a hurry to get back home, perhaps for a late date, or that he had thought Lear's lecture was a waste of his time, we didn't pay much attention to his odd behavior. So the rest of us rode home together, discussing the things we'd heard.

I had promised to let Beth know what we learned at the lecture, so I almost decided to go to Oklahoma and deliver a report in person. But at the last minute I changed my mind and stayed

home. As it turned out, that was a fortunate change of plans, for things were about to get very strange here at home.

The lecture was on a Wednesday, and two days later something happened which gave a whole new turn to the situation. Jason called Justin and asked to meet him for drinks at a local bar. Justin told us about the events of that meeting the next day. He said that when he got to the bar, Jason was acting strange, untalkative and generally unresponsive, almost wooden. After a couple of drinks, however, Jason began to loosen up, suddenly telling Justin some very disturbing things.

Jason said that all his life he'd been visited by strange beings in his bedroom. When he was young he also sometimes heard noises in the house, and when he got up to check them out, he'd seen a skinny, unknown man dressed entirely in black, who was picking up various things around the house as if examining them. But whenever Jason would rush into his parents' bedroom to tell them a prowler was in the house, they would reply that he shouldn't worry about it and to go back to bed. Having known Jason's parents for years, I couldn't believe they would be so unconcerned, yet Jason insisted they never once bothered to get up and see if he was telling the truth.

But the visitors to his bedroom were different. At first, as a very young child, he was visited by a small creature he called Mr. Midori, because of the greenish glow the creature emitted. The first time this being appeared, Jason woke up to see all the toys in his room

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moving about by themselves, and then Mr. Midori approached his bed and told him not to be afraid. Jason was always paralyzed when the being appeared, and, petrified with fear, he could never remember what Mr. Midori talked about to him. In later years, another being began showing up, a taller, featureless creature who periodically came into the room and also spoke with him, and during these times, too, Jason would be unable to move or speak aloud, communicating only telepathically.

But more recently, in the past several months while Jason and Justin were living in a farmhouse, yet another type of being had been showing up, and this time the visitor was a woman. He said that she always entered his bedroom from an adjacent interior room rather than through the door that led outside, and he found himself paralyzed until she left through the same door. As soon as the woman disappeared, the paralysis left him, and Jason had often followed after her, searching through the house and out into the yard, yet he'd never been able to locate her anywhere else.

In her last few visits, he told Justin, which had been almost weekly, he had been able to remember consciously some of what the woman told him.

"One time she was in my room, but it was just her head and her hands," he said. "She was holding two big, round black orbs, and she told me they wanted to remove my eyes and replace them with those things."

Terrified, Jason objected, saying he didn't want to be blind, but the

woman replied, "You'll still be able to see, but you'll see differently." She had also spoken of replacing various other parts of Jason's body, leaving him in great fright. And in her last visit, the day before the Lear lecture, she had urged Jason to go somewhere with her.

"Why don't you just come with us?" she had asked.

"I can't," he said, "I'm too afraid."

"What are you afraid of?" she wanted to know. "Are you afraid of the dark, or of something you think is out there in the dark?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I'm just too scared."

And the woman departed, leaving him once again to question his own sanity, as he'd secretly done for years, ever since he was old enough to know that other people simply didn't encounter bizarre visitors in the night as he'd been doing all his life.

The only reason that Jason had decided to tell Justin about these experiences was that he had actually seen the same woman who'd been coming to his room—or someone who looked identical to her—at the Lear lecture, and this convinced him that he wasn't crazy after all. She was standing in one of the crowded doorways when Jason spotted her, and she kept staring over the audience to where our group was sitting. After the lecture, Jason saw her leave and hurried away to follow her, determined to confront her and demand to know what she had been doing to him. He said he trailed after her into the parking lot, and when she turned at the cor-

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ner of the building he was only a few steps behind. But, turning the same corner, he was stunned to see that she was nowhere in sight.

That was the story Justin heard as he sat drinking with Jason. Its impact was strong, following on the heels of our own revelations to him, and Justin urged Jason to come talk to us. But Jason said he couldn't do that yet, he'd kept this explosive material to himself for so long, and he was afraid we might tell his parents, something he desperately didn't want. He did give Justin permission to discuss it with us, however, providing we promised to keep his secret, and Justin came to us the next day with the entire account.

Our son had not been able to believe the things we'd told him, but now, trusting the story of his best friend with whom he'd grown up, his disbelief was shaken. In fact, he remembered, as we also did, that Jason had long ago told us about Mr. Midori, but of course at the time none of us thought it was anything more than the active imagination of a very intelligent child, which Jason was. He and Justin, a year apart at the same private school, had both been valedictorians, and we'd never known either of them to make up such preposterous tales before.

We listened that Saturday, however, with serious concern and asked Justin to urge Jason to talk to us in person. A few days later, Jason did come over, and we went through the material with him in greater detail. He had difficulty in talking about it, though, struggling to get out the words, and at times

our hearts ached for him as tears ran down his face. But when he had finished, he said that for the first time in years he felt a sense of relief, that sharing his experiences with us somehow helped him feel more whole, and certainly more sane.

He talked about some information that had just recently emerged in his mind, apparently from the conversations he'd been having with the woman in his bedroom. For one thing, he now remembered being told that the woman and her group were "interdimensional," rather than physical extraterrestrials from some other planet, and were benevolent toward humans. But, she had said, there were other beings here who weren't interdimensional and who cared nothing about our human feelings and rights. These are the ones, she told him, who do great harm to humans, who think of us as we think of insects.

He also said that the crystals which so many New Age devotees carry can help the interdimensional ones monitor us more easily, although he had no idea how that worked. And, finally, he said that he now felt compelled to make a trip to St. Louis, where his parents grew up and where many of his relatives still lived. He wouldn't tell us why he wanted to make the trip, only that it had something to do with his current experiences, and that he would be leaving the following week.

Justin and his girlfriend Mila came over with Jason, and they added more, very disturbing, information to what he was telling us. Mila worked 15 miles

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away in the afternoons, and when she got off work at 10 P.M., she met Justin and Jason at the bar the night Jason had revealed his story. We were surprised to hear Mila's account of that evening, for she told us not only about what Jason had said, but also about Justin's responses and actions.

"When Jason began talking about the woman he'd seen at the Lear lecture," Mila said, "Justin suddenly interrupted and gave a complete description of the woman, including her clothing. But when they left and went back to their house, Justin claimed he'd never said any of it."

"I don't remember that," Justin commented, shaking his head.

"You did it twice!" Mila exclaimed. "Jason told you that you really had just described the woman, and you repeated the description word for word, how the woman looked and what she was wearing! And then a couple of minutes later you denied ever having seen her, much less described her!"

Jason confirmed what Mila told us, that at three different times that night, both at the bar and back at the house, Justin described the woman and then acted as if he'd never said anything. We questioned Justin about it then, and he still insisted he hadn't seen the woman at all.

And that wasn't the only strange thing he had done, apparently. When they all left the bar, Jason drove his own car and Mila drove Justin home in her car, since Justin had had too many drinks to drive safely. When they

reached the house, an old farmhouse, Mila said that Justin had acted very strangely, frightening her with his bizarre behavior.

"Justin just suddenly changed," she told us, "his voice and his eyes changed. And he was scaring me."

"What was he doing?" Téodoro asked. "How was he scaring you?"

"At the farm, when we got out of the car, Justin grabbed me by the arm and tried to drag me out into the backyard," Mila replied in bewilderment. "He kept saying, 'Something out there wants to see you,' but I was fighting him and refusing to go," she told us. "He was really scaring me, pulling on my arm, trying to get me out into the dark part of the yard. Then when Jason finally drove up, Justin changed back to normal," she concluded, "and he didn't remember doing any of that. He didn't even remember when we got to the farm."

Justin grinned in embarrassment and insisted again that he didn't remember what happened that night, not his description of the woman or his attempts to drag Mila into the yard. And that really worried us. He tried to blame his behavior on the fact that he'd had a lot to drink at the bar, but that wouldn't account for the complete change he exhibited when Jason drove up the driveway. In my next phone call to Beth, I told her about that night, and she too seemed worried, even more about Justin's odd behavior than about Jason's revelations. But she kept her reasons to herself, saying only that she would like to work with Justin if the opportunity ever arose, and

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of course with Jason.

A few days later, Jason left for St. Louis, after making us all promise not to tell his parents the real reason for the trip. If he'd been any younger, Téodoro and I wouldn't have hesitated to talk to his parents, but he was twenty-two years old, and we felt we had to respect his wishes, at least for the present.

And we were still very much preoccupied with our own situation. On August 25, as I was taking my shower, I was thinking hard about these recent events and also about a book I'd just finished reading, *Transformation*, Strieber's second book about his relationship with alien beings. I felt that I had to do something, find some way to communicate with the beings myself, and I remember thinking, "If you are around me right now, invisible, won't you please just give me some sort of sign?"

And when I stepped out of the shower to dry off, I found a solid red triangle had suddenly appeared on my upper left forearm. At first I thought it must be an insect bite, although I hadn't felt anything bite me, or perhaps it was a hive, but the triangle wasn't itching or swollen. Remembering Beth's instruction to take photos of any unusual marks, I got out the camera and awkwardly managed to shoot a couple of photos. When I took the roll of film to be developed, the mark was still very visible, and the man at the photo shop looked at it. But by noon, three hours after it first appeared, the triangle was completely gone. Whether it was mere coincidence or a deliberate signal, I don't know, but it has never happened again.

Meanwhile, we all waited anxiously for Jason to return, hoping he'd finally tell us why he'd felt compelled to make the trip. He came back on the twenty-eighth, but we didn't have a chance to talk to him until the thirty-first, and he had an astounding story to tell.

But on the night of his return, I got a phone call from Rita, a woman Jason had dated on and off, and Rita was upset and worried. She said Jason had just made a very strange call to her, asking her about what she'd been doing while he was gone. I didn't learn any other details except that Rita felt worried about Jason's state of mind.

"His voice sounded really strange," she told me. "He wasn't making very much sense." So we waited impatiently to hear from him, and when we did, the things he told us added greatly to the mystery.

On the way up from Texas, where we all lived, the route took him through Oklahoma, the same route he'd traveled for years with his family and with which he was very familiar. At MacAlester he filled the car with gas and reset the trip odometer to zero, at his father's request since he was using the family car. By the time he reached Highway 44 near Tulsa, however, he was aware that something strange was going on. For one thing, that part of the journey had been incredibly short, taking only about 45 minutes, and for another his odometer registered only 37 miles. In actuality, the trip should have taken much longer, since the distance between the two places was at least 100 miles. And, conversely, on another stretch between two small towns

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only eight miles apart, Jason insisted that he drove for an hour.

“Later on that day,” he said, “I suddenly felt something in my mind telling me to pull over to the side of the road and look to the left. So I did, and there was a very bright light in the sky, making a circular motion in the sky. I watched it come to a dead stop, and then it just sort of hovered, but there were a lot of colors flashing all around it. When it did that, it shot off really fast, out of view.”

He told us that the reason for the trip was a command that had been given him by the woman in his bedroom, that he was supposed to go to a certain hill on Saturday night.

But the closer it came to the time for him to go, the less he wanted to do it. “The weather was sort of misty, real spooky,” he said, “and I thought it would be crazy to go out on a hill somewhere like that. So I tried to turn the car around and go back to my grandparents’ house, but I couldn’t make myself do it. I had a really strong urge to drive to the hill, and I fought it with all my strength. My arms wouldn’t do what I wanted them to. I kept saying ‘No, no!’ over and over, but finally I just gave up.”

Once he reached the hill, he parked and opened the trunk of his car to get out a camera and tape recorder, but again, as if not in control of his will, he couldn’t take the equipment with him. “I saw them lying in the trunk,” Jason said, “but I must have lost my mind because I just figured, why bother?”

Night came on as he sat on the hill-

top, feeling quite alone and rather silly, he said. For a while, nothing unusual happened, and then three bright lights appeared in the sky. He watched as they went through an intricate series of motions, making a circle in unison and then stopping, as the single light he’d seen earlier had done, emitting colored sparks before departing.

After they vanished, he heard a voice in his head saying, “See how easily we made you come to this place? You don’t have any control over it. In the future, when you’re supposed to go to a certain place, you’ll be made to go there. Don’t worry about it, there’s nothing you can do to stop it.”

At that point, thoroughly upset, Jason left the hilltop and drove to his relatives’ home. There he undressed and went to bed, only to suddenly find himself back on the hilltop, completely dressed, in the company of the woman who’d been coming to his bedroom!

Whereas before, at home, the woman had appeared in a variety of ways, sometimes in full form and at other times showing only her head and hands, this time the woman seemed very corporeal.

“She was dressed like a real person,” Jason explained, “in jeans and a T-shirt. And she was nice that time, nicer than she’d ever been before.”

In fact, Jason said he actually felt comfortable with her, talking and listening to the many things she told him. “She wasn’t scaring me, talking about replacing parts of my body,” he told us.

“What was she saying, then?” I

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asked.

Jason shrugged. “I think she was trying to make me feel better about all this stuff. She told me that very long ago I’d made a decision, and that had really decided every other decision since then.”

She said he had a specific task—a set of tasks, in fact—to accomplish in the future, within five years. And as she told him all these things, he saw images of Justin, of us, and other people he knows involved in this future task together. She also told him, without explaining what it meant, that we would be “moved” into other bodies.

And, as proof that her messages should be trusted, she gave him bits of information about the future which, as they occurred, would show him that she could somehow see across time and know the future events that awaited humanity. One of the things she told him was a conversation taking place far from St. Louis, back in our hometown. Jason’s ex-girlfriend Rita, the woman said, was conversing with her date at that very moment, and she told him details of that conversation. When he got back home, Jason called Rita, questioning her about the date, and Nancy’s description of what was said matched that of the woman on the hill. Much more was told to him by the woman, but he hasn’t been able to remember it all. The next thing Jason was aware of was sitting on the front porch of his relatives’ home, fully dressed, with no idea of how he’d gotten to the hill or been returned.

A feeling of great apprehension, a

real sense of fear, pervaded the room as we all sat listening to Jason’s story. We asked him if he had any idea what was actually going on with these beings, hoping that some of his unremembered information might be nudged to the surface. And, at a later time, Jason did tell us more about the overall situation, what he understood to be a coming time of battle. But at first he only discussed the personal significance he’d felt about the events of his trip. To him, it seemed that the whole exercise was designed to alleviate his doubts about his sanity. “The lights in the sky, the odometer, the speeding up and slowing down of time, the woman on the hill—all these things had been very, very real,” he concluded. “I think that was why I was sent to St. Louis. They wanted to prove it to me, so I couldn’t deny it was real anymore.” Téodoro and I could only look at each other, bewildered. If his experiences were real, and if he were truly involved in this bizarre reality, then so were we. He had been shown a future time when he would be activated to perform his “task,” and he had seen us working with him.

*They look like us, talk like us, act like us.*

*Sometimes I still pretend that it was all a dreadful gripping nightmare, some dream I dreamed that was now stuck in my head.*

*I told myself I was over reacting to that chilling vision, that I had let paranoia creep into my interpretation of the dream, so that I began to see evidence of*



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*alien influence in everything until I was reluctant to sleep, fearing that the dreams would return.*

*I would venture outside at night to watch the stray cats and wandering dogs, and to gaze at the stars. I felt compelled to look at the sky day and night, ever searching for the visitors and their glowing starships although I began to understand that such reckless vagabondage might lead to my death.*

*Logic insisted that such things couldn't be true, but there it was: a fragile, lovely childlike being inside my head, listening, watching, watching, listening.*

*"Téo," it would whisper. And "Téo," again.*

*It almost looked human.*

*Almost... .*

Why would so many people pick up on the topic and proclaim their own experiences falsely, especially these usually skeptical individuals? Did it make more sense to believe in telepathy, to believe that people I trusted would all suddenly fabricate such stories, than to believe they were telling their own truths?

No matter which way I thought about it, the one thing I couldn't get around were the crafts we had variously seen. I remembered Téodoro talking about the metallic sphere in December, and I believed Jason had seen the craft twice on his trip to St. Louis. Most compelling, of course, were the lights and the craft witnessed by three of us in Oklahoma. At the time it seemed like a confirmation of the reality Téodoro had

seen under hypnosis, and that's how it worked now. Every time I'd be just about convinced that there was nothing to fear, I'd remember the dull metallic darkness of the flattened hull reflected in the green and white and red lights, coming directly down toward us, and I knew it was all real.

Still, it was one thing to face such a reality privately with my husband, for we were mature people with plenty of experience in the surprises and crises of life. But it was quite another to see the same bizarre phenomenon descend upon my child. At first, I had thought that only Téodoro had ever been involved, then I'd begun to have my own experiences, and now there was Jason. How much longer, I wondered, before Justin would be waking up hearing things in his bedroom, or seeing strange lights in the sky over the farm? Research showed that the phenomenon often occurs among members of the same family, or among a group of friends, so I sometimes asked people I knew, very discreetly, about their own unusual experiences. We'd asked Justin early on, of course, at a time when he didn't believe such things actually occurred, and he assured us he'd never gone through anything that didn't have a logical explanation.

Research also indicated, however, that many experiences of alien encounters are only remembered as dreams or as occurring when the person is in a dream state of some sort. And now Justin was beginning to have UFO dreams—and doubts. The first dream early in August involved the landing of

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two spacecraft and mental communication between Justin and an alien occupant of the ship. Later in the dream, another type of UFO craft appeared and also landed, and the odd little alien who emerged delivered a message: the time had come for “the human diaspora.” When Justin told me about the dream, I thought it was something brought on by all the things we’d told him about our own experiences. Still, the alien’s message was a total surprise. Nowhere in our conversations had such an idea ever arisen, and Justin didn’t even know what “diaspora” meant.

Then, on August 11, he went through a very real experience that couldn’t be dismissed so easily. He went to bed late, about 1:30 A.M., expecting to fall asleep quickly. Instead, he began to feel a strange sensation, building up suddenly and rapidly, in his head.

“It was something I felt,” he said, “not saw or heard. My immediate thought was that my persona was about to leave my body through my head—up and out.”

He was frightened at first, but then he tried to concentrate on the feeling and form some objective description of it. That’s when he became aware of a sound, “like a loud electric buzz,” yet he knew it wasn’t an overtly audible sound. It felt more as if he were hearing it internally, as if, he said, “something was getting on the auditory nerve between my ears and my brain.”

The second thing he became aware of then was a great pressure inside his skull, a feeling of inflation that

gave him, oddly enough, no sense of pain. “When I thought about it some more,” Justin said, “I could sense that it wasn’t just a general pressure, but seemed focused at a certain point behind my forehead, as if there were an incredibly, enormously powerful light there, although,” he added, “I could see nothing, as my eyes were closed.”

This point source of pressure was hard for him to describe. It seemed like “a cylinder of energy/force/light/ buzz/ pressure” coming in through the top of his skull and reaching about halfway down into his head. After concentrating on this feeling for a couple of minutes, Justin said, he stopped focusing and just relaxed, and that’s when it stopped.

For Justin, the whole experience had been curious but brief, apparently nothing to really worry about. But I had learned enough from Beth, as well as from Téodoro’s past experiences, to know that such memorable brief events were often all that was consciously recalled from much more significant, complex situations. I was afraid, with good reason, that my son was no longer exempt, if he ever had been, from alien intrusion.

And I wondered about his girlfriend Mila. Taking Beth’s advice to question our acquaintances, I asked Mila if there’d ever been any strange occurrences in her life.

“Oh, no,” she answered, “there’s never been anything unusual.” I was relieved to hear it and was about to change the subject when she unexpectedly continued.

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"Except there was that time," she said, "when I saw the monkey in the window."

Mila had lived all her life in a large city, and I couldn't imagine how a monkey might have turned up in the neighborhood, so I asked her to explain.

"I was ten or eleven," she replied, "and I was taking a nap in the den one afternoon. I woke up and sat up on the couch, and that's when I saw it. There was a gray monkey bobbing up and down outside the kitchen window."

"What did you do?" I asked. "Did you get up to have a closer look?"

"No," she said, "I just sat there watching the monkey."

"Well," I pressed, "didn't you say anything? Did you yell for anyone else to come see it?" But she shook her head negatively.

"And that's all," she continued, "unless you count the time I woke up in my sister's bedroom—I was maybe twelve at the time—and there was a slide show or something going on, up on the wall."

"Slides of what?" I asked.

"Oh, a lot of different things," Mila said. "I can't remember everything, but I do remember seeing the moon. At least I thought it was the moon, and there were two spaceships of some sort flying around. Then they crashed into each other and exploded, and the whole moon blew up. A lot of white stuff started falling onto the earth, and I saw all the people running out to pick it up and eat it."

It was a pretty strange thing to see

on the bedroom wall in the middle of the night, we agreed, and I asked if she remembered anything else.

"Well, not really," Mila said, "although there was this thing in the sky. I saw it when I was real young. I was playing outside with some other kids, and I remember looking up and seeing a huge gray shape going over the garage. I thought it was a giant fish."

Of course, I didn't want to frighten Mila by telling her how much these things sounded like screen memories, protective disguises of events too frightening to face. I wondered what she might discover if she ever went through regressive hypnosis. And I also wondered how many other people had strange recollections, strange events in their past, that had been dismissed because they couldn't be understood. Téodoro and I had done the same thing, relegating those odd scenes and memory gaps to the very back of our thoughts, until events forced them to the forefront once again.

"There must be other people like us out there," I remarked to Téodoro, "with no idea of the things hidden in their pasts. I wonder if they are also beginning to find out. And I wonder why we haven't heard anything about this before. There are several million people in this part of the state! Surely some of them must have been abducted or have seen UFOs, too."

At the end of August, one of those people came into our lives. I received a phone call from a man in the city named Frank, who had gotten our number from

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the MUFON group. He had been plagued with nightmares and frightening memories of a strange night in New York the previous October, and when he'd discussed it with a friend, she'd suggested he contact the study group to see if they could help. And they passed him on to us, since we were the only ones they knew who were going through current experiences.

When Frank first came out to meet us, it was apparent that he'd been through a real trauma. He was visibly agitated and excited at the same time, and after we began talking, his story poured out. He had a bizarre UFO sighting back in 1973, with two relatives. They watched a flying craft cavort through the sky, and then it transformed into a giant image of a bearded man dressed in a long, belted robe, with his arms outstretched.

But it was his visit to New York in October that concerned him most. He was staying alone in a friend's apartment, collapsing in bed after hours of walking the streets alone, and when he awoke he was covered with bruises and scratches all over his back. But he had no memory of how they got there, only snatches of memories that made no sense. And now he was suffering from nightmares and fears, all associated with UFOs.

We couldn't do anything more than listen to Fred's story and share our own experiences with him. He left, however, feeling less alone in this strangeness, and we promised he could contact us any time he needed to talk. We also said we'd tell Beth about him and make ar-

rangements for them to meet. Frank had read Communion and knew enough to want to try hypnosis, to explore the things that had happened to him in New York. He also was worried about a few episodes of missing time he'd experienced recently, working alone on the night shift. We talked about all these things and assured him he could phone us whenever he was frightened or went through some new experience. Sympathetic support was all we could offer, though, having no answers ourselves and not even being sure of the questions.

### September 1988

In early September we went back to Oklahoma for another round of regressions, and this time I planned to undergo hypnosis myself. On our first visit there, Téodoro's experiences were all we really knew about, but since then enough odd things had happened to me to warrant my own exploration through regression. While we were with Beth, a constant stream of people passed through her house, so we learned in a very short time just how pervasive this phenomenon can be. Several people we met there told us of their UFO sightings and experiences, but the most astounding story came from Helen (pseudonym), a woman who lived on a northern ranch with her husband. A UFO had once caused a stampede of their herd, Beth told us, but Helen's visit to Oklahoma had nothing to do with Beth's research.

Having tried repeatedly and unsuccessfully to have a baby, Helen was in town visiting a woman who'd agreed

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to be a surrogate mother for her and her husband. She told us of the many pregnancies she'd been through, only to have them terminate in miscarriage, and her dream of finally having a child now seemed to be within reach.

As we talked, Beth asked if Helen had had any unusual dreams lately, a common question to all her visitors. Helen replied that, yes, she'd had a frightening dream a few nights earlier, in which a woman had threatened to take the baby from the surrogate mother. In the dream, Helen had to fight very hard to stop the woman from taking the unborn child and had awakened in great fear.

Beth asked if she'd dreamed of this same woman in the past, and Helen said no. "But I've seen her when I wasn't sleeping," she added.

Prompted by Beth to tell us her story, we sat listening as Helen described her first encounter with the woman. She was in a doctor's examining room, lying on the table alone, when a strange woman suddenly appeared. Helen didn't tell us all the details of their conversation, which had been several years before, but her impression was that the woman was somehow an ancestor who had previously lost her own children. Helen thought the woman was resentful of her pregnancies and therefore had been responsible for the miscarriages.

There had been two other such encounters, she said, and that was why she fought so hard in her recent dream to protect the surrogate mother's fetus.

Then Beth asked Helen to describe the woman, and we listened in astonishment to an almost identical description of the woman who was coming to Jason's bedroom!

This wasn't the only surprise for us. I had decided to attempt a hypnotic exploration of one of my own unusual memories, but I didn't expect to find anything alien such as turned up in Téodoro's regressions. Odd things had happened to me during the summer, to be sure, but I still felt that it was Téodoro, not I, who had been touched by the alien phenomenon earlier in life. I held on to the belief that all the unusual memories from my past would turn out to have mundane explanations if I explored them. Beth, however, had questioned me about anything strange I remembered, and one puzzling but apparently inconsequential memory caught her attention. So, on the last day of our visit, she put me into a trance and led me through an event which had occurred years before.

I had been driving back alone from my parents' home, a trip of 240 miles, when I saw ahead of me on the interstate a large black cloud descending rapidly. It covered both lanes and the shoulders, so there was no way around it, and it appeared so suddenly that I couldn't apply my brakes in time to avoid it. It was daytime, and the darkness of the cloud stood out in stark contrast, with curling edges and a density that made it almost appear to be solid. I remember driving up to it, and I also remember driving down the interstate past the cloud, seeing it behind me in my rear-

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view mirror, but I never remembered actually driving through it. That, and the cloud's sudden appearance, were all that had made it stand out in my memory.

Beth began the regression by setting up the scene, having me describe the car, the countryside, and the weather.

"This is such a boring drive, mostly," I told her. "But this is the pretty part, so I can look around and enjoy it, the trees and hills. There must not be much traffic now, I'd just be looking around. And I look back to the road. It's like the sun's not so bright anymore. I'm just wondering if it's gonna rain because the sun's overcast now."

"And then there's this crawling, sort of curling black stuff. It's like smoke, coming from the right and just going across the road. And it's making me feel bad, Beth," I stopped, beginning to feel afraid.

Beth expertly reassured me that I was safe and able to look at the experience, so I started up again.

"It's coming, crawling black stuff," I said. "Something dark is coming across the road beside me. At first, I just seem to see these 'finger' tendrils, and then it's all a huge black cloud. It sweeps in front of me, and it's so fast I think it's a storm, but it hasn't been like a storm before now. So I'm wondering what this sudden weather thing is. And I'm going to just drive through it, because I can't slow down in time to stop."

"Are you aware of any other cars passing you or in back of you?" Beth

asked.

"I was looking off to the left before I looked back to the road," I explained, "and when I looked back there weren't any cars between me and that cloud, I don't remember looking behind me. And I think I'm driving into it. Suddenly I can't see anything, it's dark all around the windows. I'm looking up trying to see if I can see the sky through it. I don't see anything."

"Can you still see inside the car?"

"Yeah," I replied, "I can still see inside the car, I just can't see outside. There's nothing on the windshield. I'm holding the steering wheel real tight, and I'm leaning up close to it, looking up to see why it's all over me. It's like being in a black room, only there's light where I am."

When I seemed unable to get beyond this scene, Beth deepened my level of concentration and then moved me ahead to the next thing I could recall happening.

"Oh, Beth," I told her, "I don't know if this is it, really." Even in the trance, I wanted to reject the images flooding into my mind. "But I'm lying down, and I see that I don't have any shoes on. I'm covered up with something white, but it's not over my feet, about to the middle of my calves. That's what I see. It's like I'm waking up or trying to wake up. I can move my head just this much. I don't know what I'm lying on."

"Can you move your body at all?" she asked.

"I can't even feel it," I replied. "I can move my head. I'm not thinking any-

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thing.”

“Look around you,” she instructed.  
“What can you see?”

“It’s like real soft lighting, sort of peachy or pink. And I can’t see above me.”

“What is taking place?” she prompted.

“I feel like I just woke up, I don’t feel aware of very much. There’s more space over here that I can’t see, but the white goes all around as far as I can tell. I can’t feel my body. I don’t see what I’m lying on, it’s not showing down there. I must be perfectly comfortable, I can’t feel anything. But I feel my ear hurting.”

“Which ear?” Beth asked.

“The right ear, just at the edge of the inside,” I tried to explain. “There was just a burning sort of thing, but I can feel it. It’s not bad.”

“How long did that pain last?”

“I can still feel it a little,” I admitted. “It’s not bad. But I feel it again a little harder now, down low. I feel my ear being pulled over this way, and that hurts. My ear, the lobe stretches a little.”

“Is it stretching by itself?” Beth asked, hoping to find out exactly what was being done.

“I don’t think I’m looking,” I answered evasively.

“Can you experience anything at all?” she persisted.

“I know there’s some motion,” I said after a moment. “I mean, there’s just a sense of movement. And I don’t know anything at all about what’s going on. I feel like there’s movement, if I

could look, like some people moving. But I can’t see anyone, not yet.”

“But you’re aware of movement to your left,” she repeated.

“Uh-huh,” I told her, “because you can see that the light changes as things move around in it. That’s why I think there’s more than one person moving. I think I feel reassured. I don’t feel scared.”

Beth questioned me a while longer, but I was unable or reluctant to remember much more. When she asked if I had ever been in that place before, a pain flared up in my side, and I asked her to bring me out of the trance, which she soon did.

This was my first attempt at hypnotic regression, and I found it hard to relax and give myself up to deep trance. Still, the things I saw seemed very real, even if disjointed, yet I tried to explain the whole thing away as the product of my imagination. I had read enough to know that my recollections pointed to some physical intrusion into my ear, perhaps an implant of some sort, or a probe. But since I’d read so much about abduction experiences, it was easier to tell myself that the recollections had been conjured up from the books, not from my own past. Several months passed before I tried regression again, and looking back now I can see that it was my fear which made me wary and resistant to the experiences I had recalled the first time. My heart still rejected the belief that aliens existed or that they had been interfering in our lives, even though my mind knew dif-

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ferently.

I didn't want it to be true, but I feared, increasingly, that it was. Either that, or there were many otherwise normal people in the world who were all having the same sort of mental aberration. As time went on and we heard the same story over and over again from more people, Téodoro and I finally had to accept the reality of this phenomenon and find a way to understand and cope with it. But it was too early for that now—we were consumed with discovering exactly what was going on, not why.

One other piece of information turned up during our visit with Beth which shed light on an experience I'd had earlier, back in May. At that time, I was awakened hearing voices in the bedroom during the night, telling me of the "eliomi" or "elianni." At least, that was the closest I could come to transcribing what I heard, and I knew it wasn't an exact reading. Whatever had been said, the word made no sense to me then. But in a book I picked up in Oklahoma in September, *The Goblin Universe*, by Lyle Holiday and Colin Wilson, I came across references to early Gaelic mythology that echoed that nighttime conversation.

"The Ellyllon were pygmy elves or nature spirits," I read, "a name derived from the Welsh *el*, a spirit, which in turn came from the Hebrew *Elohim*-God. Such spirits have always been known to objectify materially on occasion, although this is usually in remote country places." Maybe in Wales, I thought, but there was nothing very remote about my bedroom! Going further, I read,

"There are many sorts of fairy or nature spirits ranging from the tiny Ellyllon ... to the wandering Sighes, Elohim, or Trooping Fairies whose illusions and paranormal hoaxes are an intrinsic part of the flying saucer story."

Could that be what the voice in the bedroom was saying? Were the beings who spoke to me calling themselves by the Gaelic term? Later in my research, I did come across other references to alien beings speaking in that ancient language. Most notable was the case of Betty Andreasson, recounted in Raymond Fowler's book, *The Andreasson Affair*. During one hypnotic regression, Betty Andreasson suddenly began speaking in an unrecognized language, which was duly reported in phonetic terms. One reader of the book later contacted Fowler and said the language matched remarkably well with old Gaelic. When translated, the message read, "Children of the northern peoples, you wander in impenetrable darkness. Your mother mourns." But I could only wonder what message the voice in the bedroom intended for me.

As soon as we returned home, Justin and Jason were eager to talk to us. While we were away, Jason had another episode of missing time, with no memory of what had happened during the two-hour gap.

He and Justin arrived shortly, and we gathered in the living room, anxious to hear his account. By this point I had begun keeping a journal, first of Téodoro's experiences and then later adding material about all of us. So, for accuracy, I turned on the tape recorder



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and got a complete record of Jason's story.

"It was fifteen till midnight," he told us, "and I decided I'd go to Whataburger and grab a hamburger. So I just got up, got in the car, went and got a Whataburger, and came back."

"Did you eat it in the car?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I just went to the drive-through and came right back and came into the house and looked at the clock, and it was 2:30."

"Was the hamburger warm?" I wondered.

"No, it was cold," Jason said. "And I didn't even think about that! There's so many things I don't think about. I reached in there [the sack] and thought, 'Umm, okay, french fries,' and I grabbed a french fry, ate the french fries, and they were cold. And I was mad. I thought, 'Damn,' you know."

That wasn't all that had happened in our absence, Jason continued. "I was sitting on the couch, and it was late at night. And all of a sudden, the couch started hopping up and down, and then this footstool started hopping, I mean, really hopping. It was shaking me! And then it stopped, just like that, and I got up and looked under the couch, you know, pick up the cushions. I went outside and tried to peek under the house and see if maybe it was something underneath hitting the floor. And I thought, 'Okay, I'm gonna tell Justin about this,' and then it was two days later before I remembered!"

Jason paused, still confounded by his forgetfulness of the experience, and

Justin remarked that Jason had been remembering more of the things the strange woman had told him. We asked Jason, who nodded in agreement.

"Yeah," he replied, "they said they were nine-dimensional. And for them the tenth dimension was like time to us." The girl had told him this, and he found it odd that more recently she was switching back and forth referring to herself sometimes as "I" and other times as "we."

We wanted to know if he remembered anything about where the woman came from, but he didn't. All he could tell us was that the woman warned him about some other "beings" who have learned how to use the fourth and fifth dimensions, but who weren't spiritually developed.

"She said to be careful of them," Jason explained. "She said to be very, very careful." And it was his understanding that the woman was warning him about the Grays, the typical being described by so many people who are abducted. The same beings whom Téodoro had seen during regression, taking him as a young child, later abducting him to perform a nasal implant and to have sex with one of their females, and most recently taking him half a block from our home, cutting his leg and telling him it was time to remember!

It's impossible to describe how we felt then. We had learned a lot about our past experiences through hypnosis, but here we were faced with a current situation in our midst. Jason was still agi-

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tated from the missing time episode and the “hopping” couch incident, and we were frightened for him, as well as for our son and Mila, living in the same house.

A few days later, more strange things occurred, in the onset of what proved to be months of disturbances and encounters. Throughout the fall and winter, we felt literally under siege from forces and entities we couldn’t fathom, yet we all tried to keep it secret from the rest of our family and friends. Jobs had to be carried on, houses kept in order, classes taught—the flow of our “normal” lives—but the strain was growing.

One Friday night, I became generally upset, so frightened for Justin and the others that I begged Téodoro to take me to the farm to check on them. He drove us over, but since I was so upset he left me in the car and went inside for a few minutes. When he returned, he assured me that they were all three quite all right. The next morning, I simply couldn’t wake up. No matter how hard I tried or how much tea I drank, I was in a daze the entire day, yet I had no reason to be so exhausted.

The fear continued, and I became determined to stay up all Saturday night at the farm and watch over the three sleeping young people. My plans were interrupted, however, by the presence of Jason's younger brother Kyle (pseudonym). Kyle knew nothing about what was going on, nor did Jason want him to, which meant our conversation was severely limited. By 2:45 A.M. it became clear that he didn’t plan to leave before we did. So reluctantly we went home for

the night.

The next morning I called to see if anything had happened. At First the only response was that Mila had heard strange noises in the house, waking up three different times. The first sound that disturbed her was Jason's bedroom door opening and closing, but when she nudged Justin awake and asked him to check it out, he replied sleepily that she’d only heard the cat.

The second noise she heard was the sound of heavy, crunching footsteps in the front yard, near the picnic table, about twenty feet from her bedroom window, which was open. And the last thing she remembered hearing was a frightfully loud, long train rumbling nearby, which never seemed to pass, followed by the hoot of an owl.

It wasn’t until the next day, however, that Jason told us what had happened to him that same night. He began by saying that two days earlier, when Justin and Mila were staying at Mila's apartment, Jason woke up standing in Justin's bedroom. His arms were outstretched over his head, and he came awake hearing himself say, “I made it! I made it back!” and grinning wildly. But he had no idea where he might have been or why he was in that room instead of his own.

Then on Saturday night, after the others were asleep, Jason had another visit from the strange woman. She came through the interior door, and this time he was appalled to see that she was angry with him. She scolded him for sitting around and doing nothing. She said

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he had important things to be doing and that he should get up and start on them.

At that, Jason exploded. All the anger, frustration, and fear built up inside him came bursting out, and he said he raged at her and at his own inability to understand what was happening to him. He screamed at her, complaining, "Every time I think about all this, I just get more confused, and the more confused I get, the harder it is to think about it! What the hell is going on?" He was demanding answers, but the woman gave him none.

Instead, she suddenly left off her own complaints and began trying to calm him down. She made him lie down on the bed, and then she lay beside him, telling him to rest and find himself again. As they lay there, three balls of light, about the size of basketballs, suddenly whooshed in through the window and whizzed around the room. A voice came from the lights, saying, "Listen to her, believe it, you're not ready," as if in response to his raging demands. The lights whizzed around a little more before disappearing back out the window, and Jason eventually fell asleep.

Listening to this bizarre story, we could understand how Jason had doubted his own sanity for so long. If such a thing had happened to us, we would surely have doubted ourselves, too, and yet Jason had been visited by many stranger events than this, throughout his life.

On Sunday, the next day, the strangeness continued, this time affecting Mila. In the afternoon she went out

into the front yard of the farm, beyond which stretched almost five acres of field bounded by a road and a railroad track.

She was watching the road where a policeman had stopped a car, but then her attention was drawn to a stand of trees by the track.

"I saw this strange, shimmery glow of color formed between the trees," Mila said, "really pretty." And then she heard a sharp, quick noise and felt a blast of cold air, "sort of like the vents of air that surprise you in a funhouse," she explained. The sudden blast sent a shock of adrenalin racing through her system, but just as suddenly as she'd been exhilarated, she was drained of all her energy and almost fell to the ground in a faint.

Jason and Justin noticed her erratic movements as she tried to walk back to the house, so they rushed out and helped her inside.

"It was like she was totally dazed out," Justin said. "Both of us had to hold her up and just drag her to the porch."

Mila collapsed on the couch, unable to speak or even open her eyes for almost half an hour, and then the feeling of exhaustion went away and she recovered. Afterwards, however, she had very little memory of the fainting spell, though she still recalled vividly the glowing color in the trees, the blast of air, and her collapse in the field.

The next night, what little peace of mind I still had was destroyed by an experience I tried to think of as a dream. I was lying down with Téodoro when I felt

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the whole bed start to shake, and when I tried to move, I found I was paralyzed. I couldn't even speak, but somehow I finally managed to whisper a prayer, asking the god of truth and love to make this frightening force go away. I repeated the prayer again and again, until the paralysis broke, but the bed shook even more violently as my strength increased.

At last I was able to sit up and pound my fists on the bed, demanding out loud that the force must leave me alone, and then the shaking stopped. I tried to rouse Téodoro and tell him what had happened, but he rolled over sleepily without responding. At that point, three women came in and approached me. They held me comfortingly and told me, "You did the right thing. You passed the test."

The next thing I recall was actually sitting up in the bed, with Téodoro asleep beside me. Once again I tried to wake him up, and once again he refused to be roused. I described the dream experience into my tape recorder, feeling the need to remember it in every detail, and then I turned out the light and fell back asleep. But when I woke up the next morning, I was drained and weak. I spent the day completely exhausted, giving in, on and off, to the urge to cry before finally calling my friend Connie to come for a visit.

While we were together, I got a phone call from Robert Anderson, a researcher with whom Beth was working on a book. He told me about a car wreck his daughter had just been involved in, which had left her seriously injured, a

wreck for which there was no logical cause. This news really frightened me, because only three days earlier Beth's daughter-in-law had been badly hurt in a similar wreck, the cause of which had baffled the investigating police officers. The two young women had received serious injuries to their mouths. I was frightened because Beth had recently been warned by two different men—one a self-proclaimed psychic to whom she paid little attention, and the other a man whose occasional predictions had proven more reliable—to discontinue her research and not to reveal what she was finding out from the people whose experiences she had explored. That meant, of course, that she shouldn't contribute material to George's book.

They had been warned, and now their children were suffering. What's next, I wondered, scared by the thought that these beings might deliberately be hurting people and afraid of what I might have brought onto my own family by exploring this phenomenon myself. I was filled with the idea that the best thing I could do was to get absolutely out of the entire UFO situation: no more books or journals or notes or tapes or contacts with anyone involved in this thing.

At no time, before or since, have I felt such fear, blinding my logic and leaving me to react instinctively and protectively. We were in a nightmare world, helpless. And then Jason phoned. He wanted to tell me about a dream he'd had the night before, the same night I'd felt the bed shaking.

In Jason's dream, he was a little

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child, perhaps three years old, sitting with a group of other children who were being told a story by an older person. The storyteller looked like Jason also, but a Jason twenty-three years old, as he was now, not three. When I heard his dream, I asked him to come over and record it in the journal I was keeping of his experiences. What follows is that account of the dream.

“Once upon a time there was a young prince,” Jason began. “This prince looked around at his world and saw that evil things were happening, and he wanted to stop the evil. So he told his friends, ‘There must be someone causing all this evil, so I’m going to go out and search through the world until I find the evil person. Then I’ll make him stop.’

“So he roamed all over, meeting and talking to everyone he could, trying to find out who was causing the evil things to happen. But no matter how much he looked, for years and years, he couldn’t find an evil person. At last, however, he met a sorcerer, who told him that the cause of the evil was under the ocean. The prince was unable to get down under the ocean, and the sorcerer was unable to help him.

“So the prince returned to his kingdom and stayed there for a year. But he could see that the evil things were still happening and, in fact, increasing throughout the world. Finally, then, he resolved to take up his search again and try to end the evil. Once again, he roamed through the world looking for the evil man, but the man was not found. And once again, the prince met another

sorcerer, and this wizard was able to show him how to get under the ocean.

“The prince did as the wizard told him and made his way under the ocean and began to fight against the cause of evil. Meanwhile, back in his kingdom, the friends of the prince waited anxiously for his return, but the prince remained below the sea. After a long, long time passed, the friends became really worried and decided that they would also go down under the ocean themselves and help the prince in the battle. So they managed to get down under the water, and there they found the prince. They rallied around him and fought in unison, and the evil was finally defeated.

“The moral of the story is that you need your friends in the fight against evil: one man cannot defeat it on his own, but by banding together, our strength can be great enough to win.”

The message went straight to my heart. An hour before, I was ready to run away, hopeless, and hide, but here was a message of hope. Could we really fight this awful situation, I wondered, did part of the answer lie in uniting with our friends in some way? And how? What is the battle we face? It was no longer merely a question of what is going on, but of how can we make it stop.

Jason and I weren’t the only ones having “dream” experiences that Sunday night, September 12. On the following Tuesday Jason phoned to tell me what he’d just learned from his younger brother Kyle, who’d been at the farm on the twelfth. Kyle spent quite a lot of time with Jason and Justin and other friends

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at the farm, often staying up late to play video games. On Sunday night, however, he had a very different experience.

He told Jason that “something like a dream” had happened while he was at his parents’ home. “He said he dreamed he was sitting in the living room of the farm,” Jason repeated to me, “when this stream of people began coming in the front door, maybe twenty or thirty. They just, moved through the living room and kitchen into my bedroom, then out my back door and back into the living room.

“Kyle called them ‘people’ at first,” Jason continued, “but then he thought they weren’t real, so he started calling them ‘things’.”

“What else happened?” I asked.

“Well,” Jason went on, “he watched them for a little while and then he got mad. He said he wanted to stop them from bothering me, so he threatened them. Kyle said when he hit one of them, it just screamed but didn’t fight back, even when he knocked it down. They they started running, and he chased after them. He caught one and jerked it around face-to-face. But the thing attacked him, with its mind. Kyle attacked back, pummeling the thing in the face, until the creature began to scream.

“Then Kyle chased after a second being and attacked it in the same way, but when he went back into the farm, he saw a huge creature, much bigger than the other two. He caught it and demanded to know what was going on,”

Jason continued. “The creature didn’t answer, so Kyle said he was going to beat them all senseless if they didn’t leave me alone. That was when they all left.”

When Jason paused, I asked if he’d ever said anything to Kyle about his own experiences.

“Not at all, never,” he assured me. “I haven’t told him anything. That’s why I’m so blown away by the whole thing.”

“Did you ever ask Kyle what these beings looked like?” I wondered.

“Yeah,” he replied. “Kyle said they acted like they were trying to appear human, but they weren’t doing a very good job of it. They were wearing ragged clothes and stuff, like hillbillies in old overalls and hats.”

Kyle laughed nervously at the strange description, but I immediately remembered something we’d heard from a member of the study group in the city. This man was at our first meeting with the group, and he’d recounted his own first experience with alien beings. They “astrally” moved him in the middle of the night to a nearby golf course green, where a small craft appeared. Several humanoid beings descended from the craft, the man told us, and he remarked how surprised he was to see that the first one was dressed in a tattered shirt and overalls, with a straw hat and a piece of grass between his teeth as he smiled. “He was dressed just like a hillbilly,” the man said.

And now Lucas’s dream had shown hillbilly creatures at the farm. What kind of insanity were we caught up in, we

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wondered, for it seemed that almost daily some new strange experience occurred to one of us. Jason, however, had more than his share. After so many years of living with his bizarre secrets of alien encounters, Jason long had suffered the added strain of fearing that his experiences were merely the product of a diseased mind, not a reality. Now at last he had people he could talk to, who understood because they had strange experiences of their own. And after his trip to St. Louis and the outward confirmation of this alien reality, he no longer doubted his sanity.

Instead, Jason wanted to know more about his situation, and it may have been that desire for knowledge which led him to try astral projection. A few years earlier, Jason had discussed astral travel with a small group of his friends one day when I happened to be present. He said he'd been able to "get out" of his body in that manner for several years, since he was a young teenager, without going into any detail, but I dismissed the whole subject in disbelief. The only other person I knew who ever talked about astral travel was my brother, years ago, who claimed to be able to do it, and even then I thought he must have been quite imaginative to come up with such stories.

Jason told us that on September 14 he had tried to astrally project himself earlier that day, just to see if he could still do it. The last time he tried it, Jason said he had a lot of trouble getting back into his body and so had frightened himself out trying it again.

"This time," Jason said, "I was just

beginning to feel like I was about to get free of my body, but something happened. Something just sort of jerked me out. And the next thing I knew," he continued, "I was in this dark room, sitting at a table. There were some black blocks or cubes and rectangles, and I was supposed to move them around."

"Why?" I asked. "Who was making you manipulate the cubes?"

"I don't know," Jason said. "There were some others there with me, but I didn't really see them. The room was dark, and the only light was coming down on the table from behind me. All I ever saw was their arms, when they'd reach over my shoulder to adjust a block or something. The arms looked pretty dark, but I couldn't really tell."

"How long did all this go on?" I wanted to know, but Jason just shook his head.

"I don't know," he admitted, "it was real strange. The phone kept ringing."

"You mean the phone in the house?" I asked.

"Yeah. I'd be trying to concentrate on the blocks, on doing it correctly, and then the phone would ring. It kept distracting me, like I was in both places at once."

After a short while his concentration on the task was completely broken, and he was put back into his body. He told us that the experience was very unsettling and he didn't think he would try astral projection again, since the beings were able to manipulate him in that state.

The next day, Thursday, Jason once

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again went through a strange and frightening occurrence. Justin and Mila had both already left the farm for the night, and Jason was sitting in the living room, finishing a cigarette before going to his parents' home to sleep. Outside, the two cats suddenly started acting strange, and then the dogs "went wild" barking in their front yard pen. Immediately, Jason felt the entire farmhouse start to shake, so he raced out the back door and into his car. As he was driving away, he said he could see the house still shaking.

The whole week had been so full of bizarre incidents like this that we were all perhaps a little apprehensive about the coming weekend. Frank was planning to come out on Friday, to watch a television program on UFO abductions and also to meet Jason. From hearing their stories, Téodoro and I knew that they had both seen human-looking beings during some of their experiences, and both of them had been told that new bodies were somehow being made or prepared for us. We wondered what else they might discover they had in common.

That Friday afternoon, I was alone at home, reading *Our Haunted Planet*, a book by John A. Keel, that described Joseph Smith's initial contacts with the angels who led him to the golden plates, the Book of Mormon. It reminded me very much of something Jason had experienced. In St. Louis, out on the hill with the woman, he'd been told he would have to locate something, a box of some sort, at a future date. Joseph Smith was also told of a box he'd have

to find within six years, whereas Jason had been told that his tasks, including finding the box, would come within five years.

As I was thinking of these similarities, there was a sudden bright flash of light in my living room, a blinding white light, as if lightning had struck indoors. I looked up, startled, waiting for the sound of thunder to follow, but there was none. I ran outside and looked up at the sky, which was clear and bright, so I came back in, bewildered. That was the first silent lightning I experienced, but it occurred several times in the following months, and I never found an explanation for it.

That evening we gathered early for a chance to talk before the TV program. Frank and Jason arrived around 7 P.M., then Justin and Mila came over, and finally Connie stopped by for a brief visit. After she left, we went to the farm to watch the program, a segment of the now-defunct "Late Show." The entire program was devoted to various UFO subjects, with Whitley Strieber, William Moore, and an ex-astronaut, Brian O'Leary, among the guests. Also, in the audience were over fifty abductees, and the host interviewed several of them.

Each story was different, yet they all shared a basic sameness with the experiences we had had, and it was very eerie to listen to strangers on television and feel so close to their stories. When one of the abductees mentioned finding a triangle mark on his body, Frank laughingly said he wished he'd find one, too, as if it would somehow make the whole thing seem more real. Yet we all



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felt that it was very real right now, and that it seemed even more ominous now that the media were making these situations known to the general public.

We wondered why, after so much secrecy and the imposition of amnesia on the victims of abductions, everyone was suddenly being told. And many more people seemed to be waking up to the fact of alien abductions going on in their previously normal lives. I had sometimes taken comfort in the knowledge that people had been abducted for years without there being any perceptible impact on society as a whole, but now I could see that a qualitative change was taking place. From Beth's research, we knew of over two hundred cases in the Tulsa area, where ordinary people were going through extraordinary experiences. Budd Hopkins's books told of many more victims in the New York-New England area. There were over fifty ordinary people in the audience of the television program who claimed to have been abducted, and there were four of us in the living room watching the show! I remembered what Téodoro had been told back in December, that it was "time to remember." How many other people, I wondered, were also being ordered to remember? And why?

We talked about such things for a while after the program, and then the group broke up. Frank went back to his apartment in the city, Justin and Mila went to the air-conditioned comfort of her apartment near campus, Jason left for his parents' house, and Téodoro and I went home to bed. We slept late the next morning, so we'd only been up for

a little while when Jason phoned, asking if he could come talk to us.

He arrived looking terrible, with dark circles under his bloodshot eyes, and he was exhausted.

"What's wrong?" we asked immediately.

"Something happened last night," he began shakily. "I went to my folks' house and sat up watching TV until 3:00 or 3:30. Then I went to bed in my sister's old room. My parents were asleep already, and so was Kyle.

"So I finally went to bed," he continued, "and the next thing, I'm standing by my bed, thinking I'm so tired, all I want to do is get some sleep."

"Weren't you confused?" I asked. "You didn't wonder what you were doing out of bed?"

"Well, yeah," he replied, "but I was exhausted. I just wanted to lie down again, so I did. And then it happened again."

"What?" I wanted to know, beginning to feel confused myself.

"I was up again," he explained, "standing by my bed. And this time I was really upset. But I was too tired to do anything about it. It kept happening over and over, seems like."

"And that's all that happened?" I asked.

"I don't know," he admitted. "One of the times when I woke up, I was already lying down, but I don't think I was in my real bed. Everything seemed very strange, but then I thought that at least I was horizontal this time, so maybe they'd let me sleep. That's how tired I

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was.”

This phase apparently passed after a while, and then Jason said he woke up in his bed with a strange female alien being beside him.

“She was trying to get me worked up,” he said, shaking his head. “She got on top of me and tried to make me respond, you know, sexually. But I kept refusing, I pushed her away and begged her to leave me alone. I told her there was no way I could do anything like that, I just wanted to get some rest.”

“So what happened then?” Téodoro asked.

“Finally she gave up, I guess,” Jason answered. “She left me and went out in the hall. That’s when I saw that there were some other beings out there, too. I could hear them all talking to her, but at first I couldn’t understand what they were saying. And then, suddenly it all clicked and I understood them.”

“What were they talking about?” I asked.

“They were asking her, the female, what had happened, and she told them I wouldn’t cooperate,” he replied.

“How long did that go on?” Téodoro questioned.

“I don’t know,” Jason told us. “I was just completely exhausted, and I guess I fell asleep, because that’s all I remember.”

“What did the female look like?” I asked. “Was she like any of the other beings you’ve seen?”

“No,” he shook his head. “She was different, taller. But the room was dark, and I couldn’t really see much detail.

She was naked, though, and she felt really cold when she touched me.”

“And this type, this group, wasn’t familiar to you?” I persisted.

“Not really,” he told us. “These were different ones, I’ve never seen them before. And you know what amazes me? There were a whole lot of them in the hall, right in my parents’ house! Like they didn’t worry about anyone waking up and seeing them.”

We all sat back in bewilderment. Like Jason, we wondered how such a scene could occur without any of the others in the house being disturbed. Perhaps we could have dismissed it as a nightmare, except that Jason was so obviously upset and physically exhausted.

“There’s one more thing,” Jason said then, standing up. He turned around, showing us the back of his calf. “I found these marks this morning,” he pointed, “and I don’t know where they came from.”

There were three large puncture marks on the skin, arranged in an equilateral triangle. Jason had never told us of having any marks or scars on his body before, and it was easy to see how deeply the triangle upset him. The arrival of a new group of alien beings and the appearance of the three punctures seemed to be more than coincidental. Until now, I was the only one in the group who’d been marked with a triangle, yet we’d learned that this was an insignia left by at least one of the alien groups.

There was nothing we could do for Jason but commiserate, and he soon left.

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Téodoro and I immediately checked our own bodies, to see if anything might have happened to us. On my right hip I found a single puncture; there was a dried, smeared drop of blood on my ankle; and I had a small scratch, also smeared with blood, just below and to the left of my breastbone. I looked at the bedsheets and found a single thin streak of blood on my side of the bed, corresponding to the scratch on my chest. And Téodoro had a red scratch, a bit larger than mine, below his right breast. Yet neither of us remembered anything unusual during the night. If we hadn't looked, we wouldn't have known the marks were on us until later when we showered because, like all the unexplained scratches and punctures, they caused absolutely no pain.

Our next thought was of Frank, so we called and asked him if he'd noticed any unusual marks on his own body.

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't looked to see, but I will." He left the phone for a few moments, and when he picked it up to speak again, I could hear excitement and anxiety in his voice.

"They're there, all right," he told me. "There's a puncture, three or four of them, on my arm and leg. Some of them are by themselves, but three of them form a triangle."

Triangles aren't random, and what was happening to us seemed deliberately meant to show a pattern or a connection between us, but we still had no idea what the connection really meant. It seemed like a puzzle to be solved, yet the clues were so ephemeral, only punctures,

bruises, scratches that seemed to come from nowhere, caused no discomfort, and healed with remarkable speed. The phenomenon was so that we were like mere children, blindfolded, playing hide-and-seek with invisible prey.

Téodoro and I were driven to understand the situation, so much so that it became hard for him to concentrate on his business and for me to concentrate on anything. I read more books, kept a scrupulous journal of the events going on in everyone's lives, and I thought about all the things I'd learned in the past few months. There were the classic cases of ufology, available in any number of books, with which we were soon familiar: Mantell, the Hills, Pascagoula, Moody, Coyne, Travis Walton. And there were the standard skeptical explanations that had been put forward for years, which under any scrutiny prove very often to be impossible solutions.

There were the peripheral issues, cattle mutilations and Bigfoot sightings, that were rumored to be closely associated with UFO activity. We knew nothing about these things from our own knowledge, so they were relegated to the "rumors" file. By now this mass of material included stories of secret U.S.-Russian bases on the moon and Mars; blond-haired space brethren from the Pleiades, a star cluster in the constellation Taurus, made famous by the story of Swiss farmer Billy Meier to whom they allegedly imparted cosmic knowledge of their work to assist our spiritual evolution; channeled pronouncements by various extraterrestrials of the Galactic

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Federation about the shifting of the global axis; and secret U.S.-alien underground bases throughout the country, the products of our government's illegal treaties and arrangements with the leaders of some alien nation whose ultimate goal is total control of our world. These were things we heard about and read about, all at rather a far remove from our own mysterious experiences.

But there was one rumor, at least, which was more available for us to check out, and our findings were disturbing. Part of the U.S.-alien alliance story says that there has been a falling out between us and them. As a result, and faced with the imminent mass confrontation between aliens and humanity, the government is now working feverishly in two directions. On the one hand, an immense effort is under way to develop superweaponry capable of defending us against alien technology. The aliens had promised early on to give us their technical expertise, but they had reneged.

And the second effort is the rapid education of the public, through the media, about the coming alien presence. Apparently, the rumor says, the aliens who are here now are just the forerunners for a much larger group, and that group's arrival is expected within the next four years. The government hopes to avoid worldwide panic by preparing us through advertising and the entertainment media for our encounter with alien beings.

Thinking back over the past two years, we began to see that there had indeed been an upsurge in UFO-related

interests. The Gulf Breeze sightings got wide television coverage; Strieber's book was a best-seller, as were Hopkins's two accounts of abduction experiences. Abduction researchers and victims had been interviewed on all the talk shows and on a few prime-time programs: Oprah Winfrey, Phil Donahue, Gordon Collins, even Morton Downey, Jr. presented Budd Hopkins, Whitley Strieber, Bruce Maccabee, Stanton Friedman, and many other researchers to the public. "Unsolved Mysteries" devoted over half a show to the abduction phenomenon, and Ross Shaffer's "Late Show" gave it the entire hour. There had even been a one-hour pilot movie in July, "Why On Earth," which, strangely enough, had as its premise a joint U.S. alien secret base from which an idealistic young alien agent would make forays into the bewilderingly irrational world of humans.

And then there were the alien movies in the works, not to mention the classic ET stories of the past decades, when, rumor tells us, the government felt more kindly disposed toward their alien allies and wanted us to view them with affection. When the rift took place—a shoot-out of sorts at an underground base, in which the humans got the worst of it all—the government attitude changed, and we were presented malevolent reptilian aliens in the miniseries "V." And now we had a new series, "War of the Worlds," which we watched anxiously each week. In every episode, we saw some fact or detail which we recognized from actual cases, mixed in with the more creative aspects of the show, and

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as we watched we did feel as if a deliberate effort were being made to acquaint the public with at least part of the truth.

We read about current movie projects with alien subjects, such as *Alien Nation* and *They Live*, and more immediate was talk of an upcoming TV special, “UFO Cover-Up Live,” about which little detail was known. I couldn’t remember a similar time frame in which so much UFO interest had been evident, and like the rest of the group, I began to wonder if there truly was an effort going on, real preparations for a coming invasion. It seemed unthinkable, yet we had another reason to wonder about this rumor. Jason, we remembered, had been told by the interdimensional woman that his big task would come within five years and that we would all be involved in it. And he’d been told that we had every reason to fear the gray aliens, who had no concern for our welfare or wishes.

Strange marks continued to appear on our bodies, and we wondered who or what was causing them. Neither Téodoro nor I was aware of anything going on in the night, yet we checked our bodies upon going to bed and upon getting up, and new marks were frequently found. Stress and anxiety ran high quite a lot of the time, and I thought it would be good to have a trained therapist on hand. If things really were happening to us which we had no memory of, then hypnotic regression could help us discover it. Yet none of us was in need of traditional therapy—we were adequately coping with the demands of

our lives so far—and we did not want or need the feeling of being a patient. So I contacted several counselors listed in the phone book and at last found one who agreed to see me.

We met in his office, and I was impressed with the man, an interning counselor just finishing up his work at the local university. As calmly as I could, I explained to him about the abduction phenomenon and about the need for a volunteer hypnotist who could work in complete confidentiality with abductees. His response seemed to show an open mind, and although he admitted his lack of familiarity with UFOs, he did say he would be happy and intrigued to work with abductees. But, at the time, no one in our group was having any overt situations to deal with.

In fact, aside from a bruise or puncture mark every few days, the only unusual event had been a conversation between Mila and the ROTC sergeant on campus. As a freshman, Mila had joined the Air Force officers’ program and reported to a local detachment. Although she was planning to resign from the program (as she has since done, on medical grounds), the sergeant insisted that Mila make plans for the duty she wanted after graduation. Since Mila’s major was physics, the sergeant assumed that she would want to work in Research and Development. But instead, Mila signed up for Meteorology, hoping that such an assignment would, should she have to stay in the service, keep her near to home.

When the sergeant saw the Meteorology listing, she tried to change Mila’s mind. “You don’t want to work in Meteo-

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rology," she told Mila. "Don't you want to get into R & D? That way, you'll get to find out the truth about UFOs and aliens. You might even get to do tests and research on them."

Stunned by the remarks, Mila was unable to answer.

She had told no one, outside our small group, about any of the UFO activity we'd been experiencing, and it frightened her to be confronted with it by a military official, in such an open way. It could have been a pure coincidence, we tried to assure her, but we didn't think so. The official Air Force reply to UFO inquiries is that they aren't in the business of dealing with the subject. Why, then, would the sergeant talk about Air Force research into UFOs and aliens? Was it a test of Mila, we wondered, or was it a warning that they knew all about us? Our phones had acted very funny on several occasions, and after having been followed twice during the summer, we wondered just exactly who was interested in us, and why.

Toward the end of September a few other strange things happened. I had two different spells of sudden exhaustion, which seemed to have nothing to do with my health, and one morning I woke up with a very painful left wrist, arm, and shoulder, as if I'd been wrestling all night, but the soreness was gone by the evening. On the twenty-ninth, Téodoro woke up with a long, bloody scraped gash down his right shin. It was obvious that getting such an injury would be noticeable—and painful—but Téodoro hadn't injured himself the pre-

vious day, nor did the gash hurt when he found it. We checked the bedsheets for blood and didn't find any there, so we were left with one more unexplained injury.

And none of these things was severe enough to require a doctor's attention. Besides, what could we say if we had gone to the doctor? "Look at this scratch, Doc—or this scabbed puncture—can you tell me where it came from?" Without pain or infection, without serious trauma to our bodies, what could we expect a doctor to do for us?

### October 1988

Two mornings later, on the first of October, Téodoro woke up with a small triangular scar above the scraped shin area. It looked as if a triangle patch of skin had neatly been cut away, and already the wound was healing over. Checking our bodies became a daily ritual, but so far, except for Fred's and Jason's triangular wounds, Téodoro and I were the only ones with marks. That changed, however, on October 3, when Justin came over to show me a puncture he'd just found. It was a single mark, in the vein of his right arm, and it looked just like he'd given blood.

All the fears and paranoia I'd felt changed at that moment, and I became outraged. I wanted to protect my son, I wanted to protect us all from whatever was invading our lives, using our bodies without our permission or knowledge, and I felt helpless and angry. There was no one to go to and demand relief, or even answers. I knew from the few people I'd talked with that the sub-

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ject of UFOs and aliens was not well received. Even my own parents didn't want us to talk about it, and they certainly didn't believe anything was actually happening to us.

And what could we tell people? That we'd seen a UFO, that we wake up with strange marks on our bodies, that impossible things go on in our homes? It was still easier, as it had been in the beginning, to avoid our friends than to tell them about our situation. The only people we could trust to believe us were the others who were being abducted, too. Our emotional stability depended upon mutual support, but all we could give each other was sympathy.

Scratches and bruises and needle-like puncture marks are infuriating. As evidence of alien contact, they are useless if there is no memory of an event to go with them. We were the only ones who could truly know that a bruise or scratch had not been on our body the night before, that it wasn't the result of accidental, self-inflicted clumsiness during the day. We checked our bodies regularly and made mental note of any bump or scratch from known sources. Still, marks appeared on random mornings, after nights of apparently undisturbed sleep.

More than once we wondered if there were any way we could be doing these things to ourselves, in our sleep, but the evidence didn't fit. At times we'd find injuries on our bodies but no blood on the bed, and at other times there was plenty of blood on the sheets, although we could find no new cut or scratch. And once, after falling asleep only a couple

of hours while staying up late studying, Justin awoke with blood drying in his ear. When he cleaned it out, fresh blood was also found. Yet there was no sign of a scratch or other lesion, and he remembered nothing out of the ordinary.

For Jason, things got even stranger at the farm. He was often alone there at night, and throughout the autumn the house was alive with bizarre activity. The couch had shaken, the entire house once shook violently, the lights didn't always behave.

"I was in the living room the other night," Jason told us, "and when I got up to get a drink in the kitchen, I saw that there was a light on in my bedroom. I went back there, and all the lamps were on, so I turned them off. A little bit later I was back in the kitchen and noticed the bedroom lights were on again. So I turned them off again, but it just kept happening. Four times!"

"Nobody else was home?" I asked.

"Nope," he insisted. "And the last time when I was going back to the kitchen after turning off the bedroom lights, I heard a noise outside, by the driveway. I flicked on the back porch light and looked out, but I didn't see anything. And I swear, I turned off the porch light and walked away. But I turned around, and the porch light was shining!"

"And then," he continued, "when I went to the bathroom later to take a leak, I was standing there, and I heard a metallic sort of jingling sound. I looked around, and the hook-and-eye latch was moving! It lifted up and dropped into the

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lock, all by itself!”

“What did you do?” I asked, thinking how I might feel if such a thing had happened to me.

“I just stood there,” he said. “I mean, I couldn’t move, I was scared to death. I thought, there’s something else in here with me, and I couldn’t even move. And then I thought, ‘I better get out of here,’ so I forced myself to unlock the door. And I got out of there right away, drove over to my folks’ house for the night.”

“Are you still staying there?” I asked.

“Not anymore, but I stayed for a few days,” he replied. “And it was real strange when I finally went back to the farm. Two or three times in the next days, or nights, rather, I kept hearing this voice. It said that ‘they’ were glad I’d come back, so they could help me.”

“Did they ever show up, then?” I wanted to know.

“No,” he admitted, “but once I heard this girl’s voice, crying like she was in trouble. I went outside to see what was going on, but I couldn’t find anyone out there.”

Jason had been going through repeated, frequent intrusions for months, so it isn’t surprising that by October his nerves were thin. He still found it difficult to discuss his experiences, although he usually came and told us when anything happened. There were many parts of the events which he couldn’t remember, and he admitted he hadn’t told us all the details of any of the experiences. He was twenty-three years old by then,

entitled to whatever privacy he desired, but we thought he should at least let his parents in on the situation. They knew something was wrong, and they wanted very much to be able to help their son, no matter what the problem.

Jason was adamant, however, that we keep his secret. And we hoped that having us to talk to was enough for him, so we respected his wishes and tried to keep in close contact. Later in October we planned to go to a MUFON meeting to hear newswoman and author Linda M. Howe speak on the topic of cattle mutilations, and Jason planned to go with us. Primarily we hoped to see the woman again, the one who looked like the interdimensional female who’d been visiting the farm uninvited. When we arrived at the meeting, however, Jason wasn’t there. After the speech, I phoned to check on him, and he sounded very shaken, so we went directly to the farm when we reached town late that night.

Jason was exhausted and seemed more visibly afraid than he usually did after an experience. He told us, in a quick, jerky manner, that he’d changed his mind about going to Oklahoma to work with Beth, that he just wasn’t ready. He’d been having horrible dreams and flashes of memories the past two nights, and what he saw frightened him. The worst was a memory of himself as a young child, pinned helpless against a wall and watching as alien beings dissected a human man on a table. The man screamed in agony as they cut parts of him away, and then the action stopped momentarily. The tortured man raised up his head, looked at Jason, and then



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he spoke.

“Don’t worry about me,” he said, “I’m going to die now, there’s nothing to be done about that. But you’re not going to die yet.” Instead, he said, Jason would someday have to battle against these beings, but that was all Jason would tell us.

And he was shown images of the two farmhouse cats, mutilated in the yard, and a warning, reminding him of what the woman in St. Louis had told him: the Grays are coming down to earth, trying to hold back our evolution and keep us down; they regard us as little more than insects; their home planet had been destroyed at a past crisis point, and they don’t want us to survive the current crisis in our own world.

He remembered the woman’s claim that her group hoped to precipitate the crisis in such a way as to help us survive. Whatever the case, a crisis seemed unavoidable, and Jason clearly felt frightened and depressed.

We worried about his mental health and finally persuaded him to let us tell his parents a little about the situation by restricting our discussion to our own experiences. With the ground broken, we hoped Jason would have enough courage to go to them with his story. So we invited his parents to visit and little by little revealed what we’d been going through. To our relief and surprise, they seemed open-minded and inclined to believe rather than doubt our honesty. In fact, while talking about unusual experiences, Jason’s mother, Candide (pseudonym), re-

counted an early-childhood memory with all the traits of a screened abduction episode.

Before the evening was over, however, Candide began asking questions that led to Jason, via Justin’s experiences, and all I could tell her was that she should discuss any questions she had with Jason. Despite the very late hour, Jason’s parents went to the farm and offered him their support, urging him to talk more with them the next day. He was surprised by their responses, but once the barrier had been broken, he admitted that his life became much easier.

The end of October came, and we prepared for trick-or-treaters on Halloween, with bowls of candy and spooky decorations at the door. Once or twice we joked about the real spooks in our lives, but the evening was uneventful. The night, however, must have been much more active, both in our home and at the farm. When we got up the next morning, I found three new punctures in my neck, still bright red. They formed a small triangle and were positioned over my jugular vein. But as usual I remembered nothing during the night.

### November 1988

Later in the day, November first, Justin came by with a strange tale from the previous night, too. He and Mila had been alone at the farm when they went to bed around 10:30, and then a little before 2 A.M. he awoke with a headache.

“So I got up,” he said, “and went through the house. I got a glass of water

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in the kitchen, then I went to the bathroom for aspirin. Jason was in bed by then, asleep. That's why I couldn't understand why all the lights were on."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted. "Jason still had his light on?"

"No," Justin explained, "every light in the whole house was on, except for the one in my bedroom. And the radio was playing in the living room."

"Has Jason ever left everything turned on like that before?" I asked.

"No, he's real good about turning off stuff," Justin answered. "I thought he must have been really wasted to be that careless. But the next morning, Jason said he had turned out everything as usual. He swore he didn't leave the radio and lights on."

After getting back in bed, Justin woke again a while later, feeling, he said, as if he were oscillating violently, as if his body were about to explode or disintegrate into its atomic particles.

"It felt really scary," he said, "like if that sensation went on much longer, I was literally going to come apart. I was just getting ready to scream, I was so scared, and then the sensation suddenly stopped."

"I think I turned over and said something to Mila," he continued. "I said, 'It's okay, it's stopped'."

"Was she awake?" I asked. "Did she know what was going on?"

"I don't think she even moved," he replied. "After that, I just fell right back to sleep. At least I think I was asleep some of the time."

He thought he woke again, though

he didn't open his eyes or even seem to be aware of his surroundings, and lay there thinking about the sensation he'd felt earlier. Then, without any volition, he started seeing, or recalling seeing, a scene in which two separate images were superimposed on each other, like two different slides being projected at the same time.

"One scene was of a desert place, in the middle of a huge sandstorm," he described. "The whole world was a desert, tan, and the only way I could tell the sky from the ground was that the sky was a lighter shade of tan."

"The second scene," he went on, "was in an outside area at night, pitch-black. But I could see something in front of me. It looked like a fifteen-foot-tall tree trunk or irregular column, and it was covered with thick, dark brown fur."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I could see some sort of appendage near the top of the column, but I have no idea what it was."

Throughout the strange night, Justin felt as if he never really got back to sleep after waking up the second time, yet he couldn't recall doing or even seeing anything around him all that time. When morning came, he woke up feeling that the night had been very exhausting, and Mila also felt that she didn't get much rest. They were both extremely tired that day. When we discussed the incident, Justin said that the only time he's felt anything similar was in the summer, recalling the night his

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head had been filled with a pressure-explosive sensation. At the time he said he was afraid he was about to be taken, in some way, out of his body.

A strange correlation to Justin's experience turned up well over a year later, and, since the similarity was so astounding, I think it worth mentioning here. After two successful nonfiction works dealing with his own alien experiences, Whitley Strieber published a novel in 1989, *Majestic*, which he described as "a work of fiction that is based on fact." While reading this book, I was shocked to find a scene almost identical to the two scenes Justin recalled seeing. Chapter Twenty-Six of *Majestic* describes an experience in a desert setting, matching Justin's description right down to the "brown sky." Moving through this scene, the fictional character then tells of finding himself in a nighttime setting, and as I read those words, a sense of sickening uneasiness overcame me:

"There seemed to be a forest of thin trees all around me," the character says. "It took me time to understand that I was looking at tall, black legs, many of them.

"It took every ounce of my composure not to scream. I was under what appeared to be a gigantic insect of some kind, perhaps a spider. The rattling noise started again. I could see sharp mouth parts working.

"Jumping, twisting, turning to avoid the legs I made a dash to get away from the thing."

Setting the book down, I could

read no farther. My son had been shown a tan world, with a tan sky, and then he found himself looking up at those tall, dark, fur-covered columns that had no reference to the reality he'd always known. Was it mere coincidence that Strieber had included such scenes in his novel? Had he invented the material, I wondered, or had it come from someone's actual recollections? And what, in the name of God, did it mean for my son? It was an ominous beginning for November, and I began to despair that the phenomenon would ever stop. The following evening after we went to bed, the phone rang precisely at midnight. I answered it and said, "Hello," waiting for a reply. At first there was nothing but very distant-sounding static, and then a bizarre voice said, "Hal-loo." Surprised by the voice, I merely repeated, "Hello?"

There was another pause, and then I heard "Hal-loo" once again. The voice frightened me in its strangeness, and I sat silently listening, but nothing further was said. I hung up and lay back uneasily, wondering who had been on the other end of the line. The voice kept repeating itself in my mind, but I couldn't recognize the accent, and I couldn't reproduce the sound of that "Hal-loo" when I tried to tell Téodoro about the call.

The next day, November third, the phone rang again just before noon, and when I picked it up there was nobody on the line. In fact, there was no sound at all, no background static, just absolute blank silence. Fearful that I might hear the strange voice from the night

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before, however, I wouldn't listen, yet I couldn't bring myself to hang up. Putting the receiver down on the cabinet, I walked away, wondering what I should do. A minute or so later when I went back to hang up, I heard a recorded voice repeating, "Please hang up and dial again. We are unable to complete your call as dialed." But of course, I wasn't the one who had dialed the phone in the first place.

Later that same day, I heard about a disturbing rumor that was making its way through the UFO community with all the speed of a highly contagious virus. Such rumors abounded in the ufological community. This one held that a recent public speaker had supposedly confided to a MUFON member that the Air Force was greatly concerned about a large unidentified object in space, apparently heading for earth. When others had tried to track down the source of this rumor, the trail finally led back to some unnamed and retired Air Force officer who kept in contact with his friends still in the service.

They had told him that the large object was emitting a lot of radiation and was following an unusual trajectory which seemed to show intelligent control. The military, so the rumor went, was concerned that the object was an artificial base of some sort and that it might be connected with the current upsurge in ET activity—the same kind of activity which was intruding into my family. There was even speculation that whoever was controlling the object might be involved in some sort of conflict, that the object was a battle station, and that they

could be preparing to use the earth as a staging ground in the conflict.

It's no wonder we often felt as if we were unwitting characters thrust into a science-fiction movie. Téodoro's revelations of his past experiences had been shocking enough, and then there were the horrific stories of John Lear—the government's deal with aliens, the underground installations with vats of human body parts and prenatal nurseries for stolen fetuses. And now rumors of alien battle stations heading for earth? A year ago I would have laughed at anyone foolish enough to consider such things seriously, but now I was listening. And I wondered how we could ever hope to sort out the rumors from the facts.

Fighting off the feelings of anger and fear and disorientation that now accompanied every new twist in this phenomenon, I told myself, "Humans can lie, and so can aliens." My own research showed that different abductees had been told different things by their captors, and not all the information could be true. There were too many contradictions.

"Yes, some humans lie, but not all," another part of my mind responded, "so does that mean that perhaps some aliens are telling the truth?" It was important to know which humans—and which aliens—to believe, yet it was impossible. I relegated the battle-station report to the "rumor" file somewhere in the back of my mind, but it must have disturbed me more deeply than I realized. That night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, I awoke from a

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frightening dream that the “Night of Lights” had finally come. That was what we called the rumored event of the aliens’ mass arrival on earth, taking the title from another abductee’s account of what she was told by a golden-colored, humanoid alien.

I saw thousands of small spacecraft descending to earth in my dream, and all I could remember upon waking was the mass confusion as my family and I tried to prepare a way to survive. The dream left me shaken and fearful, and for the next two days I was preoccupied with the need to communicate with the aliens. No matter how frightening a conscious confrontation with them might be, I was desperate for more information, and so mentally I kept calling out for them to come.

On the night of November 5, Téodoro and I went to bed rather late, sometime after midnight, and quickly fell asleep. There was a noise in the room, three series of loud metallic clicks, that startled me awake, and I turned on the bedside lamp, looking around anxiously and feeling the adrenaline rush through my body.

“Did you hear that?” I asked Téodoro as he sat up in the bed, eyes wide open, and he nodded. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was 3:03 A.M.

“It sounded like clicking,” he said. “Did you see anything?”

“No,” I replied, “but we can’t just go back to sleep as if nothing happened! Something made that noise, and I want to know what it was.”

Téodoro got up and searched the

room thoroughly, but he found nothing out of the ordinary. The sound had come from my side of the room, about a foot from my head, yet I insisted he search the entire house. Then he turned on the outside lights and peered through all the windows, but everything inside and out seemed normal.

“Maybe if we turn off the light and lie back down,” I said when he returned to the bedroom, “we might hear the noise again and could catch whatever’s doing it.”

Téodoro agreed, and we got back into bed, lying face up under the covers. And since the noise had come from my side of the room, Téodoro and I switched places so that he could be nearest to the sound if it happened again. He turned out the light, and I noticed that it was now 3:09. Téodoro took my hand and held it tightly as we lay there. My heart was still pounding hard, and our eyes were open as we watched the room, anxiously searching for any movement or sound. At first there was nothing, and then after a minute or so we heard a low, deep rumbling noise in the distance. The railroad track runs a few blocks from our house, and Téodoro mentioned that it must be a train coming through town. We listened for the familiar whistle at the crossing, but it never came, even though the rumble continued.

After no more than four or five minutes, I turned to Téodoro and said, “This isn’t getting us anywhere. The sound hasn’t come back, so maybe we should just try to go to sleep again. What else can we do?”

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"All right," he agreed, letting go of my hand for the first time. I rolled over on my side to relax, but then I suddenly sat up with a shock. "What's wrong?" Téodoro asked anxiously.

"Look at the clock!" I pointed. "It says it's 3:43, but it can't be!"

He glanced over at the clock and shook his head. "That's not right," he said. "It can't be! We've only been lying here a few minutes."

I turned the light on, and Téodoro got up to check his wrist watch on the bureau, but it also said 3:43. Yet we knew it shouldn't have been any later than 3:13 or 3:14. Half an hour had passed, apparently, without our being aware of it, and that didn't make sense. We had both been awake, our eyes had been open, and both our hearts were still pounding from the initial rush of fear we'd felt when the clicking noise woke us.

Eventually we fell back asleep, in spite of the strange time loss, and when we searched our bodies for new marks the next morning, we didn't find any. But both Téodoro and I were utterly exhausted throughout the day, and we were very concerned to know what had happened to us during the night. We felt certain that something had occurred, but if it was blocked in our memory, our only hope of finding out would be through hypnotic regression. I wished that Beth didn't live so far away, and we began planning a visit to her as soon as possible. The loss of time was the most consciously jarring, most "immediate" episode we'd been through, wrecking

our sense of reality, and leaving us in greater need than ever of answers.

A few days later, Justin called in the middle of the morning to tell me there were new marks on his body, and I asked him to come by for us to examine them. When he arrived and showed us the numerous long scratches and welts that covered his right thigh, I was shocked. All any of us had previously experienced were a few punctures and single scratches, but Justin's leg looked mauled. Several of the scratches formed inverted V-shaped patterns on the front of his thigh, and along the outside there were almost a dozen red welts running from the top of the thigh down to just above his knee. A bloody, curving scratch stretched along the hip, with a deep puncture between it and the welts below.

"Do you have any idea where you might have gotten these scratches?" I asked Justin.

He shook his head and then shrugged. "Maybe there was a sticker in the bed," he said doubtfully, "I don't know. I didn't find a sticker when I looked this morning, but who knows? And the scratches weren't there when I went to bed, so it must have been a sticker or something." He said the scratches didn't hurt, which was very unusual considering how many there were and how deeply some of them had broken the skin. Yet he did his best to dismiss the strangeness of the experience, since there was no obvious explanation. I decided, however, that if the chance ever came for him to work with Beth, I would encourage him to do it. I

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hated the fact that he was involved in this phenomenon, but I knew that ignoring it wouldn't make it go away. The numerous scratches, however, healed quickly and without infection, as did all of our unexplained body marks.

The following week, Téodoro had a nighttime experience that upset him enough to tell me about it in great detail. He tried to call it a dream, but he admitted that the memory seemed much more real than that. He remembered standing outside in the dark, watching a very large, boiling black cloud rolling in quickly above him.

"I heard something that sounded like a helicopter," he told me, "and I thought it was coming from the cloud. And just as the cloud got almost directly over me, I looked up to watch what I thought would be a helicopter come out of the cloud. But instead of a helicopter, a late model white pickup came flying out of a 'portal' which opened up in the cloud. The truck flew downward steadily, still sounding like a 'copter. I don't remember it landing."

"The next thing I remember was seeing copies of myself trailing off into the distance, like I was seeing myself move through time, with images being left in place instead of dissipating." It was an unnerving memory, but one for which he could find no rational explanation. And the final part of the dream was just as puzzling. Téodoro felt himself falling down a narrow tunnel into a vast underground area, and then he was in a saloon, reminiscent of old western settings from movies and television. All he recalled here was sitting at a table in

the saloon with Justin and a close male friend and wondering if they were going to play poker. It seemed to have nothing to do with the first parts of the dream, yet somehow they were all related.

The only portion of Téodoro's dream that we thought might have been triggered by our experiences was the helicopter. After living in the same location for five years with no noticeable helicopter activity, we had begun to see numerous craft flying over our house. They were of every variety—sleek blue and silver models, dark military types, even huge transport craft—and they came in groups or singly at any hour of the day. Once near midnight a helicopter flew so low over the house that all the windows shook with great force. During 1988, the number of helicopters at any one time was never more than three, but later that number increased. Once I counted nine flying over, in three groups of three different models, about an hour to two hours apart.

Candide, Jason's mother, also began to have helicopters over their house frequently, and when I watched one fly directly above us and then circle around for a second sweep, I tried to find out where they were coming from. Contacting the local airport, I was told that there was no record of these craft in the area, and that the only military helicopter flights were twice a year when the National Guard carried out exercises far to the north of us.

It would have been wonderful to have some intelligent, insightful, open-minded and uninvolved person with

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whom to discuss our situation, but there was no one. On impulse, however, and also from a sense of desperation, I phoned Dr. Riley, my former therapist, again and asked if he would meet me informally, over a cup of coffee. He was the one I'd called back in May, when Téodoro first remembered the face of the Elder and the huge spacecraft, and his response had been immediately negative. "Whatever it is," he'd told me, "it isn't flying saucers and little green men," and I was in too much shock to question his declaration.

But now, armed with much more information and more personal experience, I wanted a chance to find out exactly why he was so sure there was nothing extraterrestrial about the phenomenon. There was a remote chance, I told myself, that the therapist knew of some syndrome, mental aberration or condition, that produced hallucinations of alien beings. Yet I had read two different articles that reported, upon checking with mental health institutes, no relationship between mental imbalance and abduction scenarios. Still, if the therapist had any new information, it was worth my while to find out.

We met a few days later, and I wasted no time in questioning him about that negative response. Why, I asked, was he so sure?

"Do you remember when I called you about my husband?" I asked, and he nodded. "Why did you tell me that you were certain Téodoro's memories weren't real? How could you be so sure? You didn't even talk to him. Have you read studies on this subject, or any-

thing? What do you know that makes you certain?"

"Oh, I don't have any evidence," he admitted, smiling. "It's just my own personal bias. I don't believe in flying saucers."

I was shocked that he would have offered mere opinion and then try to pass it off as fact without any logical basis.

I mentioned the strange marks that we had found on our bodies, and Dr. Riley reached across the table to take my hand momentarily.

"A piece of advice," he said, shaking his head. "Don't go around telling people that you have marks on your body."

"Why?" I asked. "The marks are there, and we don't know where they come from."

"I wouldn't mention them, though," he replied. "If you do, people will know that you've been abusing yourselves." And then he went on to explain that the only reason Téodoro thought he'd been abducted was obviously because he'd been abused as a child!

When I told him that Téodoro had certainly not been abused, Dr. Riley said that there are many forms of abuse. "He might have fallen down one time and hurt his knee, and then when he went running to his parents for comfort, they might have ignored it. That would be enough to traumatize a child," the therapist said, but I couldn't see the logic in such a statement. If all children experience such abuse, as the therapist implied, then why didn't everyone feel



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as if they'd been abducted?

"So you think these memories stem from some mental problem?" I asked, remembering what I'd read about the lack of such symptoms among the mentally ill, "Do people in institutions also have these experiences?"

The therapist admitted that there was no clinical evidence to connect the two things, but he still thought the real answer could be explained in purely psychological terms. So I challenged him to investigate the reports of abductions, as a mental health professional, but he refused.

"No serious professional would touch this subject," he said. "They'd be afraid of the ridicule."

So I was left with a psychologist—and, apparently, the entire field of psychology—who would have nothing to do with what was declared to be a psychological situation. It seemed they began with the assumption that reported abduction experiences were simply not real. It didn't matter that they couldn't find anything psychologically wrong with us. Once again I realized that all we really had were each other.

(An interesting note: when I was preparing this story for publication, I contacted the therapist again and asked for permission to use his real name in my account. Reviewing what he had told me in both of our conversations, the therapist refused to let me name him. "It's awfully embarrassing, professionally embarrassing, for anyone to know I said those things," he told me. "I wouldn't have responded to you that

way now, believe me. So please don't use my real name. Just refer to me as 'the stupid therapist' or give me a pseudonym.")

### December 1988

The approaching Christmas holidays and the end of 1988 kept us all busy, and, as if respecting our need for diversion, the strange episodes temporarily left us alone. We still found punctures and other unexplained marks on our bodies, though. But without any remembered event connected to them, we were able to put the phenomenon out of our minds and enjoy visits with our family and friends.

In mid-December I received a phone call from my sister-in-law, Theresa, which brought us right back to dealing with ET intrusions. My brother, Eric (pseudonym), and his family had been in California for over ten years, and during that time we had little contact with them at all. In fact, it had been over two years since I'd spoken with any of them, so when I picked up the phone and heard Theresa on the other end, I was extremely surprised. And what she had to say was even more surprising. She had overheard a phone conversation between Eric and my father in which Dad had mentioned our claims of UFO sightings and alien abductions.

Theresa wanted to tell me that she and Eric were involved in the very same situation, that they had been abducted more than once in the past years, and that the ETs were active in their lives again now. It was because of the strange events they had experienced that they

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had decided to stay away from the rest of the family, since they feared their stories wouldn't be believed. I could hear the relief in her voice as we talked, and for once I felt that something positive was coming from these events. My family is important to me, and I was grateful that we were once again in touch with each other, no matter what the motivation.

### January 1989

After the holidays passed without any overt activity, Téodoro and I hoped that the phenomenon was diminishing, at least in our lives, although we knew from other friends that there was still quite a lot of strangeness continuing with many of them. We also still wanted to meet with Beth again and go through more hypnotic regression, hopeful of discovering what had happened to us in the past few months and the source of the many scratches and punctures we'd received. But as there was no immediate opportunity for us to visit with her, we decided once again to attempt a regression ourselves, for the first time since last May. We were both much more familiar with the process now and trusted ourselves to carry it through competently.

The foremost mystery we were intent on investigating was that of the missing thirty minutes on November 5. So in the first week of January I put Téodoro into a hypnotic trance and moved him back to that date for a look at the events of that night. The session was not so successful as before, however, and Téodoro had a very hard time relaxing and going deeply into trance.

What he did recall was unsettling, enough to let us know that an intrusion had indeed occurred, but not enough to give us any thorough explanation.

The first thing he remembered was seeing a bright light shining through a diagonal vent or slash in the dark room, as if a rip had been made through the air itself. He also saw that he was lying face up on the bed, because he could see his feet pushing up the covers. The next specific thing he recalled was a light near the foot of the bed and a clawed, webbed hand reaching out to grab his ankle. At that point, Téodoro's courage weakened, and I was unable to help him continue looking at the event. His last memory was very unclear: a glimpse of some coppery metallic surface whose form he was unable to perceive. Neither of us felt that the regression had been very successful, for obviously much was still missing from his recall, and we decided that a trip to visit Beth would be our first priority.

After more than a month without overt activity, we were both lulled into a sense of security and relief, but it didn't last long. On the morning of Friday, January 13, Téodoro woke up covered with long scratches on his back, very similar to the marks Justin had found back in November. There was also a large triangular patch of bright red rash covering Téodoro's left side, and as usual he had no memory of anything occurring during the night.

On Saturday, when Justin and Mila stopped by, I asked if they had experienced any strangeness in the past couple of days. Justin just grinned in

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confusion and glanced over quickly at Mila.

“Yeah!” she exclaimed, staring back at him. “Justin’s been acting really strange. For the past two nights, he’s gotten out of bed and gone out of the room, and he won’t tell me where he went.”

Knowing how frightened Mila had been at the farm since all the ET activity had begun, I asked her why she didn’t follow after him.

“I couldn’t move,” she said. “I tried to ask him where he was going, but I was too tired. I couldn’t even talk, or move.”

“How long was he gone, then?” I asked.

“I don’t really know,” she told me. “I just fell back asleep when he left.”

This in itself was unusual, because Mila’s uneasiness at being alone in the spooky old farmhouse had gotten worse with the advent of the strange experiences, and she never let Justin out of her sight. It was also hard to believe that he could have spent any time out of bed without his clothes on at that time of year. The farmhouse was frigid in the winter, with no insulation and only small gas heaters that warmed a very limited area.

“So, what were you doing?” I asked, turning to Justin. “Where on earth were you going in the middle of the night?”

“I don’t know,” he told me. “I don’t remember getting up at all.” And he playfully accused Mila of making up the whole thing, which she vehemently denied. So we were left with two new mys-

teries: Justin’s disappearances and the scratches on Téodoro’s back.

When I told Michael, the local researcher, about these events, he suggested that we might try to get some evidence of nocturnal visits by setting up a sound-activated recorder in our bedroom. I doubted that whatever or whoever had been bothering us would let such evidence be acquired, but we had nothing to lose by trying it. So we began putting a small recorder on the bureau opposite our bed and turning it on when we retired each night.

For the first two nights, the tape recorded only the usual sounds we could expect: creaks in the house as it settled, an occasional cough, and the small noises I made when I’d get up to go to the bathroom. But on the third night, something much more noisy was recorded. When I played it back the next morning, I couldn’t imagine what the sounds were. After the noises of our coughing, turning out the lights, and saying good night, there was a series of eighty-five almost identical sounds, the likes of which I had never heard before. The best description I can give is the noise a six-foot-tall can of hair spray might make: short, breathy aspirations that were more mechanical-sounding than organic.

For the next week, we recorded every conceivable sound in our house, trying to duplicate the eighty-five noises, but to no avail. We recorded the central heating unit turning on, our own coughs, even Téodoro’s occasional snores, but nothing reproduced the original sounds. Finally, we hired a

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sound-studio technician to analyze the tape and see if he could identify the noises, but after more than an hour of working with the tape, he was as mystified as we were. And although we kept the recorder going nightly for a while longer, the sounds never came back.

The rest of January was uneventful, but in the first week of February we found yet more scratches and punctures. By mid-month we made plans to visit Beth for a weekend, and while we were in Tulsa, Téodoro and I both went through another regression. Beth always recorded these sessions, but the machine didn't work properly during Téodoro's regression, so there is no transcript of the entire session. Beth and Téodoro remembered most of what transpired, however, when she took him back to the night of January 12 and the scratches on his back.

Téodoro recalled being wakened as several aliens were trying to turn him over, facedown, in our bed. When he saw them, he tried to resist their manipulations, but they proceeded to turn him over, pulling hard at his side and back in the process. The result was the pattern of claw marks we'd found the next morning, for these aliens, unlike the small Grays, were the reptilian type, with webbed, clawed hands and vertically slit eyes.

He also remembered that they examined his back with an instrument that left no marks. He described it as a small bar with two "light-pen" points on the curved end, and he said the alien held it to the base of his spine. Téodoro's impression was that the instrument in some

way was able to check on his entire biological system, although he had no real way of knowing exactly what was being done to him.

This was all he recalled, and it made a sketchy story at best. But that was typical of most people's experiences under regression, we knew, finding gaps in the chain of events that even hypnosis couldn't fill. Téodoro admitted later that the session was a difficult one for him this time. He wanted to know what had happened, of course, but at the same time he was afraid to look at it too closely.

In my regression, I had the same mixed feelings when Beth took me back to Halloween night, in hopes of discovering the cause of the three punctures in my jugular vein. Once I was finally relaxed enough to let myself focus in the trance state, however, the memories began to return, and I saw myself in bed.

"I'm feeling heavy, my head, neck, real heavy," I said. "Feel strange across my face, like gravity is pushing on it. I feel real tingly, my hands, my arms, and my ears ring. Feels like my arm's hurting, a little, in my vein, had a real sharp pain, left arm. It's still hurting a little bit. My eyes close. I'm tingling all over now."

"Describe your surroundings," Beth instructed.

"The bed's flat open and there's not any cover, and I can see me. I don't want . . . it's making my heart beat. It's like I'm the only thing on the bed."

"Look around," Beth said. "Are you alone in the room? Is anyone else

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there?”

“There’s, umm, I think”—I hesitated— “it looks like people around the bed. There’s heads around the bed: one, two, three, four, maybe four. There’s one by my head, there’s one at the side of the foot of the bed. There’s one at the other corner, one behind me on the other side. I just see little round heads, and it’s dark.”

“What is happening, Carol?” Beth asked, moving me forward.

“It’s like they have got all the covers off me,” I replied. “I’m still on my side. Beth, I don’t even know if I want to see this. It makes me shake. I’m really not moving. My legs and body are uncovered. There’s one about six inches from my head, and there’s another one. I don’t see them moving. Nothing is moving right now, but I feel like it’s looking at me. My eyes are closed, my arm’s not hurting now.”

“Where is Téodoro?” Beth asked. “Isn’t he there with you?”

“Téodoro isn’t here,” I told her. “I’m in bed by myself.”

“How is your body positioned on the bed?”

“My legs are straightened out now. I’m on my back. I don’t know how I got there, I didn’t see me move. I’m afraid they are going to touch me. The one on the left is holding my left arm. He’s touching, I’m not moving, I’m not even awake. I just see his arm, and the top of his head, and his arm’s out touching mine.

“My arms and legs are a little apart now, I can’t open my eyes. I don’t know

what the bottom ones are doing, but my legs are spread apart about a foot and a half. My arms are spread out. I think I’m afraid to see.

“There’s a light flash, overhead, above my body on the bed. Maybe they have rolled me over. I’m real limp, they have to move me. I can start to see the other one by my head, and my arm hurts. I don’t see him doing anything to it. Now it’s like afterwards, while before it was burning, a little burning spot. Now it’s just sort of tender.”

“Move forward to the next thing you can recall,” Beth said.

“Oh, Beth,” I replied, uneasy, “I feel like they are standing up right there. I’m in the bed, in the center, and they are moving, but they don’t make any noise. I’m on my back, and I feel them moving right here.” My eyes grew wet. “I don’t know if this is all real, but it’s making me cry. I’m trying not to, but it does make me cry. I’m afraid they are going to touch me again.”

Beth paused to reassure me that everything was all right, that I had survived the experience and could look at it now without fear.

“There’s a hand right here,” I continued. “I don’t want to look at them. I don’t want to see their faces. I see they have big, round heads. I don’t want to look. These things touch me, but I’m not going to feel it. I don’t feel it, it doesn’t hurt. I can see something reach out to me on this side,” I pointed left, “by my head. There’s a sensation on my neck, but it doesn’t hurt. It feels like a cold burn, something so cold it feels like it’s

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burning. It's like it's frozen, like feeling skin that's asleep."

"How is this happening?" Beth pressed. "Tell me exactly what you see."

"Something is touching it real lightly," I explained. "I don't know if it's a thing or a hand. It's very still, and the one on the left has something in his hand that's reaching out. It's a stiff arm straight out, not bent like ours, and there's a point touching my neck. It's just resting there very lightly."

"Can you describe the thing itself?"

"I can see it's in his hand, almost covered by the hand," I said. "It may be round. It's smaller than a saucer, the hand's not real big, and just a little bit is showing on either side of the palm. It's held stiff over that spot. The others aren't moving."

"How long does this take?" Beth wondered.

"I can't tell how long it's there. I did feel a frozen burn, but I'm not feeling anything now. I'm just looking at the bed, and I see all the covers are down at the foot of the bed. Now I'm no longer in the middle of the bed, I'm closer to the right side, because the one on the left has to reach across. They all look bald.

"I feel pressure on my neck, and it does hurt a little bit. And I don't feel afraid, and I keep my eyes closed. And it feels real tingling still and real tired. I just don't want to look at them. I can't move myself, so it's just like I surrender. I've just given it up, and now I'm ready

to go to sleep. It's okay, it doesn't hurt, he took it all away."

"Did anything else happen?" Beth asked. "Was anything else done?"

"There may have been something running over the top of my body without touching it," I remembered, "over both legs, over my belly. It's like something goes above this leg and goes above that leg and up over my belly, but I don't feel it going any higher. Checking, or scanning. They're still holding still while this thing moves over me. They seem like robots, they seem so stiff I hardly see any movement, and I don't hear any sound. That may be because I'm so out of it."

"What do these beings look like?" Beth probed. "Describe them to me."

"They look just the same as each other," I answered. "My bed is tall, and the heads of them about a foot taller, and they are real close to me, maybe four feet tall. They look a darkish gray in this light. The arms sticking out seem a light color, probably wearing something on them. They might be wearing a covering. They look like ghosts, they look so hollow, they don't have any real feelings. That's why they are so scary, they just look dead, but they're not. They don't even look mean. They're really hardly there. I don't know where they came from. I don't even feel surprised, I don't even feel curious. I don't feel anything like that. I just feel real sedated."

So sedated, in fact, that I found it too hard to continue and asked Beth to end the session. I wasn't satisfied that I had recalled everything that had hap-

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pened on Halloween night, but what I had seen was more than enough to deal with. This was the first time I had remembered being face-to-face with such beings, and the fear I experienced under hypnosis was heavy and real. It had been one thing to see flashing colored lights on a UFO up in the sky, but it was much more disturbing to recall how the gray alien beside my bed reached out his stiff arm and touched my neck.

At least, however, this time both Téodoro and I remembered the instruments used by the aliens, which we hadn't seen in previous regressions. Up to this time we just had no idea what sort of devices were being used on our bodies, except for the teardrop-shaped metallic instrument Téodoro had recalled from his 1947 abduction.

The regression sessions were very draining, on Beth as well as us, so we left off further attempts until our next visit and returned home. Before we left, however, plans were made for Beth to visit us in March, to attend a talk given by Budd Hopkins in Dallas. At that time we planned to undergo more hypnosis, and both Téodoro and I felt that we were really beginning to discover at least part of what was happening to us. We were also anxious for Beth to work with Justin and Mila, and we even hoped that Jason would agree to hypnosis, although he found it difficult to deal with his frightening experiences.

### **March 1989**

In the week before Beth's arrival, there was one more unsettling incident. One Monday morning while changing

the bedclothes, I found several splotches and smears of blood. A smallish smear was on my pillowcase, and there was blood on my right thigh, although I couldn't find a puncture or cut. But most of the blood was on Téodoro's side of the bed. There the spots ranged from tiny flicks of blood, some smeared and some not, to large areas about the size of a fingerprint. We looked all over Téodoro's body, trying to find an injury to account for the blood, but we found nothing.

And then, a few days before Beth was scheduled to come, Jason and Justin came over, telling us about a series of nightmares Jason had been having. They started on Saturday night and recurred on Sunday. During both nights, Jason said he woke repeatedly, sometimes after only half an hour's sleep, frightened by the same nightmare. He saw himself spread out on a table with tubes coming out of his arms and body. A large screenlike mirror was above him, and in it he could see what looked like a thick plastic blue washer in the middle of his forehead, with a hole in the center of it. Although he felt no pain and saw no beings in the dreams, they left him terrified and afraid to sleep. It was clear that he couldn't simply dismiss them as normal dreams, or he wouldn't have been so affected.

On the third night, Monday, the nightmares were different. This time he awoke again and again, from recurrent dreams of some member of his family or of his friends, including Justin, dying a violent death. One dream showed his father dying of a heart attack, another

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showed his mother and sister falling from a tall building, and he saw Justin crushed in a car wreck. These dreams, Jason said, were much more frightening than the first two nights, and he begged us not to tell his parents.

We agreed reluctantly, not liking to keep secrets from such good friends. It would be especially difficult, we thought, since Jason's parents were planning to attend the Hopkins talk with us. They were anxious to learn anything they could about these experiences since their son was being so often affected, and a second motive was to look for the woman we'd seen the previous summer, the one who looked like the interdimensional woman who'd visited Jason repeatedly at the farm. Jason hadn't had any visits from her since September, but we still hoped to find the woman and question her about any connection she had to Jason.

By the time Beth arrived, we had planned several sessions of hypnosis with Justin, Mila, Jason, and Frank, besides hoping to work with her again ourselves. On the way home from the airport, we caught up with the latest findings from her work with people in the Tulsa area, including new abduction cases and several reports of people being taken to some sort of underground facility.

Over and over, Beth said, she was getting reports of huge vats in these underground areas, vats filled with parts of human bodies, and there were also repeated experiences where people found themselves taken by aliens into bathroom or stall areas and experienc-

ing exams and manipulations of their sexual organs. Such accounts sounded familiar now, after having heard John Lear's talk about the government-alien underground bases, but word of his revelations was by no means readily available to the general public. Yet somehow, without any knowledge of Lear's tales, many people were telling the same, or similar, stories.

But what it all meant, we really had no idea. The only thing Beth could be sure of was that more and more people were undergoing or remembering abductions, and that many of their reports confirmed each other. She had been dealing with cases in which children as young as two years old were reporting strange beings in their bedrooms, as well as older men and women, most of whom had previously had no interest at all in UFOs or "little green men." Listening to Beth's accounts, we felt very sympathetic, because we too had been entirely uninterested in UFOs before our own experiences forced us into this fringe reality.

And it made us feel worse, somehow, knowing that so many people were involved. So long as we thought the phenomenon was a limited one, we could still tell ourselves that it might all be some sort of hallucination or psychosis, involving only a few people. The idea that such experiences were widespread, and apparently on the increase, sank our spirits. What on earth, we wondered, was really happening? From my own research, I had learned of hundreds of abductions, but the numbers were now well into the thousands. Beth was



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in contact with researchers on the East and West coasts, and they too were finding more and more cases turning up, begging for help in trying to understand their strange and frightening experiences. All we could do for the time being, however, was to concentrate on the events involving our immediate family and circle of friends, and so, less than two hours after Beth's arrival in our home, she was conducting her first regression.

Justin was the first to undergo regression. He had been through several disturbing episodes that puzzled him—vivid UFO dreams, strange physical sensations, punctures, and scratches—but Beth decided to take him back to the night in August when he first heard Jason's story about alien visitors. When we had phoned Beth to tell her about that night and about Justin's strange behavior, his not remembering how he'd frightened Mila, Beth felt there was something serious going on with him. As we were to learn, she had come across other abduction cases in which the victim sometimes acted in similar ways, doing or saying things which were later unremembered.

In the first part of the regression, Justin recalled the conversation with Jason at the bar, having several drinks, and then riding home to the farm with Mila. He told how upset Mila became when they arrived before Jason and of her reluctance to stay there.

"I start to get out because we're home," he said. "She's yelling at me not to get out. She's scared. Now she's real scared. But that's stupid. So I get out, and

I walk up the side of the car, around the front by the tree. She's close to the tree, so that was tricky. Her lights are still on. And I'm looking towards the satellite dish. Left turn, front. Nice and cool, it's real dark. There's no light on outside, we left early. The [car] door slammed. Mila goes out and comes and grabs me."

"What is she saying?" Beth asked.

"Let's go inside. Let's go inside now!" Justin replied. "But I'm pointing toward the satellite dish. I don't want to go inside. It's nice and cool."

"Why are you pointing toward the satellite dish?"

"I don't know," Justin said. "I mumble, but Mila's really freaked out. She wants to leave."

"You mean she wants to leave the farm? Get away?" Beth asked.

"Uh-huh," Justin nodded, pausing. "I'm just kind of standing there."

His reference to the satellite dish was a surprise, since neither Justin nor Mila had mentioned the dish when they originally told us about the night. The satellite dish belonged to a neighbor on the street behind the farm, and it was clearly visible from the farm's backyard. But at that point Beth had no idea of its significance, so she moved Justin on in his account.

"She's getting more and more skittish, scared," Justin told her, "so I turn and I walk around the bee tree because the car's too close. Probably fall if I went that way, but there's lots of branches. So I walk far around it. Yeah. Something behind the tree."

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"Something behind the tree?" Beth repeated.

"I can't see, the fir tree, I cannot see behind it," he replied. "It's real dark over there. I'm pointing again."

"What direction?"

"At the fir tree. No, I'm in the car," he suddenly said in surprise. "I'm by the car. Mila wants to go in the house, but Jason might not get the beer. He must. But that's silly, we don't need beer."

"How is Mila acting now?" Beth asked, trying to learn why Justin had been surprised to see himself suddenly shifted from one location to another.

"I can't see her," Justin replied. "She must be quiet."

Prodding him further, Beth said, "Let's go back. You were looking at the satellite dish, and then you were looking at the fir tree."

"Yeah," Justin went on. "How'd I get . . . ? I'm over in the back near the plum trees."

The change of location puzzled Justin, so Beth asked him to retrace the entire sequence of events after the arrival at the farm. He went through the drive up the long driveway, feeling rather tired and drunk, and Mila's fears about getting out of the car before Jason had arrived.

"So I pull out and slam the door," he said. "I'm leaning against the car for a second. Mila gets out. She's stopped the car now. I'm looking at her across the car. I walk up to the fir tree. Hmm." He paused, puzzled by something.

"'Hmm'?" Beth urged. "What do you mean, 'hmm'? Did you remember

something you'd forgotten?"

"Well," he answered, "walking towards the back porch. And I'm almost to the back porch, and I turn real quick. Jerk around, and I walk toward the satellite dish real thump, thump, thump, thump. Like a, uh, soldier. But Mila's yelling to stop. 'Stop going over there!'"

Beth asked Justin to explain what he meant, why he was walking strangely. "My feet seemed, 'thump,' on the ground, real hard. Stiff legs. Rocking, like a penguin," he said, and then he mumbled something about the metal plate that covers a water line just before the porch.

"What's the flat metal plate?" Beth wanted to know.

"By the back porch," Justin told her. "And I cut across the corner of the porch, and out into the back. I'm rocking, and I'm not thinking at all. I can see the satellite dish."

"Where is Mila?" Beth asked. "Do you see her behind you, feel her, are you aware that she's right behind you?"

"Well, she caught up, and grabbed my shoulder," Justin explained, "and I stopped. Hmm, that's strange. 'Just look at the satellite dish'."

"Did you say that?" Beth asked.

"Yeah."

"Did you say it to her?"

"Yeah," he answered, with a note of wonder in his voice.

"Why did you tell her to look at the satellite dish?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was just pointing at it."

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"What was in your mind?" Beth inquired. "How did you feel then?"

"Confused!" Justin replied emphatically. "Mila's really tugging on me to come back. She's yelling, screeching. And I'm pointing at the satellite dish. So I stop. She's upset. She wants to go back to the car? So I follow her. Kind of slow, hard to walk here. Now I want some beer. She can't get it, so I have to go, because I'm old enough. She won't go."

He paused for a moment and then asked, "How did I get here?"

"Where are you?" Beth wanted to know.

"I'm in the car," he told her.

"What makes you wonder how you got in the car? You wondered that before, when I took you through the story the first time."

"I was standing by the tree, not thinking," he said. "Looking. Pomegranate tree [beside fir tree]. I can't see it very well. And now I'm in the car."

Something was obviously missing in Justin's recollection of events, so Beth asked him more about what he had seen by the fir tree.

"I'm looking at a shadow," he replied. "Maybe it's the cat, he likes that tree. Rustling, pomegranate tree. At the bottom? But how? This, there's something moving, but I can't see it. It's a dark spot, a black spot, moving around the tree. And it's gone."

Beth asked him to expand his description, so Justin continued.

"I saw, it looks irregular. Is it a shadow? It's black. It's on the ground. It's moving around and away, quickly,

rustling. Like walking on leaves. And it's very faint with a whisper, snwww, snwww, a snake sound, real faint. But it's gone quick, quick. Around the tree." His speech, throughout the regression, slurred and stumbled a bit, as if he still felt the effects of the alcohol he'd drunk at the bar that night.

Since nothing identifiable had come from Justin's description, Beth asked him instead about the satellite dish. "Now that you're in a deep state of hypnosis," she said, "what was taking your focus over to the satellite dish? Why were you looking over there?"

"I always look over there," he replied, "because it's white, and it stands out at night. But it's pointing down! It's pointing down! Never pointed down. Mila's mad. She's crying. 'What? 'Shhhh!' Oh, I see, upside down. Sort of."

"The satellite dish is upside down?" Beth interrupted.

"Sort of," he told her. "Hanging over the fence. It's almost, it should be on the other side of the fence. Some of it is, but some of it's upside down. Well, that's interesting."

"What?" Beth asked. "What did you see?"

"The end of it's stuck in the ground," he replied. "That's gonna break it. Mila can't see it. It's got a pipe coming out from the center of it, with a box on the end, or something. No. Yeah. It didn't have that box before, but the box is pushing into the ground. And one end of it on the fence. And it's just kind of sitting there. And it used to have a

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cone. It should have a white cone, but it's got a zinc box. It shouldn't work that way, it should fall! Unless it's tied down. It's not stable. Maybe that's what the box is for. No, it should fall. I want to go look at it. It's dark underneath it. The back is bright, but the bottom is real dark."

Puzzled by Justin's obsession with the dish, Beth asked, "Have you ever seen anything like it before?"

"Looks like a satellite dish," Justin told her again. "It's got an upturned rim, curly." And then he said he was walking back, after Mila grabbed him and turned him around. "She's hysterical," Justin said.

"She's hysterical now?" Beth asked. "Like crying?"

"Uh huh," he replied. "I'm confused."

"Why are you confused?"

"I don't know anything that's going on!" he exclaimed.

"Just tell me the thoughts that are coming into your mind," Beth urged him.

"Now I'm just following Mila," he said. "That's the only thing I could do. Because I can't know anything."

"What do you mean?" Beth asked.

"My brain's not working," he said. "I'm just tramping behind her to the car. Ah, ah. 'But I want to go look at that.' I heard a noise."

"What did the noise sound like?"

"A rope, pulled real fast," he replied. "Whooooo, kind of like a top. But soft, so it was muted. And that's when I see the thing. The black. It's just black-

ness, on the ground. Very quick. Something, hit me, before."

"Where?" Beth inquired.

"Shocked me," he answered. "In the back. In my hip, at the bottom of my spine, but it's all over, just zzzzzz."

"How do you feel after that?"

"I'm bouncing, mechanically, towards the satellite dish, I think," he said.

"Take yourself back to when you felt that shock," Beth told him.

"It's big," he replied. "It hurt, all over, the shock. Tingles real loud. All over my bones it's tingling, shaking. I just turned! Nothing touches me, I don't think. Just all of a sudden I felt a shock. I turned, quick! A little to the left. I started marching! Now I'm looking at the satellite dish."

"Did anything happen to Mila?" Beth wanted to know. "Do you think she felt that shock, too?"

"I can't see her," he said. "I'm walking off. I'm just walking, until she starts screaming."

"Are you marching?"

"Yeah, stiff. Robots. Toy soldiers. That's totally stiff. Jarred. Jolts every time I step. Like a thud on each foot. But I can hear Mila, so I sort of ease up, slow down, relax."

"What about the satellite dish?" Beth asked, returning his focus to the sequence of events.

"It's upside down," Justin repeated. "It's very strange. And the box is square. I can't understand it at all. I want to go look at it."

"Did you go look?"

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"No," he answered. "Mila made me forget about it. Because I turned around a little, I couldn't see it anymore. Just forgot about it. Just walking away now. And I bang a little into the post, not bad. Walking around the car, and then shhhwww"

"What happens when you're there?"

"I'm walking around the tree, and I hear a noise. Like a top, a spinning top. It starts high-pitched and goes lower, and goes away pretty fast. So I look towards it. I can't see very well."

"Describe it to me again," Beth instructed.

"It's like a blot on the ground," he said. "A black towel? Or garbage bag? Kind of odd-shaped. It's flat, flat-flat. It, it is on the ground. It is the ground, it's no different than the ground, but it's just black and moving fast. And it's making a little noise."

"What's Mila doing now?" Beth asked.

"I don't know."

"Can't you see her from where you are?"

"No."

"You're not aware of her now?"

"Huh-uh."

"Look carefully," Beth said. "Where are you?"

"I'm a little beyond the tree."

"Well, where's Mila?"

"I don't know," he insisted.

"Can you look to the car and see if she got in the car? She wouldn't be too far from you, would she?"

"She's not in the car," he said.

"Do you hear her at all, screaming or crying?" Beth asked.

"Huh-uh," he replied.

"Where is she?" Beth asked again.

"The thing's gone quick," Justin said. "So ... now I hear her."

"Let's go back to where you couldn't hear her," Beth told him.

"I'm looking at the thing," Justin responded. "A blackness. A 'not.' Like a 'not-there.'"

"Give me a better description," Beth said, "so I can understand."

"Like a moving oil puddle on the ground," Justin told her. "And it's moving, but changing, too. Not much, just the edges, not very stable. And it's gone quick."

Beth made one more attempt to figure out the events, taking Justin through everything again from the moment he got the shock.

"I'm looking at the back porch," he began. "I'm going into the door in a minute. I see the motorcycle there. I'm just looking straight into the porch, just walking. I never got there. I was just walking toward the house, and then I'm shocked, all over. It hurt. Just real sudden. Quick turn. And I start to march. And Mila shouts. She grabs me and says, 'Slow down, stop.' Pretty quick. Don't know what that was, the shock. And Mila gets to me. I'm confused now."

"Do you remember trying to take Mila to look at the trees?" Beth asked, recalling Mila's story that Justin had dragged her off in that direction.

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"Well," he replied, "I was going over towards that satellite dish, but she came along and I just forgot about her."

"You saw the satellite dish before you got the shock?" Beth wanted to know.

"No, after," he replied. "Because I wasn't even looking there, till then. I'm trying to show her the thing. And then I'm, just forget it. I just go. Huh. Wonder, I feel strange."

"How do you feel strange?" Beth asked.

"I'm just, not me," he said. "I'm disconnected."

"Do you feel like you're not Justin?" Beth pushed, "is that what you're saying?"

"Justin's not here," he replied, laughing a little.

"What?" Beth asked, surprised by his answer.

"Where's Justin?"

"He's unplugged," Justin told her. "I feel blank, but I can't feel."

"Justin's unplugged?" Beth echoed.

"He's just, not there."

"What is walking Justin's body around, if you want to put it that way?" she asked.

"I can't, all I see, nothing, just going," he replied. "Very strange. Like a remote unit."

"Who is guiding that remote unit?" Beth wanted to know.

"I don't know," he told her, as if pausing to think harder. "Quite quick, it's like a trance, an empty trance."

"How do you get reconnected?" Beth asked. "How does Justin plug in again?"

"When Mila comes up to me, she grabs my shoulder," Justin said, "and I melt in. And that's why I'm confused. Because I'm pointing at this thing. I don't know why I'm pointing at it. I'm just pointing at the thing, and she comes up. Now I don't know what I'm doing."

Convinced that Justin had given all the information he could, Beth ended the regression and returned Justin to full consciousness. A debriefing session followed, in which Justin drew a picture of the satellite dish, as it had looked to him that night. And she asked him to promise not to talk about his regression with Mila, at least until Beth was able to question Mila separately about the same events.

But we were able to listen to the tape recording of the regression after Justin's departure, and we wondered at the strange events, the shock, the noises, the black "not-there," and the odd description he'd given of the satellite dish, none of which Justin had consciously recalled before the regression. We hoped that perhaps part of his confusion came from the amount of alcohol he'd drunk with Jason that night, and we waited anxiously for Mila's turn at regression. Unlike Justin and Jason, Mila had not been drinking, so we hoped she would have a more coherent recall of the events and could explain away some of the strange things Justin had remembered.

"How did I get here? I'm confused!"

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Something shocked me, all over. I can't know anything. Justin's unplugged."

For the two days between Justin's and Mila's regressions, such remarks kept running through my thoughts. What did he mean, "Justin's unplugged"? And why hadn't he been able to remember, the next day, anything that happened between his arrival at the farm and Jason's arrival some time later? What worried me the most was wondering just who or what had been controlling Justin that night when he felt as if he were a "remote unit" or in "an empty trance."

Beth had been right, we realized, when she said that something important had happened to the two young people, and we looked forward with great anticipation to Mila's revelations when she and Beth disappeared into the back room for regression.

Two hours later, they came back into the living room, and the look on Beth's face told us that she had indeed learned much more about the events of that August evening.

Justin had kept his promise not to discuss his memories with Mila before the regression, but now they both insisted on knowing everything the other had said. At the time of Justin's regression, Beth's video camera was broken and an audio recorder was used instead. But we were able to borrow a camcorder in the meantime, which she used thereafter. So we settled back to watch a replay of the video Beth had made.

At first, Mila's recollections

matched Justin's. She went over the conversation at the bar, Justin's description of the woman Jason had seen and his immediate denial that he'd given such a description, and then the drive home. During this first foray through her memory, Mila recalled only the details she'd told us originally, but Beth patiently guided her back through the whole thing, occasionally deepening the trance and reminding Mila to sharpen her focus whenever necessary. In her first retelling of the story, Mila experienced a skip in her memory, just after arriving at the farm.

"And I don't know what happened right then," she said. "It skips. Uh, we're standing over towards where the driveway curves. And Justin starts pointing at the trees, one of them's an evergreen. And he points at it, then he started to pull me over there first, grabbed my arm and started walking over there. And I started pulling back because I was scared. And he said, hmmm, he said something over there wanted to see me. And I started getting very, very upset. My arms were flying all over, and I was pulling back and crying and screaming. And, and, I couldn't figure it out. Because it wasn't Justin, it wasn't like Justin."

"Then we started going up toward the house. We got over to the other end of the shed, and we walked through it, and just as we got on to the other side, where the bees are, he pointed over toward that little line of [plum] trees. And he pointed towards those and tried to take me over there. And I started pulling back again, and telling him no be-

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cause there was, I was, there was something over there.”

“What was he saying to get you over there?” Beth asked.

“He was pulling on my arm and saying we had to go over there. I was pulling back and I was crying and saying, ‘No, we can’t go over there.’ And so Justin just . . . something happened, he looked different. You could see the change, kind of a shift.”

She described Justin’s desire to go for beer and his insistence on taking the wheel, and then Jason’s headlights coming up the long driveway. So far, her story was essentially the same as it had been the morning after the incident: when Jason went with them into the house, Justin insisted he hadn’t done any of the things Mila described, and he didn’t even remember arriving at the farm.

Beth asked Mila to go through the events once more, taking care to calm Mila’s emotions and to give her a more objective point of view, since during the first description Mila had become very upset, crying and showing all the fear she’d felt the first time. With her feelings more under control, Mila started telling the story again.

“We pulled into the driveway,” she said, “and I stopped the car because Jason wasn’t there, something was wrong. And I turned over and looked at Justin, and he was sitting there. He kind of had his eyes half closed because it was late at night and he’d had so much to drink. So he was just laying back. He looked at me and said, ‘He’s probably just gone

to 7-Eleven to get some beer.’ And then it was kind of like, it shimmered.”

“What shimmered?” Beth asked.

“Not everything,” Mila answered. “Just like when it’s hot and you can see the shimmering coming up from the ground, the heat waves. They were in between us. They were just there. They didn’t really come from anything, they were just there. All of a sudden.”

“Did you feel any temperature change at that time?” Beth wanted to know, trying to figure out what Mila was describing.

“No,” Mila replied. “They were really on Justin. And they were surrounding, no, they weren’t surrounding. It was like there was a quarter circle of it. It stopped at the boundaries of the farm and the road. And Justin was just on the other side of it. It went through the car. It was like a shimmering sheet between us. And then it was kind of all on him.”

“Was there a color to the shimmer?” Beth asked.

“I can’t see a color,” Mila said. “Just a heat wave was like what it was, just shimmering. And then it was on him. And then he was different. His eyes and his whole being was different.”

“How did you feel about this change?” Beth inquired.

“It scared me,” Mila admitted.

“Did you like what you were sitting next to?”

“No,” Mila replied, “but I knew he was still there, but he was hidden. They’d covered him up, he was still there, but he was surrounded. But he



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was still there, it was, it was doing it. I was scared because of Justin. Justin was, they . . . I didn't want him to get hurt."

"What's happening?" Beth asked, trying to move the regression forward.

"He's, I don't, something's . . . wait," Mila hesitated in confusion. "I don't know if this is. . . Justin is sitting there. We had just stopped, and Justin just did this thing, shimmery had just stopped shimmering. That's when he started talking, but Justin was just still sitting there. It was like it wasn't actually there. Justin was there, but this other was on top of him. And Justin just sat there, but it was on top of him. It opened the door! Justin just sat there? It was something else. And it looked like Justin, like a hologram, but it opened the door and said he was gonna walk up to the house and I'd be sitting there by myself. But Justin was there, but I couldn't see him. It was like a hologram. It wasn't him. It was something else. Justin was sitting there the whole time."

"What did that hologram do?" Beth asked.

"What I told you," Mila responded. "It walked around to me and tried to pull me to the tree. Something wanted to see me on the other side of the tree. That's what he said: 'something.'"

"Did the voice sound like Justin?"

"Not really," Mila said. "Like it was somebody else trying to sound like him, a recording would sound like it, but it's not. Justin was in the car."

"Was it walking like Justin?" Beth asked. "Did it feel like Justin?"

"I couldn't, I knew Justin was still

in the car, but this was, I couldn't see him. This got up, but I couldn't see Justin, but Justin was there. And what I saw moved, and got out of the car, and looked like Justin did, but it wasn't. Justin was in the car still."

"What was the feeling you were getting from this hologram?" Beth wanted to know.

"Not anger," Mila told her, "but something. Like it had to hurry. Speed, anticipation? When you've got to do something really fast, you don't have much time, that's the feeling. You have to hurry, but have to do it right. But I don't know what, but trying quickly. Tried to pull me toward the trees. I couldn't see anything different, but I knew I couldn't go over there. There was something wrong."

"And then I could feel a change, but I couldn't really see. And it pointed up at the sky and talked, looked at the moon and the stars and pointed up at the sky. Kind of went around and talked about how pretty the sky was. And then we turned around and started like we were going into the house. And as soon as we got under the roof of the shed, I wanted to stay by the car. It tried to pull me to the line of trees on the other side, on the back side of the house."

"How much force was it using to pull you?" Beth asked.

"Not any more than Justin could have used, but not physically hurting me."

"Was it talking to you then?"

"Just, 'Something wants to see you over there.' He said, 'You've got to go.'"

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It tried to pull. . . . Where did Justin go? It tried to pull me, but where did Justin go? Where's Justin? He was in the car, but, I wanted to go back to the car, but it changed again. I could feel the change but I couldn't see it. He said he wanted to go to 7-Eleven for some beer. And he wanted to drive, and so I got in the car, but Justin. . . . I got in the car, and he wanted to drive, and he grabbed the keys. And I climbed over into the passenger seat where Justin was, but Justin wasn't there. He'd been there the whole time, but now he wasn't. He was there when I was pulled back to the car, and then when it tried to pull me over to the trees he wasn't there anymore, not in the car.

"But it was just a minute or two! It got in the car, and started the car, and then I looked over and I could see Jason's headlights coming up the drive. And it was like Justin was back again, but it was still there. Justin was in the driver's seat, but it was there, too. And then it was gone when Jason got there. And it was Justin, but he didn't remember anything, because he wasn't there. He was just sitting there before, but he was gone for a minute or two."

Watching the video, we could see how concerned Mila became when she realized Justin was missing. And then I remembered that Justin had said, during his regression, that for a few moments he had no idea what had become of Mila. Apparently neither of them could account for the other's whereabouts during that time, and we listened anxiously as Beth questioned Mila about the disappearance.

"Remember that part when you noticed he wasn't there in the car?" Beth asked. "Go back there."

"Yeah," Mila nodded. "I pulled over to the car because, this was when we started going back into the house. When it stopped trying to pull me toward the trees. And right when it got back to the little shed, Justin was in the car then, and I was pulling towards the car. And then it tried to pull me toward those other trees. And that's when Justin was gone."

"Look around now," Beth told her. "You're aware that Justin isn't in the car. You become alarmed. Where is he? See if you can see anything in that area."

"They were trying to separate us for something," Mila replied. "They couldn't let me see. That's why they didn't take him out when it was trying to pull me to the trees, because I kept looking back. But they didn't have time. They had to stop. That's why they changed."

Who was this "they," we wondered, and then on the video Beth asked, "They didn't have time?"

"I couldn't see them, but I know they're there."

"How many are you feeling now?" Beth asked.

"Aside from the one that I was with, there were three. They were waiting to take Justin out of the car, but they couldn't while I was looking. They didn't want me to see them. They were behind something, I don't know what, because there's nothing there. They were behind something, though, because I couldn't see them. They couldn't let me see them

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pulling Justin out of the car because I wasn't supposed to know. That's why it was trying to get me over there behind the trees so I couldn't see."

"You mean you were being distracted by that one?" Beth offered.

"Right," Mila said. "That's why it was trying to hurry, so it could get Justin out. But I don't know what for. That's why I wanted to go back to the car."

"Where was Justin when he wasn't in the car?" Beth pressed. "Can you see the three that were with him?"

"He was behind the thing," Mila told her. "It wasn't there, but you couldn't see behind it."

"The thing?" Beth echoed. "What are you talking about?"

"It was something . . . you couldn't," Mila hesitated, "they were behind it but you couldn't see that it was there. It projected something, but they just had him for a second because then Jason started coming up and they had to put him back in the car."

"Can you remember what they looked like?" Beth asked.

"I didn't see them," Mila said. "They did it when I was looking at Jason's car. They stayed behind." She paused for a moment and then exclaimed, "They moved it! They moved the thing! I didn't know they could do that!"

"Where was the thing?" Beth asked. "Where was it being projected?"

"It was like, kind of like it was a screen," Mila explained. "And it projected what was supposed to be behind it on that screen, so it looked like there

wasn't anything there. They were just on the other side. Like a thin metal thing. It was just a square except it bowed a little bit. But you couldn't see any equipment, it just looked like a thin, metal sheet, and it had a stand thing on it so it wouldn't fall. It kind of curved a bit. It was a square metal thing, but it could project what was supposed to be on the other side. They moved around, but you could kind of tell along the edges that it was there. But otherwise you couldn't. And they moved around over there, and the one that looked like Justin got Justin into the car. I didn't see the others. I don't know how I knew there were three, but I did."

"What was your feeling about these guys?" Beth wanted to know. "How did you feel about them? Did you feel like they were nice, or what?"

"It's kind of like they weren't there, like mechanical. No feeling. The one that looked like Justin, at least a sense of it had to hurry. But I couldn't get any feeling from the three."

"Did they come back again?" Beth asked.

"Not that night," Mila replied. "I don't know when they've been, but they didn't come back that night."

"Did you feel like these energies, whatever they were, did they seem familiar to you? Had you met them before?"

"The one that tried to distract me seemed like it knew me or something," Mila admitted. "The others were just not important."

Beth continued the regression a

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while longer, but Mila had nothing further to add about the events of that night. After she was out of the hypnotic trance, Mila drew a picture of the screen device, and we were surprised to see how closely her drawing matched that of Justin's satellite dish. By now, of course, we realized that whatever he had seen had certainly not been the neighbor's dish. Given his description of the dish—curly edges, square, with a pipe supporting it on the ground—and his description of the black thing on the ground—a 'not-there' with unstable, changing movements along the edges—it seemed that Justin had seen something unusual and had tried to make sense of it in terms of the familiar satellite dish. But could it have been the same machine, the invisibility screen, that Mila described?

Just to make certain that the neighbor's dish had not been the object, I phoned a few days later and asked the neighbor if anything had happened to move the dish during the previous August. She assured me that the satellite dish had never moved from its original location, and that there had been nothing like a pipe and zinc box attached to it at any time. Whatever had been in the yard that night, it was nothing we could identify.

And that wasn't the only puzzle we had to consider. How could we make sense of the "hologram" Mila described, the double of Justin? Had his image actually been duplicated in some way? Or had his body somehow been borrowed by an outside intelligence, with his consciousness, his psyche, un-

plugged?

We had strong relationships with both Justin and Mila, and we felt certain that they weren't deliberately lying to us about their memories. Neither of them had consciously recalled these events, and Justin had not told Mila about his regression before she underwent hers. Yet their strange stories confirmed each other's accounts, and we were left with many worrying questions. What had happened to them during that time when they lost sight of each other? And who on earth was responsible for the entire incident? Neither recalled anything like a UFO, nor had they described aliens. Mila insisted she didn't know what the beings really looked like, so it was possible that they had been human. But who had been at the farm that night, and why?

For several months, Jason had talked about visiting Beth, but on the only weekend he'd actually planned to go, he had been frightened, by memories of seeing a human mutilation, enough to change his mind. Now, with Beth's presence and his parents' support, Jason decided to go through a regression. It was a real act of courage, we all realized, considering his decidedly unobtrusive and private nature. Telling his parents, whom he loved and wanted to protect, about the alien encounters was the hardest thing he'd ever done, I believe, and I silently congratulated his strength of will when he asked Beth to help him with hypnotic regression.

A few months before, it was all he could do to talk about his experiences

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even with us, and by this time I knew that part of his reluctance was fear of being thought crazy. For too long, that had been the only explanation he could accept—such thing just weren't real—and he worried that others would naturally make that assumption, too. Téodoro and I hoped that reclaiming his lost memories would help him as it had helped us, by relieving the isolation and the faceless fears abductees develop.

Beth and Jason began his regression one evening after dinner, with his mother, Candide, waiting for the results with us. From the first, she had been emotionally supportive of Jason, which surprised me. Until, that is, I learned that other members of her family had had their own strange stories to tell in the past, including her father and sister. Most intriguing was her story of a night long ago when her sister encountered a small floating ball of light, about the size of a basketball. We immediately remembered Jason and the basketball-sized light that had come into his room and told him he couldn't understand any more than the interdimensional woman had already told him.

When the regression was over, we listened to the tape of the session together. Beth asked Jason to choose which experience he wanted to look at, and he went back to the series of nightmares he'd had just prior to Beth's visit here. He knew, at the time of the terrible dreams, that they were more than just dreams, but it was hard for him to accept that they revealed a real event until he'd gone through the whole thing under hypnosis.

"I'm lying down on my back," Jason said, beginning to relive the experience. "I see my head, about here, there's no hair. Hurt. Lots and lots of holes in my head. Holes around my head, in a line. Makes your heart speed."

"How do you feel about this?" Beth asked. "Are you scared?"

"Yes."

"Can you see if there are any other presences in the room? Where are you?" she questioned. "Is there a color to the room?"

"Mostly white," Jason told her. "Shadowlike. Different colored lights. Red, yellow. It's like, five lights. Five flash. I saw a hand, reach out to the lights."

"What are those lights?" Beth asked. "Do they have any purpose?"

"A hand touched the lights, five lights," he replied. "Something hurt my arm."

"What part of the arm hurts?"

"My wrist. Wires in my wrist, through the wrist, like threads."

"Do you know what their purpose is?" Beth prodded him.

"No."

"How many are in your wrist?"

"One," Jason said, "just one in the wrist. It hurts, the wire."

"Is this the dream you wanted to look at?" Beth interrupted. "The dream that happened a few nights ago?"

"Yes," Jason affirmed.

"Have you seen those wires before?"

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"Yes," he admitted, "a long, long time ago. I'm lying down, with my arms and legs spread out."

"Is this room unusual in any way?" Beth asked. "Can you give me more description?"

"It's busy," Jason told her. "Lots and lots of things going on. Lots of things moving."

But when Beth tried to question him for more details, Jason mumbled unclearly that he couldn't move his head or see out of his left eye. He became disturbed by his immobility, and Beth calmed him down.

"Relax," she told him, "there's a reason why you can't move. I understand it, it's okay. Just feel good about it. With the eye you can see through, tell me what else you see in the room. Are you aware of any presence in the room other than yourself? Other than that hand that went up to the light?"

"Just the hand that touched the light," Jason answered. "It hurts, my head hurts, my left ear."

Beth, sensing Jason's discomfort, asked him to move ahead to the next time he was able to move and be free of pain. "Where are you now?" she asked.

"It's different," Jason said. "It's dark here."

"What do you feel like this room might be related to?"

"Healing," he replied.

"Is it like a recovery room?" Beth suggested.

"Yes."

"You feel much better now, don't

you?" she soothed him. "What are your other feelings? Can you think about where you are, or are you just drugged from this experience?"

"Clear," he mumbled. "Curious. Something has my hand, right hand. I'm walking."

"Are you wearing anything?" Beth wanted to know.

"No," he answered.

"What does it look like around you?"

"It's big. Lots of things. The things walk around. It's big."

"What kind of things?"

"Lots of bodies."

"Are they human bodies?" Beth asked.

"They're something else," Jason told her. "Not very tall. They're short, about as short as chest-high."

"Are there any distinguishing features about this big place you're walking through?"

"It's like a bowl. There's nothing on top," he said. "It's like the inside of a bowl."

"Have you been there before?" Beth queried.

"I think so," Jason answered. "I'm not scared."

But his voice was barely audible, and Beth saw that he was not at ease. "Can you tell me why it's difficult for you to talk about it?" she asked.

"It's hard to latch on, to see something," he finally replied. "There's something over, opening, a little taller, and something pulls me, my hand, says

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something.”

“How do you receive this? Do you hear him audibly speaking to you?”

“Not with words,” Jason tried to explain. “It says something. It’s, I can’t tell, I don’t know. It seems . . . he’s sorry. ‘Poor Jason, poor Jason.’”

“Like he’s apologizing to you?” Beth asked.

“Yes, for hurting me. He’s nice. He’s more gentle with me.”

“Do you feel he’s a male?” Beth continued. “You said that they’re not wearing clothes. Do you see any distinguishing sexual parts that would make you think he’s a man?”

“No,” Jason responded, “he just looks like a man. We’re stopped. I’m at the wall.”

“What’s happening now?” Beth asked. “He said he’s sorry? You get the impression he’s apologizing for hurting you?”

“Yes. He says to walk through the hole.”

“Tell me what happens now,” Beth instructed, and as we listened we were surprised by Jason’s reply.

“I’m in bed,” he announced. “It’s hot.” Beth questioned him again, going back through descriptions of the bowl-like room, the colored lights, and the area where Jason saw hundreds of beings at work, moving from counter to counter in a crowded space. But Jason was ready for the regression to be over, so she soon brought him out of the trance and then questioned him a while longer in the debriefing session.

Describing the initial scene, Jason

told her about the wire in his wrist. “It’s like when the hand touched the lights,” he said, “the wire just came down out of the ceiling, straight down, and got me. It was thin, thinner than piano wire, and it shone. It looked like metal. There were other wires, I could see the tops of them, but I couldn’t see or feel where they were touching me.”

“Could they have been acting like some kind of acupuncture?” Beth suggested, “a healing process?”

“No,” Jason replied, “I think they were, like at the end when he said he was sorry, he was saying they were monitoring, testing things out to see how things worked. Just monitoring, how I worked on the inside. He said he was sorry my head hurt. It was a way to find out what he needed to know. And then we walked through this hole.”

“Could you pick up anything about that one that seemed to be nice?” Beth asked. “Was he showing you the ship or taking you from the recovery room to your exit point?”

“Yeah,” Jason answered, “but I could have gotten from the recovery room straight to the exit point, but they propped me up and walked me through. Things were just walking around ignoring me.”

“Were you the only human you could see?” Beth wanted to know.

“Uh-huh,” he nodded. “The things were just walking around doing stuff.”

Beth asked him then more about the creatures, which he consistently referred to as “things,” as well as about the bowl-shaped area.

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"It was black on some of it," he said, describing the large area, "but there was a front and a back, a definite front. You could see, coming up over this part of it, you could see stars, and then all the rest of this top was black. It was just one level, sloping, and I looked all around. It was gently sloping, and then all of a sudden I just walked up and there was a wall."

"Did you feel this place was up in the sky?" Beth asked.

"Yeah," he said. "Standing over here you could see that it was curved, because you could look down and see it all. All over and curving down to the walls. It was all real flat [beneath] except for these counters coming up about this wide, and then they made a maze of these things. And the little 'things' are standing around them, and they were all walking around, with all these lights on top [of the counters]. They were different colors, flashing, and they were looking at them, not touching them or anything, just standing over there." As he described the place, he pointed to various parts of a sketch he was making.

"It was just a maze," he said. "It didn't look like there was any kind of order to it. Just lights. They'd stop and look down at the lights, and then they'd walk to another counter and look at the lights over here, and they were all just walking around looking at lights."

Next he sketched a rough picture of the being who escorted him. "The one that was leading me around," he said, "his head came out further in the back than mine does. They all looked pretty

much identical. The head was flat in front. They were colored kind of muddy-brown, or gray mud color."

When he finished the drawing and the description, Beth asked one more question, remembering something else she'd heard earlier about Jason's experience.

"And then it seemed that you were walked through a little bit and taken to that opening, where you were transported back down to your bed," she reiterated. "Was that the night you found blood?"

"Yeah," Jason recalled, "that was the first night. It was in the middle of the sheet."

"When the being apologized to you," Beth finished up, "how did you feel about him?"

"I believed him," Jason said quietly. "He seemed, he didn't say like 'I'm sorry,' it was like, an overwhelming feeling. I came out with the words to match whatever it was, the feeling I got. He was sorry for hurting me, but there wasn't any other way. I got the impression I was part of what they were trying to find out. The pain, they were monitoring some of that as well. As to how it registered with me, how I perceived it. Or how I worked."

"Maybe the holes were just put in your mind to see how you would react to holes in your head," Beth suggested. "They could have projected it into your mind, and then you get afraid, and they register your fear. Does that make sense? There aren't any holes in your head, and your hair hasn't been



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shaved.”

Jason shrugged, and Beth asked, “How do you feel now?”

“Spooked,” he said.

“You know,” she told him, “this is happening to other people, but often the most intelligent ones.”

“Small consolation,” Jason replied. We nodded sympathetically, listening to the end of the tape. We had been going through the experiences for almost a year, and so far we had learned nothing that offered any consolation at all.

That night, exhausted after working through two regressions, Beth slept as soundly as we did, yet the next morning both she and I had new marks on our bodies. She had two deep, round bruises on her upper arm, and I had a strange, red, V-shaped mark in the bend of my elbow, with a puncture mark about an inch below it. The V-shaped mark quickly faded, but the puncture scabbed and disappeared more slowly in the next few days.

On Friday, my best friend Connie came by to meet Beth and was soon being interrogated about her own strange experiences. Beth was very interested in one particular occasion, about eleven years earlier, when Connie and her husband had been on vacation in South Carolina. Visiting an old country church, Connie had encountered a Siamese cat, which led her from tombstone to tombstone, while her husband disappeared into the thick woods nearby to relieve himself. When he returned, quite a while after leaving the area, he said he’d seen a spooky light,

but Connie didn’t recall anything but the cat. Yet when she went to get the cat and take it with them, it was nowhere to be found.

Beth suggested that there might be more to the event than Connie consciously remembered and wondered if she might like to go through a regression to explore it. But Connie laughed away the suggestion and assured Beth that there was nothing strange about it or about anything else in her life. (Later, however, Connie did decide to explore the incident under hypnosis. Without including the entire regression, which didn’t take place during the year covered by my journal, it’s interesting to note that the Siamese cat proved to be a screen memory of an apparent double abduction involving Connie and her husband. The beautiful cat she’d remembered turned out to look very different, as Connie described some sort of being “three feet tall, about two feet wide, covered with metallic shavings.”)

Before Beth could pursue the idea of working with Connie, Frank arrived, ready for his regression. More than anyone else in our small group, except perhaps Jason, Fred’s life had been frequently disturbed by bizarre experiences during the past year.

In the beginning, the occurrences usually involved missing-time episodes when he worked the night shift at his job, alone. Often there would be some sort of signal that an abduction was about to take place, such as wind blowing through his closed office room or a low horn sounding, and once he heard a voice commanding, “Don’t turn

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around, Frank.” But lately the overt signs of contact were gone, and the only reason he suspected that abductions might still be occurring was that he so often found puncture marks, subcutaneous red or purple streaks, bruises, and cuts, frequently forming triangles on his body.

Like the rest of us, Frank also had “dream” experiences that were frightening and confusing, and, like us, he had no sure way of deciding for himself which experiences were truly just dreams, which were replays of past actual events, and which were screen memories of recent abductions. It was his lack of certainty about the phenomenon that was most frustrating for Frank, the utter lack of knowledge about who or what was responsible, as well as the frightening things he recalled from the experiences. When we first met him, he said that he’d somehow been led to believe these things were “growing new bodies for us” and also that he felt there was something he was supposed to do, related to the aliens, within the next few years. This, too, was a piece of information that had come from his encounters, yet he couldn’t remember the context or even the specific event in which it occurred.

He felt angry and scared and cheated, and his sense of almost desperate urgency to know more was at a peak. Regression with Beth was something he’d been anxious for, in hopes of getting answers, and he proved to be a good subject for hypnosis. Fortunately, Beth had borrowed a video recorder again, so she was able to tape Fred’s

entire regression. And as we viewed it later that evening, we saw once again that the difference between actually watching someone’s face as he goes through such emotional recollections and merely listening to the voice on an audio-tape was astonishing.

The focus of the session was on two disturbing dream memories Frank had recently been having. After putting him into a trance, Beth began by asking him about the dreams.

“One, I was in a pool of water,” Frank told her, “and I thought I was going to drown. I did not have any way out, so I tried to relax and began breathing through my nose and found I could breathe underwater. I was shocked and didn’t know what I was doing there. The second dream was early this morning,” he finished. “Had something to do with animal and human crossbreeding.” His face showed increasing stress as he talked about the second dream, so Beth took his lead and pressed him about it.

“You are upset, Frank,” she said. “Can you explain why you are feeling this way?”

“I feel like they are doing something to me with the animal,” he replied. “They are doing something with me, my blood, my sperm, and my genes. They are injecting my fluids into this animal. I think it’s stupid, and I don’t like it. Why are they doing this?” His expression became even more disturbed, yet he forced himself to continue as Beth questioned him.

“I think I was lying down, and they were doing something to the animal,”

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he told her. "Taking something from me and putting it into the animal. Then I remember seeing another type of animal running around. I can't remember what the animal looked like, but it was bizarre. Seems like the animal is part human, part animal. Like a small child around two years old. The one animal that appears to be part human seems to be real hairy.

"I remember feeling angry," he said, mentally watching as the aliens injected fluids into the apparently female animal. "I am trying to sit up in a state of anger. I must be sitting down or lying down. They have the animal next to me. The thing appears to be flat, not like a walking animal."

"You expressed trying to sit up and protest in anger," Beth commented. "Let's go back, right before that time, and see what happened to cause this anger."

Instead of answering, however, Frank suddenly began to shake all over in wrenching spasms. We watched apprehensively as the spasms continued for long, silent minutes, and then at last he was sobbing and moaning in distress, his face still contorted from the tension.

I watched with great concern, wondering why Beth hadn't intervened to relieve this stress. With previous subjects she had always calmed them whenever their fears upset them, and I asked her why she hadn't helped Frank.

"He had to have the release of getting it all out," Beth explained, stopping the video momentarily. "All of that emo-

tion you just saw has been inside Frank for a long time, building up and getting worse. But now that he's been back through it and let go of it, he'll feel much more at ease with himself." Later, watching Fred's evolution through subsequent episodes, I saw that Beth had been correct, for he never again was at such a point of intensity after the regression.

The video started up again, with Beth soothing Frank and bringing him back to his account. When he was ready to go on, she asked, "What are your impressions, Frank? Look now and tell me what you see."

"I just see light, a lot of light," he began. "It's last night, and I can see them coming into my bedroom, but I want to block it out." Frank began shaking again, silently straining against the violent spasms, but through gritted teeth he kept talking.

"I see flashes of faces coming towards me," he shuddered. "Seems like whoever it is is holding a big tube. It has a blue base. I can see three inches of the tube, but I can't see all of it."

"Is the animal feeling upset like you are?" Beth asked.

"The animal is sedated. It's about two feet away. I'm on one and it's on another table."

"What are you on?"

"I'm on a singular bed," Frank explained. "It's in a curved position. The animal is next to me on a table. I vaguely see computers."

"You said there was another animal," Beth interrupted. "Can you describe it?"

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"I can't see it clearly," Frank replied. "It doesn't have a shirt on. It has some hair, but not a lot. It seems like it has skin, pink or white, on the top and hair on the bottom. White hair. My logic is blocking a good description."

Beth then suggested a protective mental viewing device for Frank, removing him from the immediacy of reliving the events, and took him back through the entire experience again, searching for new details.

"I can see me in a chair," Frank said, relaxing at last and becoming more objective in his description. "I don't think I'm wearing anything. This is a chair with a curvature, in the middle of the room. There is a table beside me. There are computers around the walls, and medical equipment. The room is yellow in color, and I can only see part of the room."

"Can you move your head?" Beth suggested.

"A little bit," he responded, "but I can't move my arms or legs."

"What do you see now?"

"Two little men are bringing in another tray, sliding in a little table, and it's got medical equipment on it."

"What do the men look like?"

"Grays," Frank said.

"So they brought in the tray," Beth repeated, "and what happens next?"

"It's a stand-up table. There are two Grays, one on each end. They roll it in, and it stands a little lower than the height of the table. The animal isn't on the table as yet." Once again, Frank began to shake and shudder, but this

time Beth calmed him back down until he was more easily able to continue.

"They are levitating this animal," he told her, "and now there are two Grays on each side, and she is spread-eagled on her back. There is one now that is sticking the needle device up her groin or vaginal area. Or whatever it is. It has hooves, like a cow. I'm not seeing the body too clearly. He pulls the needle out and looks at what they have collected in the tube."

"You mean they collected, extracted, fluid from the animal?" Beth asked.

"Yes, they were extracting fluid from the animal."

"Frank, what were they doing with you?"

His face visibly changed, sagging and smoothing out as if he were suddenly sedated. "I'm strapped down," he mumbled.

"What parts of your body are secured?"

"My upper arms and chest. My legs are strapped."

"Are you wearing clothes?"

"No."

"Are you embarrassed?"

"No, I'm too frightened to care."

"Has anything been done to relieve your fright?" Beth asked.

"I haven't been in there that long," Frank answered. "Now they bring the animal in, but they don't talk to me. They don't do anything to relieve my fright."

"Have you been in this place before?"

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"I think so."

"It's all right, you may continue."

"I remember, last night," he said suddenly, "they did something to me in my bed. There were two of them. They touched me with something on my forehead. It looked like a circular object, and when it opened it splits down the center, and it might form a triangle shape. It looks like a gold-type metal. After they do this, I can't move, and I feel like I'm sort of being dematerialized."

"I'm not aware of standing up," Frank continued. "I don't have any clothes on, and there are three Grays standing around me wearing red uniforms."

"There are two of them in front of me. Now one moves out of the way. The other one takes me by the hand and guides me to the curved chair. I know to sit down."

"Are you resisting?" Beth suggested. "What is your mood?"

"No," he replied. "It's as if I don't have a mood."

"Continue, please," she said.

"They are sticking something into my penis. He's holding something like a tube with a slender metal object on the end. He gets it and pushes it in. I tried to raise my head to see what he is doing."

"Do you feel pain?" Beth questioned. "Discomfort? Or sexually aroused?"

"No," Frank shook his head. "He keeps sticking this thing in me."

"How many times?"

"Just once, it's still in there. Now I lay my head back down, it's still in there. He's doing something with the tube."

"What are the others doing?" Beth wanted to know.

"One is standing over by the computer. It looks like a computer with a light on top of it. He's doing something there while the other one is behind me. They aren't saying anything to me. He's pulling the tube out, and it's like a suction device. I feel no pain, no feelings. But it's like it's happened before."

"Can you see the contents of the tube?"

"It may be sperm," Frank guessed, "I don't know. Seems like there is a nude woman. I see a corridor, and she is in another room. There is a circular room with a long corridor going into the room. Now they have her on a table, and they are rolling her into this room."

"Is she human?" Beth asked.

"I can't see her clearly," Frank replied, "but she is human. They leave her on the table. On the opposite side of the room. She is now about fifteen to twenty feet from me. The table is near the doorway that opens into the corridor."

"Is she moving?" Beth wanted to know.

"No," Frank shook his head. "They are removing the animal. The animal was floated away. I'm just there. They have taken the tube out and taken the tube and contents over to one of the computers. Before they removed the animal, they put part of the fluid into the animal. The rest is taken to the com-

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puter.”

“What can you tell me about the woman?” Beth asked, directing his focus back to the subject.

“She’s been opened up and has a vertical incision from the top of her chest straight down to her groin area,” Frank replied. “They have moved her close to me, about five feet from me. The one that had my stuff in the tube, over by the computer, is going over to her. He’s putting his hand inside her.”

“Did his hand enter her body through the incision,” Beth interrupted, “or vaginally?”

“Through the incision,” Frank said. “His hand entered through the chest opening and was directed down towards the reproductive area.” He stopped talking and his brow furrowed deeply as he concentrated on the mental picture. “God,” he whispered at last, “what’s he doing?”

“Give me a description,” Beth prompted.

“He is doing something with her insides. He’s got his hand stuck in the lower portion of her body, and his other hand is up under her hips. He lifts her hips up so he can do some kind of manipulation with the reproductive region. Her legs are up in the air. Some kind of clamps around her ankles are used to secure her legs to keep them raised. She is spread-eagled, and even though her legs are up, she is still being supported on the table. It looks like he’s got a long, tube-like instrument going in through her vagina.”

“Is she still cut open?” Beth asked.

“Yes,” he nodded. “Now another one is approaching with an object with a light or laser on it. What he is doing to the skin, as he pulls it together, it’s just sealing it up as if there wasn’t any cut.” His voice is filled with amazement as he studies the mental image. “He uses the light, pulls the skin together, and you can’t tell she was ever cut.”

“Did you ever have any physical contact with the woman?”

“No, this was strictly surgical.”

“Do you think the contents of your tube were injected into her?”

“I think it went into the animal or a combination of both, the woman and the animal.” He began to be upset again, agitated and gritting his teeth, shaking his head.

“How do you feel, Frank?” Beth asked, wondering what brought on the tension.

“They are getting ready to do something to me,” he answered, still so agitated that Beth had to remind him of the protective viewing device before he could continue.

“He’s going into my eyeball,” he told her. “He’s doing something to my eye. He’s going into the corner of my left eye. He has a long, thin rod, probing between skin and the eyeball.”

“Is he hurting you?”

“No.”

“What is happening now?”

“He has this long needle-tube device, and he’s putting it into my navel, and he’s going up under my skin to the left side of my chest.” Fred’s agitation turned to obvious distress as he fought

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to keep control.

"What's he doing?" Beth asked, "what is the purpose of this procedure?"

"He's scraping tissue from the inside," Frank replied, still very disturbed. "I don't know why they want to get inside tissues. Hell, they could have gotten that from the girl when they had her opened up!" His expression changed then, from fright to anger.

"They've got a vial of something, clear fluid. I don't know if they are going to make me drink it or what. No, they are going to inject it right in through the cut into the navel."

"How large is this vial?"

"About three inches." He indicated with his fingers.

Concerned about his angry mood, Beth asked if he wanted to stop the session, but Frank refused. "I want to see them clearly," he told her, and Beth gave him instructions to sharpen his mental vision.

"As you leave this event," she said, "walk behind the thick curtain and close it. Then quickly pull it apart just enough so you can take a quick peek at them. You will be able to see them clearly."

There was a pause as Frank implemented her instructions, and then, becoming extremely upset, he told her, "They are the Grays."

Once the vivid experience was behind him, Beth asked a few more questions and let Frank express whatever opinions he might have about the things he'd seen.

"They are regenerating from animal to human, from human to animal,"

he surmised. "Regenerating DNA. I think it has something to do with the immune system. Either they are testing our immune system, or doing something with it, what it is I don't know, but they did implant something into the woman. They seem to be crossbreeding, too. Between animal and human."

"Frank," Beth asked, bringing the session to a close, "do you like them?"

He shook his head silently in the negative.

"Are you being taken against your will?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you are genetically linked to them in any way?"

"Yeah," he answered, "in a way."

"Does that give them a right to do what they are doing to you?"

"Nobody has the right to do or mess with my body," he insisted, "unless I want them to."

With all of the scheduled regressions taken care of, we were now able to go back through the material and try to make sense of what had been discovered. It was clear, from comparing Justin's and Mila's regressions, that they both recalled previously forgotten events and descriptions which supported each other's accounts. From Mila's point of view, Justin's image had somehow been duplicated and used to distract her while three beings took the real Justin out of the car and behind a screen which kept them from being seen. Yet Justin recalled walking to the places that the duplicate, in Mila's story, had walked. It seemed to us that per-

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haps Justin's volition had been somehow shut down—"unplugged," as he put it—so that some other intelligence could manipulate his actions.

We also noticed that both Justin and Mila gave descriptions of devices from angles that neither of them recalled being in positions to observe. And there was the matter of missing parts in their stories, for at a certain point neither of them was aware of the other's whereabouts.

Beth hoped to explore the missing parts in later regressions, for she reasoned that they must each have been inside or behind the device in order to know what it looked like. Whatever had happened there, however, Justin and Mila could not recall.

Equally disturbing and frightening were the memories of painful physical experiences that Frank and Jason related. Yet Beth said there were many such cases she had worked with, and in some instances other abductees had described identical procedures to the laser wound-closing and the probing into Fred's eye. We discussed the fact that Jason's experience seemed utterly real to him, even though there hadn't been any scars or other evidence, save the blood on his sheets, to indicate anything had been done to his head. What kind of intelligence, we wondered, could cause hallucinations that seemed so real? And why?

Beth, through her research work with over two hundred cases, had learned enough to formulate her own interpretation of such experiences. She

believed that at least a certain group of these beings in some way "feed" off our emotions, especially the strong ones that come from fear, pain, depression, and compulsive actions. It was no news to us that blood and fluid samples, as well as sperm, ova, and skin tissue, were reportedly taken during abductions.

But we hadn't seen anything in our research reading that mentioned aliens inflicting pain in order to "harvest" or otherwise use the abductee's emotional responses. Beth was the first researcher I'd heard who presented such an idea, with case after case to back it up, and I wondered if her cases were particularly different in that way from the abductions studied by other investigators. Aliens as emotional vampires was a very strange thought, but no stranger, perhaps, than anything else we'd heard. And then I remembered my dream, of Téodoro and his black-garbed vampire friends sitting in a circular room, and wondered if it had indeed been an insight into the truth.

In looking back through the material from Frank, I also saw a few familiar elements. At one point, for instance, he described a circular object which he thought could be manipulated into a triangle shape. I immediately thought of the round device I'd seen in the alien's hand on Halloween night, which I recalled as the source for the triangle of punctures on my neck the next morning, and I wondered if it was the same device Frank saw.

And then he'd talked about feeling as if he were about to be "dematerialized." Justin, I remembered, had said



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much the same thing about an experience the previous August. It had begun with an invisible pressure-source seeming to penetrate into his head, and he said he felt as if he were about to be pulled out of his body. Another time, feeling a very similar sensation, Justin thought his body was about to disintegrate or explode into its atomic particles. If they had indeed felt the same thing, I wondered what experiences Justin might have gone through without any memory, hoping he had never felt the sort of pain and fear that Frank had recalled. But without more regressions, there was no way of knowing.

Beth's time was limited, however, and the Budd Hopkins lecture was important enough, we hoped, to postpone further hypnosis sessions for another visit. Jason's parents decided to attend the lecture with us, but an hour before we were to leave, his father phoned to say they wouldn't be able to go. When I questioned him, he was vague, saying only that a family situation had come up which needed immediate attention. So our group consisted of Téodoro, Beth, Justin, and me, with Frank meeting us at the lecture site.

We arrived early, but the hall was already crowded. From our seats in the middle of the room, we scanned the faces, hoping to sight the woman Jason had seen at the August meeting. Téodoro and I had both recalled seeing a woman standing where Jason described and matching his description; in fact, I had noticed her looking in our general direction several times that night, so I had a very good idea of who

to look for. Of course, we had watched for her at all the other meetings since Lear's August lecture, without success, but Hopkins was the first widely known guest since Lear, so we assumed there was a chance she'd show up.

The hall filled up with so many people that we couldn't keep track, and then the lecture began. Having read both of Hopkins's books on abduction experiences, I was aware of how his views on the phenomenon had slowly changed. At first he'd dealt only with people recalling abductions from their past, and he thought such events must be one-time occurrences. Then, working with more people, he'd learned that abductions were sometimes repeated. But for a while, he assured himself and his cases that once the experience was relived under hypnosis, such experiences stopped in the abductee's life.

That idea, too, had gone by the wayside when he started working with the person known as "Kathie Johnson." During a series of regressions, he found out that she was having current episodes of abduction, and the fact of her hypnosis did nothing to make the episodes stop. His ideas had changed as the material coming from the abductees had indicated, so I wondered what new ideas or discoveries he might have now. About halfway into the lecture, we found out that indeed his views had somewhat changed. Moreover, many of the things he said fitted very well with what we had learned through the regressions of the past days.

After going through the evolution of the abduction phenomenon, Hopkins

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related fascinating details from several of his own cases. But it was his conclusions that struck home to those of us who sat listening with very personal interest.

"I'll tell you two things I've learned that are new and disturbing, having to do with the purpose behind UFO abductions," he said, digressing for a moment to dismiss the idea of benevolent "space brothers" as well as the horror of creatures devouring us, flesh and blood, for nourishment.

"One of the things that has been very disturbing emerges in three cases," he continued, "which suggest that in an abduction experience a person is being deliberately subjected to pain. And they're being subjected to pain very much like we might do in an experiment with a laboratory animal. A pretty grim idea."

Immediately I thought of Beth's theory of alien emotional vampires, and of Jason's regression, the pain he felt and his remarks about the alien's apology. "He was sorry for hurting me," Jason recalled, "but there wasn't any other way. I got the impression I was part of what they were trying to find out. The pain was, they were monitoring some of that as well. As to how it registered with me, how I perceived it." It seemed clear that Hopkins had heard the same story from other cases, to make such a specific statement. Here, then, was some sort of confirmation that Jason's story could be true, and the realization made me feel weak, almost nauseated. The same "thudding" sensation affected me every time I learned of any new supporting information, reminding me how des-

perately I wished the whole phenomenon were mere delusion.

Hopkins had more to say, though. "A second thing that seems to be extremely important and new, to me," he went on, "is the sense that they seem to be very interested in human sexuality, and I don't mean just the reproductive mechanisms and ova and sperm, but actually the whole physical range of sexuality itself. They seem to be very curious about it, and they seem to want to sense intuitively or however, telepathically, what sexuality feels like, as well as how the plumbing works, so to speak."

Here again, I thought of Jason. When he had been approached at his parents' house by aliens who wanted him to mate with one of their females, he'd been able to refuse, at least as far as he has remembered. And at the time of the event, I wondered why, if the aliens needed his sperm, they didn't simply take it mechanically as I'd read about in several cases. It didn't really make sense to attempt impregnating one of the aliens, since abductees often reported seeing fetuses growing in artificial wombs or nurseries. And Téodoro, too, had been made to have sex with an alien female.

The alien interest in sex, according to Beth, also involved cases where abductees found themselves irrationally and sexually obsessed with some highly unlikely person. This had happened to three people I knew, so I didn't doubt that in Beth's wide range of contact she'd found other cases. She thought that such obsessions were deliberately manipu-

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lated to stir up strong emotions, which in turn were “taken” by the alien intelligence in control. I also knew of one book on the abductions of five women in which the investigator concluded that homosexuality was an important factor, a curiosity, to the abductors.

“Pleasure and pain,” I heard Hopkins remark, “they’re interested in those two aspects.”

There were other of his remarks that also seemed relevant to our group’s experiences. He said, for instance, that there were credible cases in which normal-looking humans were encountered cooperating with the aliens, and I thought about the very human-looking woman who had appeared so many times in Jason’s bedroom. He also described reports of various alien types, including the reptilian being with long, thin, webbed hands replete with claws or “talons” such as Téodoro had seen.

And when he began talking about the aliens’ genetic experiments, his comments echoed Fred’s own conclusions under hypnosis. “We know that they seem to need genetic material,” Hopkins said, “that they’re taking sperm, ova. We know they’re doing these reproductive experiments in an attempt at hybridization. Too many cases have come to light, too many similar descriptions, for this to be eliminated as a possibility. It is very central.”

I had to agree. The alien female who had sex with Téodoro had looked like a mixture, a hybrid with both human and alien features. Frank saw his sperm put into the woman and also into

the strange animal and rationally concluded that crossbreeding was the reason. But Frank hadn’t stopped with the idea of crossbreeding; he also surmised that the aliens were interested in “regenerating DNA,” and that the work “has something to do with the immune system.”

And Hopkins, in his final remarks, hit upon the same subject. “More and more I am convinced,” he concluded, “that they have evolved in some way or another past a certain point, so that they seem to need to come back again and revivify their own species, and not only in the physical sense of taking our genetic material.” He came back to the emotion factor, too, saying, “They seem to want to feel telepathically what humans go through emotionally,” when he described the “baby-presentation” abductions and the aliens’ interest in the parent-child relationship.

“They look at us as being varied and rich and interesting,” he told the audience, “because they’re not. We are a resource for them, physically, emotionally, and spiritually.”

The phrasing was clean and concise, depicting us as an abundant “resource” for a race that is pitifully lacking in such qualities. But, recalling the fear, the strong emotional costs to the abductee, remembering the frightened emotion of Mila’s regression and the shattering spasms and pain that had torn through Frank, I wondered if Beth’s term, “emotional vampires,” was not a more accurate way to put it.

During intermission, I looked

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around the crowded room again, scanning for the face of the woman we'd seen at the Lear lecture, and this time I saw her. At least I thought it was she, so I pointed out the woman to Téodoro for his opinion. He also thought she might be the one, as did Justin, but without Jason's verification we couldn't be sure. I bitterly regretted his and his parents' absence and wondered again what had changed their minds at the last moment. If Jason had been here, we could have approached the woman and questioned her, but I was too afraid of making a mistake to risk it then myself. Still, I reasoned that if she was here tonight, she would likely show up at later meetings. Surely Jason will want to come next time, I told myself, once he hears that she was present again.

When the lecture ended, some of the study group members invited us along for coffee and dessert with Hopkins at a nearby restaurant, and we accepted eagerly. By the time we arrived, more than a dozen people were already seated at a long table, but there were several vacant seats across from Hopkins. We sat and talked for a few minutes, and then more people arrived. Imagine our surprise when the woman we'd seen at the lecture was among them. And I was even more surprised when she took the chair next to me and began talking familiarly with Mr. Hopkins.

At first I was too shocked to speak to her, but I listened and learned that she had just been through her first regression with him and had discovered her own abduction experiences. A little

later I managed to say hello and introduce myself. Jean (pseudonym) seemed to be a normal person, not at all what I expected from the woman who might have been at the farm with Jason.

Yet I was certain, upon closer inspection, that she was the woman I'd seen looking in our direction at the Lear lecture, so I tried a few innocent questions. I remarked that she looked familiar and asked if she'd been to any previous meetings. When she answered yes, I asked if she'd attended the Lear meeting, and again she answered that she had.

"That must be where I've seen you, then," I said. "Were you one of the ones who had to stand up?"

"Yes, I was," she confirmed, beginning to sense that my questions were leading somewhere. "Why?"

"Were you in the doorway, the front doorway near the podium?" I continued.

"Well, yes," she replied.

"And were you wearing a sort of blue sweater top?"

"This is very strange," she said, a little uncomfortably. "I don't remember what I was wearing, but I do have a blue top like you're describing and I could have been wearing it, I guess. What is this all about?"

"Nothing, really," I told her, afraid to go any further without Jason's positive identification that she was the one. "It's just that I remember seeing someone looking over in our direction several times, and I think it must have been you." And then, to change the subject, I

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asked if she'd ever been up to our town, since that's where the interdimensional woman had visited Jason.

She replied that she hadn't ever been there, though, so I quit trying to get relevant information from her. Instead, we talked about our respective backgrounds, marriages, children, and abduction experiences, although not in great detail. But when I heard that she was originally from St. Louis, an alarm went off in my head.

The only place Jason had ever seen the woman, other than the farm, was in the St. Louis area on his trip the previous summer. Jason and his entire family had come from there, and it seemed like a very big coincidence that this woman also was a St. Louis native. It now seemed extremely important to bring her and Jason together—I was certain she was the woman I'd seen at the Lear lecture—but I was still afraid to tell her that, much less to tell her why. It was clear that she was a victim of the abduction phenomenon, not a perpetrator, yet it was her image, I was convinced, that Jason's alien visitor had used. And his attendance at the Lear lecture, where he would spot this woman, had to be more than coincidence, too.

Facing a long drive back home, we finally left in the early morning hours, but we were too excited to go to bed right away. Still, the prospect of getting up early and driving back into the city for Mr. Hopkins's workshop was a good incentive, and the few hours of sleep we managed to get gave us new energy for the next day.

Jean was present at the workshop, again to our surprise, and it seemed fated that we should have more contact. After discussing it with Beth and Téodoro, I decided to give Jean my phone number and ask her to call after she had finished with her regressions. I hoped she wouldn't question me about my motive, but she did, and my evasive answers probably made it seem that much more mysterious. I told her that it was important for us to talk, but that I didn't want anything I had to say to influence what she might find in her regressions, and finally she was satisfied enough to let the matter drop.

I hadn't had a chance to tell Jason about her yet, but at the workshop we managed to make a videotape which included her in the group. We couldn't wait to show it to Jason, and I had no doubt he'd identify her as the right person. But Jason wasn't easy to locate, and it was several days before the opportunity came up to have him view the video.

In fact, I saw Candide, Jason's mother, before I could get in touch with him, and I told her excitedly about seeing the woman. She agreed that it was important for Jason to have a look at the videotape, and then, worriedly, she told Beth and me about the reason her family hadn't come to the lecture. Just before time to leave, she said, Jason had called from the farm, very upset, so she asked him to come by. Once he arrived, he seemed almost desperate about something, refusing to go to the meeting, even implying self-destructive threats. Frantic to calm him down, his parents stayed home and talked with

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him and the other children about the situation.

Listening to Sandy's story, I wondered if Jason's actions hadn't been caused by fear, after the nightmares he had in which he saw his family violently destroyed. But I'd promised him I wouldn't tell anyone else, so there was no way I could offer an explanation to Candide. Besides, I couldn't be sure that those dreams were responsible. Jason, from the beginning, was extremely reluctant to talk about his experiences. Even under hypnosis, he was slow to respond, frighteningly quiet, and his answers were frequently either monosyllabic or fragmented. I doubted that he would consider any more regressions for a long time, and I wondered if he had found it easier somehow, before breaking his long silence, to cope with the phenomenon when he assumed he was losing his mind. That, at least, was an understandable thing. It was a treatable condition. Alien abductions were not. If these encounters have taught us anything, it's simply this: Reality Isn't.

While Candide was visiting with us, she and Beth got to know each other a little better, and it came out that all of Jason's family were from the St. Louis area. Beth was surprised and pleased, because she had grown up there herself. She was only two years older than Candide, so their memories were of many similar places and things in St. Louis. And, as she is wont to do, Beth managed to ask a few questions about Sandy's own experiences—missing time episodes, scars, health problems, recurrent dreams—and turned up an

important new piece of information.

There was one dream, more a nightmare, Candide told us, that had recurred throughout her life. The first time she'd dreamed it was when she was very young, perhaps five, and as she described the dream, I saw that Beth's eyes got wider and wider. It was always the same dream: Candide is standing very close to a dull gray surface, her face only inches away. The gray thing is an enormous sphere, so huge that in comparison Candide is only a tiny dot. Something is drawing her into the sphere, but she is fighting against the urge, for she knows that if she ever enters the sphere, she will "never come back." This dream had first occurred when Candide was seriously ill and there was a question of her surviving the illness.

She finished telling us about the dream, and Beth's expression was very strange. "You are the first person I've ever met," she told Candide, "who has seen the sphere."

"You've seen it, too?" Candide asked in surprise.

"Yes, in St. Louis," Beth replied, "when I was about five years old."

"What is it, do you know?" Candide wondered.

"Well, no, I'm not sure," Beth answered evasively and changed the subject. But it was clear that she knew more than she was willing to say. When we were alone, however, on our way to take her to the airport, I immediately asked her about the gray sphere. "I've never told anyone about this," she said.

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"That's why I couldn't believe it when Candide started describing the thing! Our experiences must have been very similar."

"Why didn't you want to tell her about it, then?" I asked.

"I didn't want to frighten her," Beth explained. "When I was taken to the sphere, I was told that it was 'a repository for souls,' where human souls are somehow recycled. If that's the same thing Candide saw, I guess she wouldn't have come out of that sphere alive."

I agreed that there was no need to worry Candide with this information, but we both hoped that at some future time she would decide to undergo regression. There were several unusual experiences Candide had remembered, all indicative of alien encounters. But that would have to wait for a later visit. Meantime, I finally tracked down Jason and played the videotape from the Hopkins workshop.

"You have to remember," I warned him, "that she doesn't look exactly the same as she did the first time we saw her. Her hair is different, and she looked really worn out at the lecture, so her face isn't quite the same, either."

I fast-forwarded the tape until Jean appeared, and then I stopped it. "That's her, isn't it?" I asked confidently, watching Jason's face for the spark of recognition I was sure would come.

His eyes seemed to glaze over as he stared momentarily at the screen, and then he looked away.

"Isn't it?" I repeated.

He shook his head faintly. "I'm not

sure," he mumbled softly, and then, "It's not her."

"She looks different, I told you," I said. "Watch it again. I'm sure she's the woman I saw at the Lear lecture." I played the tape again, but Jason wouldn't look at the television screen.

"It's not her," he said.

"Well, she was standing in the doorway, I know for a fact," I argued. "Did you see any other woman who looked similar standing in the same doorway?"

Jason was silent.

"She even told me she has a sweater like the one you said Justin described!" I kept on. "How can you be so certain it's not her?"

"It's not her," was all he said, and I left in frustration.

Everything pointed to this woman as the right one, I knew, and I couldn't understand how Jason could say she wasn't. Justin, Téodoro, and I had all been fairly sure, even though we'd only noticed her casually. And there hadn't been another woman who even came close to the description of the figure in the doorway, only this one.

To be honest, I just didn't believe that Jason was telling the truth. It was understandable that he might deny her identity as a way of pushing the phenomenon out of his life. It had been six months, after all, since he had last encountered the interdimensional woman, and he must have hoped it would never happen again.

Beth, however, thought it might be that Jason's denial was a manipulated

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reaction rather than his deliberate choice. She had worked with cases in which abductees showed sudden and unprecedented personality changes during times of frequent alien contact. And, even more disturbing were the cases where abductees seemed to be under direct outside control of their speech and actions. In these cases, the abductee's own personality or consciousness is "put on hold" and a separate intelligence takes over. Such things had happened to Jason in the past, we knew, as on the hill near St. Louis when he couldn't physically control the direction he drove, or take his camera and recorder out of the car trunk. And it had certainly happened to Justin that August night at the farm when the change in his demeanor had frightened Mila.

Whatever the reason, Jason denied the woman's identity. But a few days later, when a few people, including Jean, were planning to visit, I begged Jason to at least drop by and meet her face-to-face, and he reluctantly agreed. Both cars arrived at the same time, and I watched out the window to see his first response to her. He never looked up at the three women who walked to the door ahead of him, however, and once he was inside, the woman had already disappeared into the bathroom.

Jason was noticeably nervous. He asked for a glass of water and took a couple of hasty sips, staying in the kitchen while the other two women and I talked. When Jean returned to the living room, I introduced her to Jason. She looked directly at him and smiled as she said, "Hello. I guess we really ought to

talk."

Jason mumbled something in return, but again he refused to look at her. His uneasiness was so clear that I began talking to Jean and the others about something different, and Jason went back into the kitchen. A moment later I followed him and asked if he still thought she wasn't the right one.

"It's not her," he said, shaking his head emphatically. "I can't stay, I have to go somewhere." And before I could respond he hurried past the women and out the door.

It didn't make sense. If Jean really didn't look like the inter-dimensional woman, Jason should have been very relieved. He should have relaxed, yet he was extremely uncomfortable the whole time and seemed almost in a panic by the time he left. As it turned out, Jason didn't come back to our home for a long time after that day. In the fall and winter, we'd had frequent contact, so his prolonged absence was noticeable, and regretted.

A few days after Beth left, Justin got a strange phone call at the farm. From his description of the sounds on the other end, the call was very much like the one I got on May 2, 1988, while Teodoro was under hypnosis. At first, he said, he could hear only a distant static, and then an unrecognizable "voice" made a series of screeching and hacking-cough sounds. Justin said he was sure the noise wasn't electronically produced, but he had no idea what it was.

As March drew to a close, things seemed relatively calm, and except for



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a few new small punctures, we noticed nothing out of the ordinary. On the night of the thirtieth, we decided rather late to drive out north of town and look at the stars. The weather wasn't too chilly, and the sky was clear, so we meandered through a sparsely populated area where low hills blocked the lights of town, giving us a much clearer sky for gazing. After a short while, however, we drove back home and went to bed.

The next morning, Téodoro got up for work but let me sleep in late. I woke up momentarily to tell him good-bye, and when I fell back asleep I had a very strange dream. The setting was a familiar large house, divided into various sizes of suites, and I had several times in the past had memorable dreams that occurred in this same structure. But in this dream, the house had been expanded, with a new motel-like row of rooms connected to the original building by a long, spacious hallway. The manager, a short, stocky man in a tight-fitting blue suit, guided me down the hallway, but I stopped to go into a restroom along the way. I sat down on the toilet and then saw that the manager had followed me into the room. I was flustered, wondering why he didn't know enough to stay out of the ladies' room, and then I saw we weren't alone.

Beside the toilet was a small alcove with a seat and a tiny white table, and sitting there were two women. I was startled, but the women made no move to leave or even to speak to me. They talked to each other very softly, their heads close together, in a quiet chirping sound, and I thought they seemed

Oriental, wearing long black wigs. I was ready to get up from the toilet, so I asked the manager to leave the room. Before he could move, however, the door swung open violently and a tall, thin man stepped through, glaring at me.

I was terrified, unable to move, and then the tall man suddenly bent his body in half, unnaturally, bringing his head down to the level of my feet. He peered up at me, saying nothing, but I saw that he'd stuck two of his fingers into the fiery jets burning in a gas space heater.

"Get him out! Get him out!" I screamed at the manager, but the man stayed bent down, heating his two fingers. Suddenly I knew that he was going to plunge those burning fingers into my brain, through my temple, and I went crazy with fear. His hand left the heater as he moved up to grab my head, but I cried out, "I want to wake up now!" The dream vanished, and I woke up in bed trembling.

Beth had told me months before about the numerous "bathroom" dreams turning up among her cases, but I'd never had one before. I didn't know what it meant, and I certainly hoped I would never have another one. When I undressed and went to take a shower, I found a new scratch on my lower left abdomen, below my waist, about an inch long and horizontal, perfectly straight. By now, I'd had so many anomalous scratches, bruises, cuts, and punctures that I didn't give this new mark much thought. But when Téodoro came home from work, he told me he'd also found a new mark in the shower. His right shin was scraped horizontally in a one-and-

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a-half-inch broken line, almost an eighth of an inch wide.

"It was still really bloody when I first found it," Téodoro told me, "but I don't remember hitting it or scraping it at all."

From the size of the scrape it was clear that he'd have surely felt quite a bit of pain from the injury, certainly enough to remember doing it. The sheets were still on the bed, so we drew back the cover and searched for any spots of blood, to see if his leg somehow might have been injured while he was still in bed, but the sheets were clean. And later, looking back through the journal I was keeping I noticed that this was the third time Téodoro had gotten out of bed with a raw, bloody scrape on his right shin and no known explanation.

In April, the occurrence of physical marks on our bodies dropped off drastically. On the fifth, I found a small scratch on my left kneecap that I couldn't account for, but for almost the next three weeks neither Téodoro nor I found any anomalous marks. Strange things continued to happen, however, and we wondered if they were in some way related to the UFO-ET phenomenon.

One of the incidents in particular captured my imagination, and now, over a year later, having learned a bit more about possible UFO technology, I believe it may indeed be important. After going to bed as usual on the sixth of April, I awoke sometime later in the night, and I soon began to hear music

in my head.

I wondered momentarily if I were generating the music myself, but it was so unfamiliar and such a surprise that I didn't think so. Besides, the music had a very concrete quality about it, as clearly heard as music coming through perfectly balanced headphones would be. It was possible, then, that something might be sending the sounds into my thoughts, either by accident or design. I do know that I was not asleep, as I tested my reality several times, opening my eyes, sitting up and moving around.

I heard the music very clearly, for a sustained period of time. It was like synthesized music, light and airy and beautiful, with a strange rhythm and quick succession of notes. As I listened in amazement to this music, I began to "see" a rectangular shape, like a piece of paper, on which the notes traced out ephemeral designs in various colors. The rectangular image and the note designs, like the music itself, I experienced internally rather than through sensory input, yet I saw them clearly.

Then I began to hear other things. As if a radio dial were being moved up and down the frequency bands, I picked up bits and pieces of various voices, none of which I recognized. The words made no real sense, just snippets like, "Hey, brother!" in one instance, and another voice that sounded like someone trying to talk in a computerized voice. That was followed by more music, and then the voices started up again, and finally the music returned for a little while longer. It stopped quite suddenly,

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and before long I fell asleep again.

At the time, I could make no sense of the experience. But through another researcher I've since learned that military intelligence and research may well have a way to monitor information transmitted by alien technology directly into the human mind. Alien communication with humans has traditionally been telepathic, and in the past few years there has been a steady increase in the number of people claiming to receive telepathic or "channeled" information from beings who identify themselves as ETs.

If this is the case, then I can think of at least one situation which might explain the music and voices I heard that night. Perhaps the music was transmitted to me by aliens, for whatever reason, and then the military monitoring of such transmissions could have targeted that particular communication. With its own equipment tuning to the same frequency used by the ETs, the military's own broadcast could also have been received by me, at least partially, accounting for the succession of excerpted conversations I heard. Whatever the case, at the time I was simply intrigued by the experience, by the beautiful music and the designs it made.

A second event in the middle of April was much less pleasant but just as intriguing. Friends arrived from England to visit us for a few days, with their thirteen-year-old son Tom (pseudonym). It was Don and Kay's (pseudonyms) first visit to Texas, so we showed them the most interesting places around. We also told them a little about our ongoing involvement with alien in-

truders, being careful to avoid such talk whenever Tom was present.

On the third night of their visit, Tom asked if he could sleep with the overhead light on in my stained-glass workroom, where we made his bed each night. When Siri asked him why, he was reluctant to answer any more specifically than that he had felt frightened the night before. We turned on a small lamp, said good night, and closed the door. Our home is rather small, with all three bedrooms connected by a single small hallway, and Siri and Don were sleeping in the corner room, with Tom to their north and our own bedroom to the east.

The next morning, Sunday, was hectic. Our friends planned to leave later in the day, so another friend dropped by early to visit with them. While they all sat in the living room talking, I went into the kitchen to clean up, and then I headed down the hall to make my bed. When I walked past the door to the workroom, I noticed that the lower half was covered with a brownish-red substance splattered and dripping from the knob all the way to the bottom of the door. I bent down for a better look and saw that there were also a series of smudges in a line down the white painted door, but I couldn't imagine what might have made them. They were larger and squarer than adult fingerprints, and there was nothing human about them, no patterns of ridges and whorls and lines. Instead, each smudge had wide, erratic globs of the substance in uneven horizontal rows.

To this day, I am amazed at what I

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did next. Instead of calling attention to the door, my mind quickly raced through the possible explanations. That someone might have spilled a drink was the first thought, but I knew that we hadn't served anything resembling this substance. Also, our guests were the sort who would immediately clean up any mess they made. Then I wondered if someone had accidentally been cut or injured. The brownish-red color and the thick consistency of the stuff most resembled blood, but surely, I realized, if anyone had been injured enough to bleed this much, I would have heard about it.

Ruling out those possibilities, I was left with a very bad feeling about the stains and smudges, and all I could think to do was to clean it all up before anyone else saw it. Most of all, I didn't want Tom to be frightened, especially after his uneasiness of the night before. So I grabbed a damp cloth and a can of scouring powder and quickly began washing the door. Just as I was almost finished, I suddenly realized that I was destroying evidence of some as yet unexplained event. I stopped, staring at the dirty rag in my hand and feeling extremely stupid. Now there was no chance to test and identify the substance, and I couldn't even take a photo of the stains. Down at the bottom of the door I noticed a few splatters that weren't entirely gone, so I left them, determined to tell Téodoro about the door after our guests had left. A few days later, when our friends phoned from Florida before flying back to England, I asked them if anyone had been injured

while they were at our house. As I expected, the answer was no. With the possibilities of injury and spilled drinks ruled out, I was determined to find out exactly what had dripped down the door. I contacted a pathology lab and a forensics lab, hoping someone could test the residue on the rag, but I was told that the presence of the scouring powder and the minute quantity of the reddish substance still left on the rag would make testing a worthless effort. So the stains on the door still remain unexplained. They may have had nothing to do with our ET episodes, but they are part of a whole group of strange events, seemingly meaningless occurrences, that are as puzzling as the UFOs.

Twice in 1989, for instance, one of our dogs was inexplicably moved from an enclosed area during the night. In the first case, our thirteen-year-old dog Asha, who was mostly deaf and completely blind, was put in the far backyard behind a locked gate for the night, while our younger dog Honey slept in the garage to keep her barking from disturbing the neighbors. The garage door was closed securely, although not locked. When Téodoro went into the garage the next morning, the garage door was ajar and Asha was in the small storeroom on Honey's bed. Téodoro went out back and saw that the gate was still-latched, so he couldn't understand how Asha could have appeared in the garage. On another occasion, we were awakened by Honey barking in the backyard one Saturday morning, after she had been locked in the garage the night before, and once again the gate

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was still shut.

When Beth came back in May to do more regressions, a series of odd events took place, involving the bathroom light. Whenever guests are sleeping in the house, we leave the front bathroom light on. But on the first two mornings of her visit, when I awoke I noticed that the bathroom light was turned out. I assumed Beth had gone to the bathroom during the night and flicked out the light behind her, so I didn't mention it until the third morning. I asked her about the light, and Beth assured me that she had not turned the light off any of the previous nights. In fact, when she had gotten up once to go to the bathroom and found the light off, she assumed one of us had turned it out after she'd gone to bed.

So that night we all three stood together in the bathroom, turned on the light, and agreed to leave it on until morning. We said goodnight and went into our bedrooms, closing both doors. Téodoro and I brushed and undressed for bed, and I inserted my ear plugs as usual, since I'd become a very light sleeper through the past stressful months. We turned out the bedroom light, and then a few minutes later Téodoro raised up and called out, "Good night, Beth."

"Why did you say that?" I asked him, knowing that Beth couldn't hear him in the guest bedroom. "She just yelled 'good night' to me," he explained, and we went to sleep shortly after that.

I was the first one up the next morning, and when I opened the bedroom

door, I saw that the bathroom light was out once again. Knocking loudly on Beth's door, I roused her long enough to ask if she'd turned out the light, but she said no. Téodoro was up by now, and he also denied touching the light switch or even getting out of bed during the night, and I knew that I hadn't, either.

A few minutes later, Beth emerged from the bedroom. She said that after we all went to bed the night before, she'd gone back to the bathroom for a moment, and that the light was turned out then. So she called out from the hallway, "The light's out," hoping one of us would open the door and explain. Téodoro had misunderstood her, thinking she had simply said good night again, so he didn't bother to get up.

The light, apparently, had been turned off only minutes after we left the bathroom, and we had no idea what was doing it, or why.

We had little time to dwell on the mystery of the light, however, with people coming out daily for regressions. Beth had also scheduled another session with Justin, hoping to find out what had left the multiple scratches and welts on his leg the previous November. She put him under and directed him back to look at "a significant experience" he had that month. Justin instead began talking about an earlier event, one that took place the night of October 31. The scratches hadn't turned up until November 8, but Beth followed his choice to examine the October event since it seemed to be important to him.

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Justin had told us about that night right after it happened, and I had noted it in my journal. What he consciously remembered was waking up around 2 A.M. with a headache and going to the bathroom for aspirin. He noticed that all the lights in the farmhouse were turned on, except in the two bedrooms, and that the radio was playing in the living room. Jason had been away when Justin and Mila went to bed, but Justin now saw that Jason was asleep in his own room by the bathroom, so he figured that Jason had been careless and forgotten to turn everything out when he went to bed.

Justin also remembered waking up again at some point, being unable to move in any way. He said he had seen some strange things with his eyes closed: a scene of a tan world, with tan sky, ground, and buildings; and a night scene when he was looking at some tall, thin structure covered with dark fur. After that, he couldn't remember going back to sleep, but he woke up the next morning feeling extremely drained. Mila also said she felt very tired, as if she hadn't gotten any rest, although she didn't remember waking up.

That was all Justin had recalled, but under hypnosis he remembered much more. After describing getting out of bed, going to the bathroom, and seeing all the lights on, Justin told Beth that he was feeling pain at the base of his neck, but eventually he lay back down. Beth took steps to deepen the trance and his ability to recall events, and then she moved him back slightly in time to a point before he woke up.

He described himself lying down

on his back, unable to open his eyes but aware of a bright light in the room. "Can you tell where this light is coming from?" Beth asked.

"I think it's from behind my head," Justin answered. "My head is tilted back. That's why it feels like it's behind me."

"Your head is tilted back, then. How far back?" Beth asked. "You mean, you're not on a pillow?"

Justin's description of his bed was highly unusual and nothing like the bed he sleeps in at the farm. "There's something underneath my shoulders," he explained, "supporting underneath my shoulders, so my head's tilted back. My arms are kind of off to the side, hanging. My head is hurting, because my head is resting on my head. Or it's tilted back and resting on something hard, kind of on the back part of my head. And there's pressure on it."

"Are you wearing clothes?" Beth asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I don't have any socks on, because I can feel something, it feels like metal, almost smooth. Like in a doctor's office."

"Are you aware of any presences other than yourself?"

"I can't hear anything," Justin said, "but it's not like I'm in a room and there's no noise. It's just real distorted, shielded, or like underwater. I can hear something, barely. Just a kind of high-pitched whirring, like vents, or aspiration. And then every couple of seconds there's a zooooont sound." He laughed slightly. "I can't do it right," he apolo-

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gized.

"What kind of temperature do you feel?" Beth probed.

"It's cool. This thing under my shoulders is kind of soft but rigid, like a piece of plastic foam or something. It's not metallic. My feet are cold on this hard surface. I can feel my heels resting on it. My head is on it. Where my arms are touching it, it seems real sharp."

"Is it a solid plane?" Beth continued.

"Except underneath my shoulders," he said. "I'm kind of lifted up off of it." His face changed momentarily before he continued. "I just got a prick on my forehead," he said then, "like a little scratchy something, pointed. It's right in the middle of my forehead, right above my eyes, between the eyebrows. And it's sitting there."

"What is it?" Beth wanted to know.

"All I can picture is something that looks like, shaped like, a pair of headphones. There's some sharp thing coming, and it's placed on my forehead. I can't really focus on it. The sharp thing is coming down off this thing, the hoop thing—it's not a whole hoop—it's kind of fuzzy."

"Tell me what it's doing," Beth urged. "Is it touching you now?"

"No," Justin answered, "the sharp line, thin blade type thing, is attached to it, so it's part of it."

"Does it touch your skin? Analyze it," Beth directed him.

"It's gone," he told her. "Just pulled down. I can see some motion.

Something's behind my head. Everything's very out of focus."

"Why are you blinking your eyes?" Beth asked.

"It feels like my pupils are dilated. Like they do at the eye doctor's," he explained. "I wake up, and I'm tilted up like I said. Something is fiddling with my left wrist, and it's uncomfortable. Just feels like my hand is being held up a little, and it feels like maybe a needle or something is in my wrist. I can feel my hand resting on something real smooth but sticky, kind of."

"What do you think it is?"

"Feels like a snakeskin or an eel skin, like a belt," he said. "It's dropped. It's stopped doing whatever, but my arm, my forearm over there feels kind of tingly or like it's been Novocained, kind of burning, tingling, and it pretty much stops at my elbow."

"It's tingling from the elbow down?" Beth echoed.

"Yeah," Justin told her, "and I don't like that. It didn't hurt so much, but it was uncomfortable."

"Do you know what's taking place when you're feeling that feeling?"

"Well, something pricked me for a few seconds, I guess. And then that started. Feels like getting a shot, or something."

"The needle would have penetrated specifically what area?" Beth wanted to know.

"Right on the inside of my wrist, kind of off a little bit to the left of the center," he described.

"How long did that needle or what-

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ever remain in your wrist?”

“Not long, maybe five seconds, less than ten seconds. That prick was kind of uncomfortable. It’s just weird.”

“How long does that remain that way?” Beth asked.

“It’s just going on and on. And then there’s that pointy thing on my head. It’s attached to a band. It was placed on my head, like a pair of headphones. Looks like a thin metal band that’s bent in that shape, some kind of strange pad on the ends of it. And then from the middle comes out this wiry-looking thing that bends down to a real sharp point. And it kind of feels electrical or charged. And that’s on there for, uh, it’s still there. It doesn’t hurt.”

“Justin,” Beth interrupted, “can you mentally ask what this apparatus is for and why you feel the tingling in your arm?”

“They’re connected,” he answered. “I just felt a tap on my foot. Flat, like the back of a spoon or something like that. Just ‘tap’ against the bottom of my foot. It was kind of hard.”

“What else is going on with your feet?”

“Nothing. But my arm, that shot in my arm is for this thing up here to work,” he told her, gesturing toward his head. “Ooh.”

“What?” Beth inquired.

“Well,” he began, “I don’t know. It’s like the pads on the side are recording something. This whole thing is attached to something else. And then the pointy thing in the middle. It’s like one is taking something out, and the other

is putting something in. I don’t know how I’d know that,” he admitted, puzzled.

“What are you experiencing as this thing is recording?”

“Let’s see,” Justin hesitated, “I’m, I think I’m focusing on this pointy thing, and it’s kind of angering me, and then that’s when I get tapped on the foot. That kind of distracts me, because I try to bend my head up. Ah, but I can’t. Yeah. Hmm, okay, I see the. ... I was getting intent on this pointy thing, and then it wasn’t working right. Or it was interfering, so then I was tapped on the foot, but I couldn’t see what was going on down there. Then,” he finished, “my mind was kind of blank.”

Beth asked Justin to look more carefully at the entire situation, encouraging his ability to see the details with a clearer vision.

“I can feel a burning,” Justin told her, “or a hot spot on my left knee, right on the inside of it. It’s real intense.” He described the source of the sensation as coming from an instrument “like a screwdriver, sort of.”

“What’s happening?” Beth asked.

“I feel like there’s something in my left knee, or it just feels swollen. Some kind of little tube running off the inside of my knee, off to something long, and it’s thicker. It’s like, now wait, it feels like it’s sucking something out, but my knee feels kind of like my arm still does.” He described the tube as clear and “thin, very thin, like fishing line,” and it was his impression that something was being taken out of him rather than put in.



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As he went back through the entire situation, Justin once again reached the point where the headphone apparatus was removed from his head.

"What was taking these things off and putting them on you?" Beth queried. Thus far in the regression, although Justin had mentioned seeing movement beyond his head, he hadn't described any other beings. Beth questioned him carefully, letting his own recollections emerge rather than leading him toward any single point of view.

"Off to the left I can see some kind of little boxy cabinet thing on the corner of the bed," Justin replied. "And it just stays there. I guess there's things on it or in it. I see that when I first wake up, because my eyes fly open.

"I just wake up. Open my eyes real quick. I'm in this strange position. I can see it, and it's kind of white, and the background is kind of white. I can't really move," he continued, "but I can move a little bit, so I'm trying to lift my arms up."

"Why can't you move?" Beth questioned. "Do you feel restraints?"

"No," he said, "I just can't move. I can't even shake my head back and forth. Because it's sort of hard to breathe. I mean, I can. That's all I can see from here. I look over to the right, and it seems darker over there, but not much. That's all I'm seeing now. And I feel kind of, oh, apprehensive, but I'm not very skittish. I mean, I can think a little," he finished with a short laugh.

"Evidently you're a little bit awake," Beth commented, "a little bit

attuned to what's going on."

"I feel real dead-weightish, though," he said.

"Remember when you put your hand on top of the kind of stick thing?" Beth asked, "that felt like snakeskin?"

"Well, I didn't put it up, it was. . . ." Justin paused. "Yeah, see, that's what happened next. It's like something lifted up my hand, maybe two inches. It's just resting there. Then kind of pulled the hand back a little. I guess it's a hand that's holding mine. Feels like a hand that's in a mitten. It's holding my hand from the side, and I can feel it pull back. It's lifted up a little, so it can stick something in my wrist."

Beth questioned him about the description of "snakeskin" or "eel skin" he'd mentioned earlier.

"That's the texture of this thing," he explained, referring to the hand which was holding up his own. "I can feel the texture of it, kind of like eel skin. It's smooth but kind of got a stickiness to it."

Assuming there must be more of a being present than just the hand, Beth pursued a better description. "Does it have any moisture to it?" she asked.

"No. I mean, it's hard to tell."

"Does it communicate with you in any way?"

"Huh-uh."

"Do you ever get to look at it?"

"No, I don't leave this position."

"Is there just one?" Beth asked.

"No," Justin told her.

"How many?"

"That one," he replied, referring to

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the one holding his hand, “and one or two more, and then the other one, which is what puts the thing on my head.”

“Does he look like the rest of them?” Beth questioned, wondering why Justin had singled him out from the others.

“I can’t see,” Justin began hesitantly. “It walks over from right to left behind me, takes that thing off that, uh, boxy-looking thing, so I can see its body. Because I’m looking down towards the floor, sort of.”

“What do you see?”

“I can kind of see it when it crosses. I can see its abdomen area, I guess. It’s just, maybe, a foot across, or about that, maybe a little more. Seems real smooth and skinny. And then below that is some kind of, it looks kind of like a belt, but it’s wide because it’s, I can just see the top of it. It’s dark-colored, kind of like an orangy-brown. And I can’t see anything on it. I can only see the top edge, and it looks, I don’t know, solid, not woven, and above that it’s whitish.”

“Is there a covering on the body?” Beth asked.

“Well, it might be a covering,” Justin admitted, “because all I can really see is the top of this belt-looking thing. I just say it’s a belt, I don’t know what it is. It’s in that region. And then just kind of a whitish color above that, but I can’t see. I can see an arm when it brings over the thing. It’s very, very thin, and it looks like it’s got an oversized hand on it. It’s pinching this thing between, like, two fingers, but one of them’s big, and one of them’s small.”

When Beth asked him if this being differed from the others, Justin replied, “It seems bigger, but it’s an odd kind of view. It’s hard to judge size, because it doesn’t really touch me. It just places that thing on.”

“How are your legs? Are they straight out?”

“I think they’re straight out like they are now,” Justin indicated. “And just the feet are up. They’re spread apart a little, like that. I can tell that my feet are like this, because when that one—there’s this one over here,” he motioned, “and there’s at least another one, because I can sense motion over that direction, too—and that’s the one that taps me on the foot.”

Beth questioned him for other details about his surroundings. He mentioned once again his distorted sense of hearing; he described the room as having an “amorphous” shape and being ten to fifteen feet across; and he commented, rather sadly, “I don’t know anyone else here.”

“Are there humans?” Beth asked.

“I don’t think so,” he answered. “I feel in the middle of it. Because this one behind me seems kind of hunched over, a little.”

“Is that one behind you the same as the others?”

“I can’t really tell. It seems big. I mean,” he explained, “the one over here seems small.”

Beth asked him to describe the one behind him, to which he replied, “It’s got extra-long arms for how tall it is. A very strange body shape. It looks like

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it's too thin, and it looks like it's wearing a mask."

"How tall is it?" Beth wanted to know.

"Almost as tall as the room, six feet tall, maybe, over here, anyway," he said. "The room's probably taller in the middle. It seems darker down there. There's something blocking the light. Some kind of thing up towards the ceiling in the middle of the room. Seems flat."

Returning to his description of the being behind him, Justin added, "It's got a mask on, I think, because its bottom half of its face is smooth, like it had a handkerchief wrapped around it."

"What's the body shape like?" Beth queried.

"Like a pencil," he told her. "It's sort of cylindrical. It kind of tapers off up towards the neck. It's got a real elongated mouth space, kind of pointy, and then round eye spaces, which are big. They're real big. The bottom part of its face seems to be covered with something, skin-type, and the eyes are kind of dark and round. I can't see all of them. They seem to wrap a little back, and there's some kind of bony, like a bony ridge, or just a little lip on top of the eyes.

"It's looking right at me," he went on, "and it's not really scary. Ah, I can't really tell any emotions right now, it's just kind of there, but it looks right at me when it reaches over. I could see it reach to pick up that thing, so I move my eyes over and watch that. It's got real spindly arms. It doesn't ever take its eyes

off mine."

"This is when it's putting the band on your head?" Beth asked. "Give me a better reading on those hands now."

"They're wider than the arm. The arm is like a thin tube, bigger than a broom handle but not much. They're kind of flat and wider than that, but still not as wide as my hands. And there's one long finger that I can see, and then a thumb-like thing which is not off to the side. Our thumbs are on the side of our hand," he explained. "It's like in the middle of the wrist it comes out [on the being]. I can't see any fingernails. One finger's kind of thick and big, and the thumb is stubby and pointy, so it might have a nail. But I'm not really looking at the hand. I'm looking at that thing that it's holding, the band."

Beth asked Justin to go through his recollections one last time, noting the order of events. When Justin had awakened during his encounter, the tube was already in his knee. He then felt the burning sensation of the thin wire inserted into his wrist, and finally the headphone apparatus was placed on his head. As the band was being positioned, Justin looked directly into the face of the being behind him, but his attention was distracted by the sharp, bent wire on the headphone which came down to his forehead. At that point, he felt a sharp tap on the bottom of his foot and momentarily forgot what was going on. His last memory in that place was of the headphone being removed, and then he was aware of a pricking sensation in his abdomen and found himself in his own bed at the farm.

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Although Beth questioned him about how he got from the farm to the other room and back again, Justin couldn't remember anything helpful. So after a few questions about his feelings, Beth brought him out of the regression and waited while he drew sketches of the strange bed and also of the being he'd seen behind him. It bore no resemblance to the usual image of the Grays, nor was it especially reptilian. Instead, more closely than anything else, the creature Justin drew looked like a tall, pale-white praying mantis.

As I stared at the drawing, a vivid, frightening image from my childhood came back to me. I recalled being in a strange dark place, standing beside a tall creature whose hand rested on my shoulder. I remember looking up at what seemed to be a giant grasshopper and insisting, "You're not my mother! You're not my mother!" This scene haunted my nightmares for several years when I was very young, and it crushed me to think of the fear my own son must have felt as he lay helpless before such a being.

Thus ended the first year of our involvement with this intriguing, terrible world that drew us into and beyond reality's fringe. But the strangeness continued on, the familiar scratches and punctures showed up again and again, and there were new kinds of odd events, all of which combined to fragment our old, comfortable perception of reality.

Going on with our usual occupations had grown easier, though, and we managed to keep our wits and our humor, no longer so afraid of the phenom-

enon as we once were. Hardly a day passed without one of us talking to another member of our small support group, reporting the latest episode of strangeness to someone we trusted to be sympathetic. And although much of what we continued to experience was common to most cases of alien intrusion, each of us still had our own unique scenarios.

Once, when most of us were going through a time of very little ET activity, Frank reported a high frequency of physical marks and possible alien presences. As often as three or four times a week, he called to tell us of yet another set of punctures, or of long, wide swaths of purple bruising across his back, or of poltergeist-like occurrences in his apartment.

Even for those of us with our own eerie episodes, it was hard to believe that Frank really could be having so many intrusive events. At one point, I remarked, "Frank, there must be an entire ship full of aliens looking after you! I just don't see how it's possible for all of those marks to come from ETs. Surely you must be inflicting some of them accidentally yourself. Nobody can have encounters so often."

Aliens must have been listening to this conversation and laughing, because the next morning I found new marks on my body, the first I'd had in quite a while. On the side of my knee was a red scraped area about half an inch long, and below it three more smaller scrapes formed a triangle. Although I didn't realize it at the time, this was the beginning of a twelve-day period in which I

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would receive a total of twelve new physical marks that I couldn't explain. Besides a number of bruises, single punctures, and scratches, I also found the triangle described above, a group of four punctures arranged in an arch, and a small triangle composed of four punctures with a fifth puncture at the triangle's apex. By the end of the twelve days, I no longer doubted that Fred's frequent scars were as inexplicable to him as mine were to me. The theory that such scratches and bruises result from natural, unnoticed accidents was disproven to me then.

Now with over four years' experiences to evaluate, I am certain that the physical marks come from a source other than the victim. During this time, we have scanned our bodies twice a day, morning and evening, noting every bump and cut we inflict upon ourselves and comparing them with the marks we find. The unexplained marks have repetitious patterns, while the accidental ones are more random. Similar or identical odd marks have turned up on more than one person, in situations where there was no contact between them. And we've also seen that during periods of little or no alien intrusion the number of physical marks found on the abductee's body is greatly reduced or altogether eliminated, which shouldn't be the case if the marks were all the products of mere clumsiness.

There was also a time in 1989 when several people, both in and out of the support group, "heard voices" when no one was actually present. In two instances, people heard their names be-

ing called repeatedly, and a third acquaintance heard a man's voice shouting, "Stop!" while she was in her car. During this same period, some of us also began to "see things" that weren't there. Candide glanced out the front window and saw two men standing in her driveway one day, but when she went back for a second look only moments later, there was no one in the yard or on the street.

And there were other cases where people kept "seeing" something move in their peripheral vision field, something that was often described as dark and the size of a rabbit or a large rat. No such animal, of course, was ever actually found. The incidents genuinely didn't seem merely to come from poor eyesight or vision problems, and, like the hearing of voices in the summer of 1989, the "invisible rabbits" were a transitory phenomenon.

It was also during this time that my brother and his family made their first visit back home in over a decade. They stayed at my parents' home, located on a private lake in a rural area, where their two teenaged sons took full advantage of the fishing. One night, when my brother was fishing with them until almost 1:30 A.M., the lake suddenly became completely calm. Eric said it was so still and mirrorlike that when he flipped a cigarette butt into the water, there was absolutely no ripple. Even the insects had stopped buzzing.

Eric told the boys to pack up their gear, since the fish had stopped biting, but as they stood up to leave, the oldest boy, Ron (pseudonym), pointed up to

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the sky and asked, "What kind of plane is that?"

Having been in the Air Force, Eric was familiar with most types of aircraft, but he couldn't identify the formation of lights that were flying low in the sky above them. All of the lights were orange-yellow, and a single light led an amorphous group of several others. The lights covered a relatively large patch of sky, so Eric assumed that the craft must have been flying quite low, yet there was no sound. The three of them watched the lights for a few moments and then left the lake. As far as any of them remembered, nothing else happened.

But two days later at a family reunion, I noticed that the older boy, Ron, had several V-shaped scratches on his chest. I asked him how he had gotten them.

"I don't know," he shrugged. "I didn't know they were there until I took off my shirt a while ago."

Intrigued, I asked my younger nephew if he also had found any strange scratches lately, and I was surprised by the look on his face and by the way he reached back instinctively to shield his rear end.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"I didn't know," I assured him. "I just wondered. Where did you get the scratches?"

"I don't know," he replied. "And don't ask if you can look at them, because you can't."

I agreed with a laugh and dropped the subject, but I wondered if there

might have been more to their experience on the lake. The unexplained scratches on my nephew's chest were uneasily similar to the marks we'd seen before on Téodoro and Justin.

When the second year had passed, I wondered if our involvement would ever end. It seemed unlikely, as my contact with UFO researchers who studied abduction cases showed the phenomenon was spreading. And so was the media interest in UFOs and ETs, to judge by the increased number of reports in newspapers and, most noticeably, on television. In 1988, after we became aware of the phenomenon's presence in our lives, we began to pay attention to the media's references to UFOs and aliens.

It first struck me when I saw the Canon camera commercial televised during the summer Olympics coverage, where an alien who looks very much like a typical Gray uses the camera in his spacecraft. And then other advertisements began playing on the alien theme, from Tropicana Twister to Levi's Dockers and Tide detergent. Through 1988 and 1989, UFO sightings and abduction stories turned up in greater and greater numbers on the television talk shows, and the tabloid news programs such as "Inside Edition," "Hard Copy," and "Current Affair" aired reports on sightings and encounters around the country. Even children's television had its share of ETs. Gumby and Dennis the Menace were both abducted by Grays, and a Saturday morning special showed a cartoon version of the book Grinny, an evil alien android here to conquer and

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enslave humanity. It seemed as if the information and entertainment media decided to promote nationwide awareness of UFOs and alien presences, and we couldn't help but wonder why. Was there an urgency to our mass acceptance of ETs?

In 1990, although our personal direct encounters were rare, evidence of the phenomenon sometimes showed up. Both Téodoro and I woke with claw marks in January, for instance. And on Saturday, February third, I saw another UFO, viewing it from the same hill where Téodoro had been abducted in 1987. For eleven minutes I watched a brightly glowing ball of light bobbing along leisurely at a very low altitude from the west to the southeast, as easily identifiable aircraft passed overhead toward the metropolitan airport. The light was less than a mile away, for it passed between my vantage point and the buildings downtown, bobbing like a float on water but lower than the 19-story tower behind it. Unlike my response to the UFO I'd seen in Oklahoma in 1988, this time I wasn't afraid. In fact, I felt exhilarated and ready for a conscious encounter, and my hopes for a face-to-face meeting rose when the light began to move toward me. That movement lasted only a few moments, though, and then it returned to its original path and continued on to the southeast.

The following Saturday, Jason's parents pulled off the interstate at the edge of town to watch a triangular craft soar above them, unlighted but covered on the bottom with closely packed circular designs. And another swift-mov-

ing erratic light made sharp angular turns high in the sky above Téodoro and me in August as we watched the stars on a very clear night.

Nothing more personal interrupted our lives, however, until June. One morning we both discovered new punctures and bruises on our arms and legs, but the night had been peaceful as far as we consciously knew. A week later, though, we were awakened from a deep sleep by loud clicking sounds, yet we saw nothing in the room. The next day we discovered more marks on our bodies: two bruises and a pinpoint scab on my upper right arm, and a small, straight cut on Téodoro's inner thigh. The clicking sounds were all that seemed out of the ordinary, but the marks were inexplicable.

The intruders returned in late November. Candide, Jason's mother, experienced an hour's missing time from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M. on the twenty-ninth, and then after going to bed that night she had a direct encounter. Waking around 3 A.M., she felt compelled to leave her husband and her bed to lie down on one of the couches in the den. Her dog, a large, protective animal, slept on the other couch as Candide dimmed the light and covered herself with a knitted throw for warmth. She dozed off but was suddenly alerted by something tugging on the throw, both at her feet and also near her head.

Too afraid to open her eyes and look at whatever was beside her, Candide found the courage to resist. She yelled, "Boo!" very loudly, and the tugging on the cover stopped momen-

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tarily. When it began again, she yelled, “Boo! Boo! Boo!” until the tugging ceased. Moments later, she opened her eyes and looked around the dimly lighted room, catching sight of a shadowy movement receding from her towards the kitchen. The dog still slept undisturbed nearby, oblivious to her shouts. Then suddenly he sprang up from the couch, as if released from some invisible restraint, and looked around in fright. He tucked his tail beneath his belly and darted from the den into the living room, burrowing under and behind the sofa. Whatever happened next was lost to Sandy’s consciousness, but the next day her abdomen was extremely sore.

“It feels as if it’s been stretched,” she told me in puzzlement, “or inflated like a balloon.”

I asked if there were any unusual marks on her body, and she nodded, showing me a circular mark at the base of her spine, with a straight cut inside the circle.

Candide wasn’t the only one. In her family to whom the experiences returned that winter. Jason had moved into a trailer park on the outskirts of town, and in January 1991, after months of no activity, he once again found himself under siege.

Beth Burton came for a visit that month, and when I told Jason she would be in town he said he wanted to see her. This was quite a change in his attitude. Since late 1989 he had tried to put the whole series of incidents out of his mind and had steadfastly refused to discuss

it with anyone, even his parents. Now, however, he was anxious to see Beth.

When he arrived at our home, the two of them talked privately for over half an hour, and then he agreed to tell me about his recent experiences. It began with his awakening after midnight on January 3, jumping out of bed and throwing on his clothes, feeling a sense of great urgency. But he had no idea what had awakened him or what the emergency might be. In bewilderment, he undressed and went back to bed. The same thing happened again the following night, and for several nights thereafter, and each time he was compelled to go a little farther until he was actually rushing out into the street, frightened but unable to resist the urgent push.

“It was really scary,” he told us, “and I never could figure out what I was rushing outside for. I’d get to the street like I was running from a fire or something, but I had no idea why.”

These strange episodes stopped when he had a disturbing “dream” experience. “I was out in the street,” he said, “and I saw this group of beings coming toward me real fast, maybe nine or ten of them. They shoved me down on the ground, and I tried to get away, but I couldn’t. Then one of them took out this long tube and forced it into my mouth. It went down my throat and into my stomach. I was gagging and choking, and when they pulled it up it left an awful taste in my mouth, real bitter. Then another being came up and made those first ones leave me alone.

“But last night,” Jason continued, “I



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had another dream, and it scared me more than that one did. This time I was outside again, and I saw a beautiful blond woman facing me. She was really pretty and looked totally human. And she was acting sort of sexy and alluring to me. She held out her arms like she wanted to hug me, so I went to her.

"I thought she was going to kiss me, but when we got really close together, it all changed. She wasn't pretty anymore, and she damn sure didn't look human. It was ugly, whatever it was."

"What did she look like?" Beth asked.

"Terrible," Jason replied, "real dark and bumpy, like there were warts all over the body. And slimy."

"Do you remember what happened next?"

"Yeah. I was going to kiss her, and then I saw it was this warty-looking creature and I got scared. And instead of kissing me, all of a sudden it shoved another one of those long tubes down my throat. I don't remember anything after that."

"How did you feel the next morning?" Beth asked.

"Not too good," Jason admitted. "My throat was sore, and I had that awful, bitter taste in my mouth, like bile."

He turned around slightly and pulled his collar away from his neck. "I found these marks this morning," he said, and we saw three parallel scratches running across the side of his neck. It may all indeed have been a dream, but the marks were real.

And it made me wonder if the

dream Téodoro had had a few nights earlier might have been more than the usual nighttime fantasies. He, too, had seen a beautiful blond woman, in fact a whole group of handsome blond people who looked completely human.

Téodoro's dream episode happened one night after we'd made love and then gone to sleep. In the dream, he got up—also after making love—to go to the bathroom, when he had the distinct feeling that someone was watching him.

He turned around and saw that the window by our bed had somehow been replaced with a clear opening from floor to ceiling, and he could see out back where a group of blond people were standing and watching him in silence.

"I felt somewhat attracted," he said the next day, "but also a little repulsed because I didn't like them looking at me so obviously, like I was just something to be examined. I understood what they wanted, but at the same time I felt like I was just a specimen."

During Beth's visit, Téodoro took the opportunity to look at that dream under hypnosis, wondering if both he and Jason had experienced more than mundane dreams. In the trance, he was able to recall more details, and when Beth asked him what he thought it might have meant, Téodoro's reply was very telling.

"I think those blond people were watching me and reminding me that it's time to go, it's getting very close to time to go," he said. "What seems to be going on is that these beings who've been with me so long have let me see they're

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still here. I see them in a clear light, not dimly, and I'm welcome, and they are familiar. It's getting very close to the time to actually do something, to leave here, this place, and to begin something new.

"I'm taking Carol with me, she's part of it all," he continued. "But we'll leave behind everything comfortable and familiar. There's a lot of others involved. Part of me likes them, but another part dreads their coming. We'll have to change forms. I was beckoned by them. They were familiar to me. Very real." And, as it turned out, Téodoro's interpretation was at least partly accurate, because four months later he was offered a new job, which he accepted, that required us to move to another state.

While Beth was with us in January, I also took advantage of her visit to undergo another regression, even though I had no recent puzzling experience to explore. It seemed useful to check for any hidden awareness I might have had that could shed light on Téodoro's dream of the blond people. That was our intended goal for the regression, but once I was in the relaxed trance state, my mind surprisingly skipped back instead to the encounter I'd had in 1980 with the four shadow beings at the farm who claimed to be my ancestors.

When we began working with Beth in 1988, I had tried to find out more about that strange experience, but the regression hadn't uncovered any more than I'd always consciously remembered. This time, however, my subconscious was ready to let the hidden memories sur-

face. I've already recounted that event in Chapter One, at least the part I remembered, but I had never been able to fill in the entire forty minutes that the episode occupied. With Beth's help, this time I learned much more.

The first new information concerned something these beings did to me while I was still out in the yard and saw them standing beneath a large tree. I was already under some sort of influence or control, aware of a shimmering, heavy quality to my body and my surroundings.

"Things look funny," I told Beth as she led me through the experience again. "The grass is shimmering, and I hear something. 'Welcome'."

"Do you hear the word spoken?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "coming from my head. 'Welcome. We're glad you're here.' Somebody's got a hand up. It's like they're greeting me. It's hard to move. I think I stop because it's so strange. Somehow I look up, and there's one with his hand raised, and then there's three and they look like cut-out paper dolls. I'm seeing things. The male says they love me, real warm."

My description continued, as I told of my persistent skepticism while talking telepathically with the four gray, shadowy figures.

"I ask who they are, and I think they say I belong there with them. He says something about ancestors. I feel a little tense," I told Beth, "but it's hard to feel real tense. And I think he's lying. I think I just made it up. I want to laugh, sort of,

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or make a joke. But I'm out by the tree with them. They're saying something about pockets of stuff, all over, and I'm just doubting everything."

"Pockets of stuff?" Beth questioned, for this was the first time such a thing had come into my memory.

"Something about pockets," I repeated. "Little pockets—not like pockets in clothes. There are pockets of things all around, in some places. And I say, 'You're kidding me.' But he's very sure. 'No, no, I'm not kidding,' he says.

"I'm just pretty skeptical. They look very gray, and I'm wondering where their faces are. Don't seem to have faces. I can almost see through them. They say I have pockets in me, that's what it was, secret little pockets of storage."

"What about the pockets?" Beth questioned.

"It's like something right inside over here," I told her, gesturing in the air near my body. "I can almost see something reaching down, but I don't feel it. They're reaching down looking for something."

"Is it down near your ovary area?" Beth asked, prompted by my gestures.

"No," I tried to explain, "just beside me, like I've got some extra part of me that's beside my body they can sort of touch. I see this other part of me."

"Like a field?" she interrupted, "electromagnetic?"

"Yeah," I agreed, "or something like that. It's extended out away from me, a few inches. Something can be gotten out of there."

"You're aware they're doing something to the field around your body?"

"They're trying to make me see how to get these things, this stuff out, this material or information," I said. "I don't understand, and they say, 'Look, we put this information in you a long time ago. Because we are your kin, your ancestors, and you've got this information. You carry it in these secret pockets.'

"I think they mean DNA stuff, and I ask them if it's DNA, my code. They say, 'No, it's more like knowledge.' But it's all the knowledge, all their knowledge, and they want me to know how to bring it out of the pockets. And that makes very little sense, and I just don't really believe them.

"They say, 'You know everything that we've put there, if you can just get it.' I think they said, 'Tap it, tap it open,' and that's frustrating. I tell them I have to go in and make dinner. 'Can I go in now?' But they still want to talk about something else.

"'Why don't I already have those knowledges open? Why don't I already know everything, then?' And they say, 'You can open it up when it's necessary.'"

From this part of the experience, I then described going into the farmhouse and cooking the pot roast, just as I'd always recalled. And once again, new information emerged from the regression.

"When I first pick up the meat," I said, "the two men are standing in the door of the kitchen near the stove, and the women are behind me. I pick up the

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meat—I don't remember getting it out of the refrigerator. But now I have it. And that's where the women are. The women are in my field, they're in here with me. That's why I can't see them.

"So we pick up the meat, and I watch my hands. I'm just amazed that I do this thing. Like I'm sitting back watching what I'm doing but I'm not doing it. There's a very spiritual feeling, like, my God, this gift of meat! And it's so moving. I almost want to cry."

I did begin to cry, in fact, and Beth questioned me about this surprising surge of emotion. "Why do you feel this?" she asked.

"Because something died for that," I replied, unable to control the tears. "It's so important. I feel like I've got to pray or give something back. And it's very serious. I wonder if they want me to give something back to them, and then I cry. I know about doing the food and what it means. I know it, and I do it, and sometimes they talk to me over there, and sometimes they don't."

"They watch me do this, and I watch me do this because we're doing it together. Everything's on the stove after I've done it all, and I'm real satisfied. They felt very serious, but now the women are not in me anymore, and I feel sort of cut off."

I previously hadn't remembered the two females merging into my "field" and experiencing the cooking process with me. But I did recall the realization that they were no longer in the room when the cooking was completed. Beth asked me to go back over this final part

of the experience and try to explain where and when the beings left me.

"They're behind me, and I know they're there," I said. "I can almost see them now. Their hands are up here behind me, and they're making a noise, or something's making a noise like bees, like a hum that comes and goes in many sounds. That sort of bothers me. I asked them what that sound was. They said they were just talking to me, to this other pocket of my mind, and that it was okay, they were just instructing me. I wonder what they would be instructing me. And it isn't important that I know it right now, so it doesn't matter. I'm standing in front of the stove, and the humming gets louder. And now when I look up, the men are gone. I turn around, and the room is empty. It's sort of sad, and I just sit down."

Persisting, Beth had me go through this part again, so I repeated, "I want to know why they're making that noise, and they won't tell me. And then I don't know where I am. And then the next thing I can see is I'm completely alone there. I don't know where they are, and I don't know when they went away, and I sit down. Something's hurting right here," I said, pointing to the middle of my forehead, "a pressure."

"Feel the pressure," Beth told me, "and see its cause."

"I think that they came through my head," I answered, "from behind the head down at the base, is what I feel. It tingles and feels pushed on, real strong. I'm aware of it now, that something when I wasn't there pushed from inside my

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head up at that point.”

“What do you mean, when you weren’t there?”

“There was something that’s missing,” I tried to explain. “I wasn’t there. I remember them making that sound, and it got loud, and then ... I don’t know. Just nothing, nothing. I’m really alone.”

“Look at the time gap,” Beth said. “What do you see?”

“I don’t see,” I insisted. “I’m not there.”

“Is there an environment?” she asked.

“No. I’m not in a position. There’s no noise now. I don’t have a body, I don’t have a feeling. It’s just black.”

No matter how hard Beth tried to help me figure out this blankness, I couldn’t, other than to feel that I was truly “out” of my body for some indeterminate period of time. So she asked me once again about the pockets.

“Something’s been put into us that we don’t know about,” I replied. “That is prepared for opening up in the future. They’re in the field around the body.”

“What would be put into this field?” she asked again.

“It’s a knowledge, sort of. Something is stored, it’s a storage device. And we don’t use it now, but something has to be opened up or set to open up. They were setting it. That’s why they were rummaging around. But it wasn’t ready yet to open up. They told me that these things would be opened up. They were getting me ready for using this stored thing, not yet, but getting me to know,

showing me this secret.”

For a long time after this regression, I wondered what the future might hold for me, for all of us, and what use this stored information would someday serve. The predictions made to Jason by the interdimensional woman echoed in my mind: we would all be used for some future tasks, participants in a battle yet to come, and I remembered that she had give a time frame of five years or less from 1988.

It was some consolation that the four “ancestors” had seemed so warm and loving toward me, but I was reluctant to trust them. How could I, without knowing more of their ultimate intentions? Throughout the experiences of many abductees, predictions have been made, many of which point to a coming time of great upheaval and destruction, but I kept telling myself that we would be foolish to believe the words of beings who take us without our permission and do things to us without explanation. If these experiences are for our benefit, I wondered, why can’t they trust us enough to tell us what it all means? Deception and good intentions just don’t seem to go together, at least in our human morality, and that was all I had to go on.

The lesson of human deception came home to us with great force later in 1991, when Beth once again visited us. This time, however, it was Téodoro whose regression brought to light an even more surprising episode than those of alien abductions.

He and Beth went into the regres-

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sion with no specific event in mind to explore. By now we had learned that asking the subconscious to choose what to look at was usually quite productive, rather than trying to force a certain event into recall. But none of us, including Téodoro, expected his mind to focus on what had seemed, at the time, to be nothing more than a vivid and disturbing dream. It had occurred back in the winter of 1988, and he had already tried shortly afterward to look at it under hypnosis with no results.

In that dream, which had two apparently separate incidents, Téodoro was awakened in the night by the sound of a helicopter right over the house. He went outside and saw a dark cloud moving toward him as the whoop-whoop-whoop sound of the helicopter grew louder. Expecting to see the machine emerge from the cloud, Téodoro was shocked when a white Ford pickup showed up instead. The next part of the dream was of his moving down a narrow tunnel into a large underground opening. He found himself in what appeared to be an old western-type saloon, complete with a bar and several tables. He was sitting at one of the tables, along with several other men whom he knew, and he remembered thinking, "I guess maybe we're going to play poker." But somewhere in the dream he also recalled seeing large crates and boxes which looked to be of government or military origin.

Nothing about the dream made any sense, and when his first attempt to explore it in a regression didn't pan out, he forgot all about it. This time, in 1991,

however, his subconscious opened everything up to him, and the results were shocking, even outrageous.

After reliving the initial encounter with the helicopter sound, the dark cloud, and the white pickup, Téodoro saw himself approaching a body of water. "The full expanse of my vision is of water with tall, marshy grass growing out of it in little tufted islands," he said. "You can see water rippling, agitated like wind's blowing across the top of the water. I'm looking down at a 45-degree angle, so I can only see water and grass and feel the wind. Like I'm coming in for a landing."

The next thing he recalled was entering a tunnel. "It felt like we went down into the ground," he told Beth, "just falling. Such a narrow tube down into the ground. Real fast, standing on a little thing, falling down a circular shaft. And then stopping, outside of the cave, and then crossing over and walking back up part of the cave."

Inside this underground area, Téodoro saw "large, man-made storage tanks, with the building constructed into the side of the tunnel or the big cavern. Real sterile-feeling," he tried to explain, "but sort of musty and dusty. I can see lights really clear, and I'm right up next to a building. The wall that I'm next to is probably twelve feet high with narrow windows at the very top. I'm walking in through some doors, human doors, door knobs, like military stuff."

Beth instructed him to proceed with the recall, once he felt certain that this was a real memory surfacing.

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“Walking down a corridor,” he continued, “guys with spongy boots on. We go into a room. Let’s see if I can see what it’s like,” he paused. “Ah, my imagination just sees Mickey Mouse,” he laughed. “That’s Mickey Mouse. It’s military, then,” he explained, “because that’s what I thought of the military.”

“What does the place look like?” Beth asked. “How does it feel and smell?”

“Kind of musty out in the cavern,” he replied. “Dank, but this has a machine smell to it. On the inside it’s very conditioned, very cleaned-up, though, filtered. There’s something very significant about this waiting area. It was made up to look like a western saloon, but people are just sitting at tables, dumbfounded. Lots of people. What’s going on? It seems like this is a human thing. I don’t have any idea of any aliens in this place at all.”

He described the “saloon” and its bar with no bartender and several little tables around which the people sat. “They’re all just sitting there, sort of in a daze, like they’ve been drugged. Just waiting for somebody to come and take them away. The light is dim, and there’s music playing. Not real loud, but it’s like you’re supposed to believe that this is not really happening, real dreamlike. But it’s real solid.”

Beth asked if he recognized any of the others in the room, and he named Justin, our son, and a close friend, as well as others who seemed somehow familiar. But his next words were completely unexpected.

“I keep getting the feeling that there’s a military officer there who’s real angry,” he said. “Real impatient. I don’t have a face to connect with it, but there’s a military officer that I’m not cooperating with. Yeah, I’m not cooperating, and they’re real perplexed. Somewhat angry, but not authorized to be totally angry, holding himself back.”

“I wonder what you’re doing to antagonize him,” Beth replied.

“I’m not doing something that he wants,” Téodoro said. “Maybe I’m coming out of it too fast. Because I’m seeing all this stuff, and I know it’s not a dream.” His memory began to clear so that the whole place was vivid.

“I remember coming in through the side of the wall on the other side of the cave,” he continued. “Coming in through some sort of underground tunnel, and across the floor of this thing that’s wide, maybe thirty or forty feet across, into these buildings that are in the side over here. I can see lights up high through the windows. I walk around some machines and into this building, and the bar is just inside of the saloon. It’s a holding area where they put people when they first bring them in down here.”

“What is going on with the officer?” Beth asked.

“I’m not cooperating with them,” he said, “I’m not in the state of mind they want me to be in. I was a little stunned, getting in there, and things are foggy. And then it gets clearer, too soon. I remember being real surprised. I sat in the holding area wondering what in the

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world's going on."

"Look around at the other people and see if they are accessible to you," Beth instructed him. "Everybody's stunned," Téodoro said, "like zombies in a mental ward, just sitting there."

"How do you feel about this place and the officer?"

"I get the feeling they want to know, maybe they're trying to find out what it is we know," he answered. "And if you don't talk, they get real pissed."

"Who is this guy who is perturbed with you?" Beth asked.

"I see a military dress uniform," Téodoro described. "Green military dress uniform. I can tell gray hair, clean-shaven, real quiet shoes."

"How many military types are there?"

"Just the guard and the officer," he said.

"What's the guard doing?"

"Just waiting. Never talks. He's there as the escort, somebody to guide people around, take them where they need to go because they're not in shape to talk or move of their own volition."

Téodoro described the fake saloon area in great detail, and then he told of being escorted by the guard out of the room. "We turn to the left, we turn right and go for some distance. There are doors, they aren't paneled, just steel doors."

"Proceed on through the door," Beth told him, "and tell me what you see."

"A small room," Téodoro said,

"about nine by twelve. I see only three pieces of furniture, just a metal chair, straight-backed, and I'm sitting in the chair. And a desk, plain military-type with nothing on top. With an officer standing behind it. He's got a chair, but he's not sitting in it. The guard stands outside and shuts the door. It's just me and this officer guy. Like he's in charge. And I don't like him, so I won't answer his questions.

"I'm fighting, I'm rebelling," Téodoro continued. "I can hear him yelling. 'Tell me!' Right now that's all I can get is 'Tell me.' What's he asking?"

"Have you ever seen him before?" Beth wanted to know.

"No," Téodoro replied. "This man's trim, he's about five-ten, five-eleven, about my size, older than I am, and really upset."

"Just how upset does he get?"

"I'm supposed to tell him what he wants to know. That's the whole purpose, I get the feeling that's the whole purpose of the place."

"You mean, the other people, they're interrogated, too?" Beth asked. "Like you are?"

"Yeah," Téodoro said, "like they're all there to be interrogated. The place, I never get a clue to location."

"What does this guy look like?"

"I would have to say he's about fifty-five, fifty to fifty-five maybe. He's not very old, but mature."

"Does he have very many feelings?"

"He's pretty emotional," Téodoro agreed with a short laugh.



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"Okay," Beth said. "How long does he rant and rave?"

"About fifteen minutes, and then he just yells at the guard to get me out of there."

"Do you think he's an American?"

"Definitely," Téodoro answered. "U.S. Army. A major. I hear myself thinking, 'What do you want from me?' Something about my family."

"What do they know about your family?" Beth asked.

"They know that they've experienced something, that's my impression."

"You're clenching your teeth," Beth noted. "What made you clench your teeth? Something must have made you real uptight at that point."

"I, oh, I'm confused," Téodoro said. "I don't know. I know that I'm feeling angry, and I don't like being here. And I don't like them threatening me."

"They're threatening you?"

"Yeah," he told her. "I mean, with promises of torture, you know, promises of pain or injury. 'We'll hurt your family if you don't tell us.' But they never touch me, the man never crosses his desk. He never gives me any medication or threatens to strike me or anything."

"But haven't you already had . . . ?" Beth hesitated, uncertain what to say without leading Téodoro's answer. She assumed from his stunned condition that something had already been done to put him in that state.

"Yeah," Téodoro said, "somehow before I even got down. Everybody is stunned, we're all kind of foggy, but

mine [my mind] kind of clears. I'm still not able to control my body that well. I can stand up and I can move."

"I want you to look at what might have happened to cause you to feel stunned," Beth directed. "Retrace when that might have taken place."

"I'm working on that," Téodoro told her, "been working on how in the world we got into this place. It's nighttime. Where was it?"

"At the beginning," Beth reminded him, "you saw the marsh and the water. And the dream of the white truck."

"Out of the cloud, yeah, sounding like a helicopter, looking like a Ford pickup truck. I see F-150 on the side. I see nothing, absolutely nothing but that cloud and the truck, no ground, no sky, no trees, nothing. And then it goes on over me, and I see this pickup. And I see nobody inside, no lights. It's got nice wheels, they don't look like military, cheap hubcaps.

"What's that got to do with the marsh?" Téodoro puzzled. "I can see everything I've described to you very clearly. But there's got to be more information. The man wanted to know. Why would they capture us and take us down there? Why take those people that he's got down there?"

"What do those people have in common?" Beth asked.

"Well, some are my friends," Téodoro said, "and some look like they could be. As a matter of fact, they all look like they could be except for maybe a few. All of us that I know about in our group have had some sort of alien

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contact. That may be what he was talking about. What have I seen. What have they seen. 'If you don't tell us. . . .' But why would they do it that way?"

"Do you think you were injected?" Beth asked.

"I don't ever recall being injected," Téodoro replied. "This felt more like the back of my neck, back in here," he gestured. "I was just being bombarded with something that sort of numbs you and takes away some of your will. I hesitate to say, but sort of like an electronic control. Sort of a numbing buzz, but I don't hear a sound. So I can't tell you what caused that state," he concluded, "and if it were an injection, I'm not aware of it happening."

"How much of your will is not there any longer?"

"I can't get up and move by myself," Téodoro admitted. "But I don't talk. I can't control where I am, and I cannot escape. At first I was totally confused. But it seemed like I sat there for a good while. And after a while it began to wear off, and I started looking around more. I remember wondering, trying to say out loud, 'What are we all doing here? Who's got a deck of cards? We need to play some cards.'" Téodoro laughed at the irony. "But when I get to the officer, I can talk, but I don't talk."

"I want to know more about those threats," Beth said. "What are you experiencing now?"

"Oh, just trying to think of what that man was asking me. He can't read my mind, he can't read my mind!"

"Does he appear to be cruel?" Beth

asked. "Do you think he would follow through with those threats?"

"Nope," Téodoro said. "I think the military would, but I don't think he personally would. I know he would like for me to think that, but I don't."

"Okay, you're alone with the officer. . . ."

"Yeah, he's across the desk. He's standing up, and I can see the bottom of his full jacket. The black stripe on his arm, green jacket, some stuff up there. Don't see a name tag that I can recall. I see a spot for one, it's dull dark black, but I don't see his name. It's hard to focus. The whole scrambling of my head."

"Has your mind been scrambled to the extent that they're trying to block the memory of this?" Beth asked.

"It's like they're trying to release it enough to let me talk," Téodoro said, "but not enough to do anything else."

"And you're being interrogated?"

"Like being debriefed," Téodoro agreed. "And my impression is they want to know what I know about the aliens, what I've done with them, what I know of their plans, what I've done to participate in anything, what I know about my family and their participation, my friends. But I'm not talking to them, I don't recall telling them anything. I try not to say anything but slip back into the stupor to get away from him. And he's getting really upset. I can't recall anything after the man getting extremely exasperated."

"That's where you go blank?"

"Yeah."

Unable to take him any farther,

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Beth asked Téodoro to go back and describe more of the underground areas.

"I'm being led toward this area that has the office building to the side," he said, "office built into the side of this. We disappear off into the side of the mountain for the offices. And in the tunnel, on the sides of the tunnel were just big boxes. Some were boxes, some looked like diesel generators, large, very large, twenty feet high, maybe, almost that wide, with sort of a rounded top. Very long, forty feet or more. Large equipment, dark room.

"The guard, he's pushing me. We have to go through all this stuff to get into the interrogation areas, like a back door. Like we go through a back door to get into the back of this place. This is not like the front door of this area."

"Do you feel that in this facility there are only Americans?" Beth wanted to know.

"Yeah, that's all I see."

Troubled by his inability to see clearly any more of the place, Téodoro was ready to end the session. Upset by the idea of his being taken by military people and questioned against his will, he tried to reject the whole scenario. But he couldn't; it had all been recalled with great clarity. And, to both of us it was even more disturbing than the memories of our encounters with the unknown beings.

We had often wondered just how much our government knew about the abduction phenomenon, and perhaps we'd hoped that those in positions of power had a better understanding of it

all than we did. But if Téodoro's recollections were true, the government seemed to be as much in the dark as we were, maybe even more so. Otherwise, why would they—or whatever group this was—need to abduct their own people and interrogate them in this way?

A curious footnote to this event occurred after we moved out of state. I received a letter from Candide, and she told of taking a leisurely drive around the outskirts of town with her husband.

"Remember the 'trip' over some water and entering the building through a back entrance?" she wrote, referring to Téodoro's recollection. "Well, the other day when we were driving on Hilltop Road traveling south, we passed [an underground federal facility] and just beyond it I saw a small pond or lake or whatever you want to call it. It definitely is not large. Interesting, as I have never noticed it before."

Very interesting indeed. Even though the federal facility was less than two miles from our old home, neither of us had ever seen the area behind it and the small lake Candide described. We'll never know for certain just where Téodoro was taken for his interrogation, but the nearby underground site and the body of water seemed highly coincidental.

\* \* \* \* \*

In May 1991, Téodoro accepted a new job, and we prepared to move to another state. It was difficult to leave our family and friends, but there was a stronger motivation than just a better posi-

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tion. For over a year we had felt an urge to get away from the large metropolitan area where we'd made our home, troubled by the thought of a coming time of upheaval and perhaps widespread catastrophe as so many abductees had been told or shown.

We didn't actually believe such a thing would happen—there were too many times in the past when one person or a small group of people were told of some imminent destruction, only to have the predictions prove false. Yet the urge to get away to a more rural environment grew stronger, and this new job offer would put us in a much less crowded place. So we arranged to sell our house and prepared to move.

A couple of weeks before our departure, Jason called and asked if he could meet with Téodoro. We were surprised, having almost no contact with him since Beth's visit in January, and Téodoro readily agreed. They met one evening at a small bar, and Jason was eager to talk.

He told Téodoro that nothing more had happened to him since the bizarre dream episodes of the winter, which had left him with physical aftereffects of the bile taste, a sore throat, and the scratches on his neck. Recently, however, he'd undergone an entirely new experience which he wanted to relate.

Although he saw no beings this time, he had been bombarded by messages coming from a chorus of voices. At first it was hard to hear anything clearly, but eventually he deciphered a warning of some sort. What follows is

Téodoro's recollection of the things Jason told him, and Jason has since confirmed the correctness of Téodoro's recall.

The warning was about an impending "collective calamity," a sort of "psychic thunderclap" of great importance for the entire human race. "We have been controlled," Jason was told, "and we are still being controlled." And these controllers are planning a worldwide event which will be "staged, orchestrated, but not an invasion." As Jason understood the message, the entire world will be shown the presence and reality of the controllers. No one will be able to deny the existence of the UFO phenomenon any longer.

Jason reported that some people may think this is an invasion or a power play, but it won't be. They won't have to grab power because they already have the power and have had it all along.

What is to come is an "opportunity" for humans to demonstrate their worthiness to continue to exist. All of us must do this, collectively. It may be our only chance to prove we have something worthwhile and lasting to give to the future. Jason thinks the message told of a specific challenge to be presented to the planet, which we must meet in order to survive. And we won't have a choice of whether to participate. We will participate, and we will have a chance to win.

Could this message have been a fantasy? Perhaps. It would be nice to think so, to believe that the world will go on as it always has. Téodoro and I

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continue with the normal activities of work, caring for our family, visiting with friends, and making plans to build our home in the beautiful forested hills of our new location. We look forward to the grandchildren that Justin and Mila may someday give us, and to growing old together. But in light of the past few years' events—including all the global political changes and the "New World Order" which President Bush has been promoting with only the vaguest of definitions—it isn't that easy to dismiss the possibility that we truly are being warned of a reality to come.

Frank and Jason, among our group of friends, have been told or shown a nearing time of upheaval and change through their contacts with these unknown beings. They've been told that the aliens are somehow preparing "new bodies" for us, and they aren't alone. My research with abductions in our area brought me into contact with another man who has been shown a similar scenario. The beings told him he would have a task to perform at that time, helping a group of children, but that he would not survive beyond that task.

I have also read reports of four people in Britain who have been told of this coming catastrophe, and two of them were given a date only a year or two hence. And Beth, as well as other researchers, have heard similar information from their contacts. In April 1991 at a UFO conference in Arkansas, Forest Crawford, a certified hypnotherapist from Illinois, recounted incidents of several of his cases working with abductees, and here again this upcom-

ing date had surfaced time and again. Correlating the predictions from these cases, Mr. Crawford offers the following summary:

In early 1991 events will begin to happen that will culminate in mid-to-late 1992 with everyone knowing that there are intelligent beings from other worlds visiting earth.

October and November of 1992 were prevalent in many predictions. The events that may bring about this awareness include mass sightings, sustained landings near populated areas, government announcements of alien contact and/or open contact with the people of earth.

Many of Mr. Crawford's cases also discussed the aliens' understanding of such predictions, noting that they "are the probable future based on the present trend of events or energies. These trends can be changed by even minor events, thus affecting the future; therefore, predictions are always alterable. It seems," he concludes, "as though predictions and prophecies are warnings by other beings, or even our own higher selves, of what may come if we remain on our present path. We must realize that sometimes the best thing about a prediction is that our consciousness is able to change the outcome of events and render it false."

As I said earlier, there have been cases in the past when a single person was warned to prepare for a catastrophe: the end of the world; the evacuation of people from this planet; the coming of space beings who would destroy

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our world or, variously, who would save it. And in every past case, the predictions proved false.

They may certainly prove false this time, too. But there is a difference in these predictions from those previous ones. This time it isn't a single person who is receiving this warning, it is hundreds, maybe more, all over the planet. Many abductees feel they have been told of tasks they have been trained or programmed to perform in the near future, and most of them, like me, have no idea of what our instructions entail. Some abductees recall working on computerlike systems, some remember being shown how to operate the flying craft, but for the most part there is only the memory of training or instructions embedded in a part of the mind that our consciousness cannot penetrate.

We hope this is not going to happen. We hope with all our hearts that these beings are not telling us the truth. World problems are great—pollution and depletion of our resources, overpopulation and famine and plague—like diseases, war and destruction in many areas around the globe—but we want a chance to solve these crises through human means, for human purposes.

Still, all over the country, ordinary people are being exposed to the reality of UFOs, whatever reality that may be. In the first half of 1991, local newspapers carried reports of sightings and abductions in a wide variety of places. The February 28 edition of the Portland Oregonian, for instance, headlined a story, "UFOs Gain Notice," telling that "Scared Portland-area residents report

increased inexplicable light activity in the area's night skies." The Gloucester (Massachusetts) Times (March 6) reported, "Strange Lights Spotted in Night Sky." And the February 19 edition of the White City (Michigan) Banner, in a story about five bright lights seen for half an hour, quoted one viewer who said, "They looked really close. They went off and on and every time they came back on they were in a different formation."

Other newspapers reported UFO sightings in Texas, Illinois, California, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Oklahoma, Minnesota, Connecticut, Ohio, Tennessee, Florida, Nevada, Maryland, and Indiana. In some places, such as Tennessee and Florida, the UFOs have been videotaped, and in many of these areas there are accompanying reports of close encounters, abductions, and physical traces left by the unexplained phenomena.

Great numbers of UFOs are also currently reported in all parts of the world, with perhaps the most extraordinary film footage, photographs and radar confirmations coming from Belgium. Since 1990, UFOs have been seen there by multiple reliable witnesses on the ground as well as by military pilots scrambled in response to sightings. The Wall Street Journal carried the story with the headline "Belgian Scientists Seriously Pursue A Triangular UFO" in their October 10, 1990, edition.

Another European phenomenon is the crop circle markings, which in 1990 and 1991 reached new levels of com-

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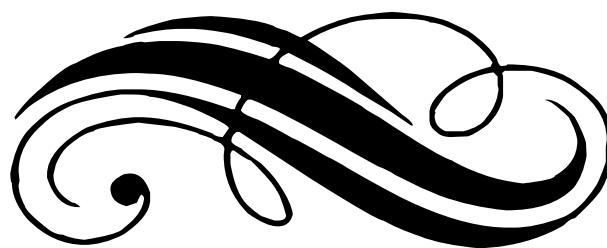
plexity and frequency in the British farmlands. Furthermore, news reports from Canada, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States indicate that the range of the circles is spreading globally. These circles and pictograms seem to have a connection to the UFOs sighted in the areas, but as yet no one knows the real cause or reason for the markings in the crops. Clearly, however, they are of deliberate design and may be a form of communication we have yet to decipher.

And more and more people are waking up to the fact that their lives have been punctuated by intrusive visitations of the unknown beings. Many of them who have kept their stories secret, as we did for so long, are now coming forward, ignoring the threat of ridicule because they know their experiences are real and they want an explanation.

I want an explanation. If there is no one on this planet who has one, at least I want to know what the powers of the world are doing to find one. Competent researchers, using the Freedom of Information Act, have obtained official documents verifying the existence of secret government involvement with UFOs, but all we have really learned from this is that there are many, many more secrets still kept from the public. Perhaps, as some researchers have said, all the media attention to UFOs is part of an orchestrated effort to prepare the public for the truth. But while TV ads and comical accounts of twelve-foot-tall ETs in Russia cajole us into thinking that UFOs aren't a serious problem, the real aliens are invading our lives in a very

real, very threatening manner.

They are here. They are doing strange things to our bodies and our minds. These actions may be for humanity's benefit or for the aliens' own self-serving ends. And if we don't learn the purpose of their intrusions, we will never be more than their helpless victims.



I have been struggling to see a bigger picture behind many anomalous phenomena that affect our planet. My own investigations have included mysterious worldwide crop formations, animal mutilations, and the human abduction syndrome. I am convinced that humanity is moving from the paradigm that we are alone in the universe to a new one in which we are not alone and something out there is interacting with us, our animals, and our plant life, forcing glimpses of other realities upon us.

The true nature and purpose of the intelligence, or intelligences, remains an enigma. The eight women in this book report communications ranging from telepathic thoughts to virtual reality dreams, but there is no coherent single truth that emerges from their experiences, nor from the hundreds of others in the abduction syndrome since the 1960s. The sheer number of different messages, often contradictory, produces confusion, mistrust and a sense

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of manipulation, even if that manipulation inspires positively or disturbs negatively.

“Perfectly real aliens exist out there,” says one of the women whose story we have related, “and it seems one kind wants to help us and another kind wants to deceive us.”

As each voice is offered for public consideration, there are themes that repeat. One of the most prominent is genetic harvesting from earth life to create a hybrid species. This book suggests the possibility that an alien intelligence has been using genetic manipulation to create evolving species on our planet over eons and that *Homo sapiens* might be one such genetically engineered species. If so, we on the Petri dish might paradoxically be trying to study whatever watches and studies us. Consciousness of this Other without running from it or getting down on our knees to it could be a significant, perhaps unexpected, step in human evolution and survival.

### **Indiana, 1954...**

“They came in our house and set up equipment in the living room,” Patsy said. “The Army men wanted to talk to me the most. Me, an eleven-year-old girl with secrets in my head. But the aliens told me I couldn’t tell because ‘there will be those who will tamper with your mind.’ And here they were, the tamperers, the Army men.”

Two female doctors set up their gear in the bedroom, where Patsy was given an injection. “It made me sleepy,” she said, “and I lay on my mom’s bed

on some towels and told them my story. I even told them, ‘You’re in my mom’s room where the White, glowing ones were. You don’t belong here, but they do’.”

### **Puerto Rico, 1978...**

Two aliens took Betty down a curved hall and through a door, into a different area. It looked like “a surgery room,” and she became afraid they were going to kill her there. A third entity, holding a black box, moved to a position behind Betty. She could not see what he did, but she felt as if her head was being opened and her brain removed, all without any sensation of pain. After she was “all put back together again,” a cold liquid was poured over her head.

When this procedure was finished, the aliens stood in front of her, and Betty realized that mentally she was different. Her thoughts about everything were changed, and she was filled with new ideas about God and the unity of all life within that supreme source.

This very spiritual moment was followed by a quite physical exam, as the aliens took samples from her skin and hair. A human-looking man with a widow’s-peak hairline entered and made a full examination of her body, including a gynecological procedure. Then he explained many things, telling her that she and other humans had been “chosen” to carry out certain “jobs” in the future.

### **Texas, 1992...**

“The masked alien explained that her race had been doing things to hu-



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mans that they should not be doing,” Estelle said. “She and several groups of her race, and others, wanted to stop the ‘abuse’ of the humans by her race. They were working with certain people on Earth to stop the process. The other humans in the room were ex-pilots, military officials, and other professionals. They were all working together to stop the alien intrusions.

“She showed me the thing she had pulled out of my neck and said, ‘This is embedded deep in the spinal cord.’ The thing controlled the muscles of the body when activated. It blocked the brain and became the ‘central command’ of the body. I don’t want to remember how or why this thing functioned.”

Like Patsy, Betty, and Estelle, I am an abductee. I have been forcibly taken and controlled by non-human entities. When I told my story of alien encounters I was contacted by these women and many other people with similar experiences, in need of support and assistance.

I am also a researcher of abduction reports, and from these contacts emerged a number of accounts that shed important light on the alien agenda of human interaction. This book is the result of lengthy investigations into the abduction experiences of eight women from various parts of the country. The correlation of evidence from their accounts greatly widens the parameters of the abduction scenario and points to certain aspects, previously disregarded or avoided, in need of serious exploration.

This is also a personal book, a collation of unique, intimate accounts of alien-human interactions. The people who share their experiences here are courageous representatives of the many others in this country and elsewhere whose lives partake of parallel realities. They function successfully in a world shared by everyone else, as housewives, mothers, grandmothers, artists, nurses, counselors, teachers, computer engineers, and blue-collar workers.

But in the blink of an eye - or the flash of multicolored lights strobing in the hall late at night - their normal lives can disappear, and they find themselves taken into the time and space of an alien world. It is difficult for most abduction memories to be investigated in a purely scientific manner, especially since they are often suppressed, surfacing only as vague flashbacks and dreamlike episodes. In this field there has been strong objection to anecdotal information. But the scientific approach to the study of the UFO phenomenon as a whole has proven less than successful. In spite of half a century of many intelligent people researching the UFO and alien presence with scientific methods, reliable answers to the primary questions have not been found. Investigations of sightings reports, landing traces, photos and video tapes, alleged implants, and related government documents have amassed a mountain of data and a number of theories-but nothing indisputably true about the nature of UFOs and their non-human occupants, their origin, or the reason for their presence here among us now.

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Great gains have been made in the area of abduction therapy, providing help and support for those who are living with the phenomenon and working to resolve their emotional trauma, to keep the disruption of their everyday lives to a minimum, and to transform or assimilate these experiences in a positive way. And while is this laudable, it is not necessarily research. Therapy's goal is one of personal balance, but the goal of research is a larger, clearer understanding of the phenomenon. The point is not so much learning to live with abductions as it is finding out why they happen, what they mean, and whether and how the situation can be altered.

The need for reliable answers is nowhere greater than in the abduction phenomenon. It intimately affects people of all ages and backgrounds, irrevocably altering their personal lives and their perceptions of reality, and it raises immense questions about our past, present, and future as a species. But in spite of the best scientific approaches to the question, all that ufological research has brought to most people is a realization that UFOs exist—and perhaps a few cute, harmless aliens—but no confrontation with what this means.

Science has been trying to measure a dream, it seems, using traditional ideas and practices, and it has proved elusive. The UFO phenomenon is not confined to our current scientific understanding of perceived reality. We do not yet have the technology or natural perceptive abilities to capture and assess it. That is why the scientific approach to

photographic evidence, landing traces, implants, and document analyses has so little in the way of hard evidence to show for its work. Instead, its best results offer only circumstantial data, carrying very little more weight than the anecdotal data of abduction research in the scales of traditional science.

It is in the abduction phenomenon that we come most urgently face to face with the alien presence and thus have our best opportunity to observe the activity and assess its purpose or agenda. All of the UFO photos in the world tell us nothing compared to the words of those who have encountered the alien force in their lives and those of their families.

And there are many, like Patsy and Estelle and the others presented here. From the response to my research, it sometimes seemed that abduction experiences were becoming virtually epidemic. Yet studies by mental health professionals show that the people who make these reports are eminently sane, that the aftermath of these events is real, and that they do not spring from any mass psychosis but from experienced anomalous trauma.

I also found that many of the reports contained details very similar to certain things my family and I had experienced. Still, in every case there was always present the “unique factor” within the situations, providing highly individualized episodes for each abductee. I often wondered if these unique events, these “one-time shots,” might not prove to have some unperceived correlations, to form a pattern as yet out of focus, and

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give us more information than the now-recognized patterns of certain exams, baby presentations, and the like. Far from being a neat, limited phenomenon, alien interaction with humans is still very much a riddle, mystery, enigma, and more.

Abduction research has not yet produced answers, but there are certainly different theories to be had—an embarrassment of riches, really. Unfortunately, these theories rest on a very partial, highly selective use of the data, rather than dealing with the complexities of the entire, life-long and minute-by-minute, reality of the abduction scenario.

It is more than the sum of its parts. The intermittent UFO sightings, missing-time episodes, conscious encounters, and virtual-reality scenarios are like blank milestones on a journey which, for the abductee, is continuous and headed in an unknown direction. More accurately, they are like lights that suddenly appear in the dark, which we hope will shed illumination and lead to understanding. Instead, however, these startling lights either blind us with their intensity, so that we cannot see their source, or they cast strange shadows, whose false appearances and misleading movements can easily confuse and disorient us.

No one knows this better than an abductee. Investigators who have not had personal experiences with the phenomenon can listen to abduction accounts and then ponder the possibilities. Was the person lying? Was it a real event, or did it occur on a mental level?

What parts of the recollection are real, and which are illusionary? But the abductee understands that it may very well be both possibilities at once, both real and mental, real and illusionary. The aliens, whether by intellectual, psychic, or technological means, are able to create any perception, and therefore any illusion, for the person in their hands.

The implications are explosive. Perhaps that is why the logical conclusions of these implications are so rarely taken into account. If we credit the idea of illusionary mastery with serious validity, then we must either come up with a reliable acid test to discern illusion and actuality in abduction events, or we may have to admit that the truth behind these events is unknowable in current scientific terms. Dealing with the aliens' deceptive abilities may be the most crucial problem facing abduction research today.

Once the illusionary capability has been demonstrated and experienced, new perceptions and insights often emerge. The witness usually has no trouble recognizing the non-human nature of the force behind the events. The manipulation of time and space by these beings, the way they play with our psychology and our perceptions, all bespeak a technology far beyond the human. Or certainly, if any human agency did have this sort of capability, it would have plenty of applications far better than pulling hundreds of 3 a.m. raids on bedrooms around the globe every night, decade after decade, in which thousands of humans pretend to be

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aliens.

The abductee also learns from experience that the aliens induce an altered perceptive state in humans during every encounter. Employed for control, it can be used to prevent any undesired responses from the abductee. And the altered state prevents any objective assessment of the situation by the witness. This means that the witness can only report what was seen, felt, and heard—which is not necessarily a reflection of what actually occurred. By inducing and manipulating altered consciousness in the abductee, the aliens assume full control of the situation and thus exert great control over the data reported by the witness.

Abductees report alien-controlled information. This is a fact abduction researchers must face. Then, perhaps, work can begin on solving this problem, on finding ways around the memory blocks and screen illusions, in order to discover the real events and the agenda behind them. Until the day we can unmask the alien illusions, however, we can at least study the entire body of reported data, controlled though it may be, trying to learn more about why certain images and events are employed and what they can tell us about the covert directors of these scenarios. Many of the people who contacted me after reading *INTO THE FRINGE* are looking for answers, just as I am compelled to do. This present work is an attempt to aid in the search, making a number of representative cases available for public scrutiny and assessment. Too often, reports on abduction activity are pre-

sented entirely in second-hand form by investigators, and too often these reports are incomplete, focusing only on some parts of an event and discarding or ignoring others.

Such omissions are clearly a hindrance to research, for the censored reports cannot present a total picture of the abduction phenomenon. It must include a real feeling for what it is like to live with such events. Abductees operate in parallel realities, searching for the strength to cope with the real and the unreal at the same time because, as they have learned, one can never be sure which is which in this phenomenon.

The number of abduction reports around the country shows just how widespread the phenomenon may be, and the numbers continue to increase. Eight different abductees, all women, from various parts of the country have volunteered to share their experiences here. Born between 1943 and 1966, they live in five different states and Puerto Rico. They were unacquainted with one another at the time of their contacts with me. Their backgrounds are as varied as their occupations, and so are their ideas about the abduction phenomenon.

Like most of us who've had alien encounters, these women are uncertain about the nature of the events they've reported. They have many questions and very few answers. Four of the women have never undergone regressive hypnosis and thus are only reporting events they consciously recalled. The other four women have used hypnosis, although very minimally as will be noted in their accounts, and almost

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everything in their reports also comes from conscious, pre-hypnosis, recollections. I point this out because there are some who have raised doubts and questions about the use of regressive hypnosis in abduction research. Some feel that hypnotically retrieved information is no more reliable than conscious recollections; some believe that the use of hypnosis can contaminate and damage an investigation; and some have said they believe hypnotically retrieved information is far more reliable in abduction situations than the witness's conscious memories. The presentation here provides access to both types of data, but the majority comes from conscious recollections.

Although I believe it is extremely useful to employ regressive hypnosis in the retrieval of this information, I also think it is important to present accounts from women whose knowledge and understanding of their situations is gleaned only from the incomplete, ambiguous memories of events they have consciously retained. Their stories and their lives are much more representative of a "typical" abductee's situation than are the accounts of those who have benefited from hypnosis, simply because most abductees have no access to this tool.

The women are not seeking notoriety, and in order to protect them from public harassment, pseudonyms have been used. But all of the details are accurate, and as bizarre as they may seem, it is important to remember that they are very real to the people involved, that in many instances there have been more

than one witness to the events, as well as other corroborative evidence, and that they are highly consistent with numerous abduction reports. These women have shared their stories because they understand the gravity of the phenomenon and hope to contribute their information to its research. They also understand the need for support which many silent abductees are experiencing. The self-doubt, isolation, even fear that result from living with alien encounters can sometimes be severe, and the need to forge bonds of mutual understanding and support is vital. These, then, are the motivations of the eight women. My own purpose is similar, which is why an update of the experiences my husband and I have witnessed is also included.

An overview of all our experiences, as well as reports of other abductees, shows a much more complex program of activity in the phenomenon than is usually acknowledged. To begin with, the abduction scenario comprises a number of different types of events. On the most immediate level are the physical abductions, in which a person is forcibly removed from the normal environment by 'alien' (in the most generic sense) entities, the person's awareness is altered, and some interaction occurs. Subsequent conscious memories of the event are usually quite incomplete. Only when the event is witnessed by more than one person, or when there are physical marks on the abductee's body—punctures, scoops, patterns of bruises, artificial designs—does the witness usually feel safe in as-

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serting the ‘reality’ of the encounter.

To complicate matters, many reports show that some interactions occur on a mental rather than a physical level. One type is an artificially induced virtual-reality scenario (VRS), an externally introduced event, that to the witness is practically indistinguishable from objective reality. The person may experience a situation with full sensory input and react with genuine physical and emotional responses, although in ‘reality’ the person may be lying immobile on an exam table, or sitting attached to some alien apparatus, or even asleep in bed with no outward sign of disturbance.

While the VRS may have been a matter of theory in the past, a possible explanation for some of the more “unacceptable” abduction accounts, it has now been confirmed in a three-witness, conscious event. It came to light when I was investigating the abduction experiences of Lyle Rankin, a psychic of excellent reputation throughout the southern states.

Lyle witnessed a virtual-reality scenario when he was in Florida visiting a friend, Mary, along with another house guest, Amy. The two women occupied twin beds in one room, and Lyle slept down the hall in another. Not long after going to bed one night during his visit, he was awakened by Mary shouting for him to “come quickly!”

Heading down the hall, Lyle saw a pervasive blue glow emanating from the other bedroom doorway. Entering, he found Mary pressed against the far

wall, staring at the twin beds in shock.

And he saw where the blue light was coming from. Amy lay immobile in one bed, surrounded by a huge, blue, glowing, “electrical” sphere of light. Her eyes were open, and she didn’t seem to be in any distress as she carried on a conversation with someone Lyle and Mary couldn’t see. Terrified, they tried to talk to her, but they could hardly hear one another even when shouting. Amy continued to speak within the sphere for several minutes, until the blue light suddenly disappeared, at which point she was finally free of the paralysis that had kept her in the bed.

Amy told Lyle and Mary that the experience started with the loud sound of a helicopter low over the house. When she opened her eyes she could see through the ceiling and roof, as if they’d disappeared, to where the helicopter was hovering just above the house. She described two entities in the craft, whom she said also appeared at the foot of the bed before the blue light vanished. One being was tall, with greenish skin, an egg-shaped head, and slanted eyes as the only visible facial features. The other, shorter, entity, Amy said, was blue-black in color.

Lyle and Mary had seen absolutely nothing of these creatures, nor had they heard a helicopter at any time. But they had seen the sphere of light, with brighter, darting lights shooting through it, and Amy frozen in a slightly raised position inside it, for she had been starting to sit up when the light coalesced and paralyzed her.

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Estelle's perception of the experience was completely "real" for her. She was conscious when it began and throughout the entire event, as Lyle and Mary attested. From everything her sensory input told her, Amy had experienced an actual event with the craft and entities. Virtual reality. And the conscious and unaffected witnesses, Lyle and Mary, observed objectively real effects of the mechanism which manipulated the event, verifying its external origin. VRS technology exists and is in use, this much is clear. And unless there are outside witnesses, such as in this rare instance, the experiencer cannot personally discern between a VRS and an actual event. The virtual-reality scenario may occur while the person is conscious, as in Amelia's case, or it may be introduced into the person's dream state. According to those who've experienced the VRS dream-and I am one of those, as will be discussed later-it is an intrusive event that suddenly interrupts a normal dream. The experiencer is aware of a total, abrupt change in consciousness and finds himself in an event altogether different from his dream.

What follows may be a perceived event, with action, location, and personnel, or it may be a communication or even a vision. At its conclusion, the experiencer normally awakens, and, finding himself in his own bed, he rationalizes the whole thing as an extraordinary dream, in spite of the event's decidedly non-dreamlike qualities. Without physical proof of the event's reality, or even a name for this altered perceptive experiential event, he is left to call

it a dream.

In addition to the abductions and virtual-reality scenarios, abductees also report telepathic contacts from entities who are not physically or perceivably present. These contacts include messages about spiritual matters, warnings of future disasters, "teaching" sessions, displays of symbols, and information on mathematics, physics, religion, politics, and the nature of the human species.

On a secondary level, there are events that occur, not during encounters, but subsequent to them, affecting things in the abductee's normal environment. Lights and electronic equipment malfunction; voices and unexplained sounds are heard; animals are physiologically affected; lights appear both inside and outside the house; there are odd and disturbing phone calls; and sometimes traces of a UFO's presence or landing on the property.

And finally there are the internal changes that take place with most abductees, reshaping their attitudes, belief structures, and perceptions of reality. Thus, the externally induced, temporary, altered awareness which occurs during abductions is paralleled by a permanent, internal alteration, and the abductee's life is forever changed.

There is much more to the abduction phenomenon than the public has been told, and this book is in part an attempt to correct that situation and expand our definition of the abduction scenario. Its primary purpose is not to offer scientific data or to convince a disbelieving audience that UFOs and aliens

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exist. People are coming to this awareness on their own, one by one, as the phenomenon intrudes into their lives and shatters their old reality in a way that cannot be imagined until it is experienced.

The following accounts from Patsy, Mollie, Linda, Andrea, Betty, Elizabeth, Rose, and Estelle show what it is like to live with this awareness far more thoroughly than any scientific analysis can hope to do. By allowing entrance into their lives, they permit others to witness the events from the inside rather than from a distance. Their experiences, while individually unique, taken together make a choir of voices expressing the range and intensity of life in the altered world of the alien abduction agenda.

### **Patsy**

My investigation with Patsy began when a mutual acquaintance heard her story of an unusual UFO event and suggested she contact me. A fifty-year-old divorced mother of grown children, Patsy lives in Florida, but the story she related concerned an event that occurred in 1954 when she lived in Floyd's Knob, Indiana.

Patsy's memory of this event, as in the case of so many people who have had UFO experiences, was totally suppressed after the occurrence. It all came flooding back into her consciousness in 1986 - scenes of a brilliant orange ball of light, little gray entities both inside and outside the farmhouse, and, most disturbing of all, military personnel on the property.

"I thought I must be crazy when these memories came back," Patsy said. "But they were so strong and real, I finally got in touch with my brother and sister and asked if they recalled anything similar. My sister Rose said she recalled the aliens and the military people, too. But although my brother didn't remember the orange ball of light, he clearly remembered the military personnel and some of his interactions with them."

Through extensive conversations, letters, and drawings from Patsy and her siblings, the following extraordinary scenario emerged, raising serious questions not only about the nature of the alien abduction agenda but also about the involvement of our military with citizens who have been the target of such interactions.

The setting was a sixteen-acre farm near Floyd's Knob, Indiana, in the summer of 1954. Eleven-year-old Patsy lived there with her mother, stepfather, grandmother, a nine-year-old brother and six-year-old sister. One night several family members saw a large orange ball of light appear outside the farmhouse. Patsy had already gone to bed but was awakened by either her grandmother or her sister to look out the window. In the sky she saw the orange light sitting motionless at first, then moving rapidly out of sight around the back of the house.

"I remember vaguely thinking, I will go back to bed to wait. It seems to me that I knew 'they' were coming," Patsy said. "I saw my mother running to the kitchen door to make sure it was



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locked and to see the ball come over the yard. I remember thinking, It won't do any good to lock the door, they can come in anyway. It was as if I 'knew' what to expect." Patsy suddenly felt sleepy but didn't remember going back to bed. Her next memory was of a multicolored light slowly spinning around the room in total silence, emitting blue, purple, and violet hues. She got out of bed and went to the window where she saw a Gray floating just outside.

Look at those eyes! she thought. They can film us! The gaze of the Gray seemed to penetrate her entire being, and she sensed a familiarity with him. Do not be afraid, it communicated to Patsy. You are the chosen child. We will not harm you.

Patsy turned around and saw several taller white entities coming into the bedroom. As they began to float her grandmother out of the door, Patsy sensed the older woman's terror, and she, too, was feeling fearful. When the room was filled with the strange beings, a sparkling shaft of light came down through the ceiling. As it coalesced, Patsy saw in the midst of the light a figure which she perceived as a blond-haired, blue-eyed Jesus, in a resplendent robe. He took Patsy's right hand and said, Do not be afraid, my child. These are mine, gesturing to the beings who were standing all around the room.

The Jesus figure looked at Patsy and said, I am the light of the world. Then he was again surrounded by the sparkling shaft of light, which ascended back into the ceiling and took him with it.

She and her grandmother were floated out of the room by the entities. Passing by her mother's bedroom, Patsy saw a brilliant white light coming out of the room. Five of the taller Whites were around her stepfather's bed, and they seemed to be examining one of his atrophied legs, the result of polio. A glowing green bar of light, about five inches long, floated over him. Continuing on through the house and out into the yard, Patsy saw a bright crystalline flying craft hovering low to the ground. A beam of light came out of the bottom of the craft and engulfed her.

"I remember my sister's blonde curly head next to mine as we went up inside the craft," Patsy said. "We were looking down at the ground and saw my mom and grandmother there looking up, like zombies." She could also see that the entire yard was swarming with Grays hurrying about the area. Although neither she nor Rose is certain of the exact sequence of events, they recalled a group of the smaller gray beings near a ditch beside the cellar door. Rose saw the beings in a line, walking across a board spanning the ditch. But Patsy's memory included a line or wall of fire in the ditch and a row of "small, gray, skinny" aliens wearing "Chinese rice-paddy hats with big brims."

"I was on one side of the long ditch, and they were on the other. They were mentally telling me Pass through the light, it will not burn you - which I was thinking at that time, that I would get burned. The fire was not hot, and it was supposed to cleanse me. I did go

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through it to the other side, but I do not remember doing it or what happened after that.”

After the light transported her and Rose up into the craft, Patsy recalled sitting on a table in a room with Grays present. A taller White came over with a file-type instrument and scraped skin from her inner forearm and the bottoms of her feet, clipped some of her hair, and then peeled away samples of her fingernails. “What do you need all those pieces of me for?” she asked.

We are making a new you, the entity replied.

“Are you an angel?” Patsy inquired.

Yes, the entity told her, but not like you have been taught.

Patsy was taken into another room where she lay on a table, above which was a dark instrument. One of the Grays came in and pulled down a tube from this device which had a thin needle on the end. Patsy became afraid, but the Gray told her, This is the part you don’t have to remember. Patsy knew that the needle was about to be inserted up into her right nostril, but before it happened she passed out.

Patsy recalled another event during the physical exam, being “fused” with a silver light.

“It was done from something over my body,” she said, “up high in the room. He [alien] ‘fused me’ into my head with the silver light; it will keep me from violent harm; it let me be perfect in human form for a few seconds; it was a protective light. I get the idea that when this

silver light goes into my ‘other body’ I will be made into the ‘new me.’ In other words, the ‘new me’ will come to life with my soul in it.”

Patsy came back to consciousness after the episode with the needle and found herself back in the first room on the table. She was crying because she couldn’t stay with the Grays. When they told her, It isn’t time yet, she asked for a souvenir as proof that the experience had really occurred: the green “healer” rock she’d seen above her stepfather’s body. Although the aliens apparently gave her this device, they told her that it would not “work” properly for her, only for them. She was also told, You are going to have to forget this.

“Why?” Patsy asked.

Because there are those who will tamper with your mind, the Gray replied.

Patsy was returned to the house, where she saw all of her family sitting in the living room in a daze. “They looked like zombies,” Patsy said. Even her stepfather was propped up on the floor leaning against a sofa. She was placed in her bed and saw one of the Grays outside her window gesturing a farewell. She responded with a wave and was immediately asleep again.

The next day, there doesn’t seem to have been any discussion about the previous night’s extraordinary events. But Patsy’s brother recalls that it was that day when the military personnel arrived. A white staff car, a green car, a jeep, and several white vans came onto the property carrying instruments and

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equipment. There was also a troop carrier with soldiers who proceeded to comb over the entire sixteen acres of the farm. The large truck was hidden in the barn, and Patsy's brother said that he had to move the animal feed to the smokehouse because the soldiers wouldn't let him into the barn once their equipment was stored there.

"They came in our house and set up equipment in the living room," Patsy recalled. "The army men wanted to talk to me the most, me, an eleven-year-old girl with secrets in my head. But the beings told me I couldn't tell because 'there will be those who will tamper with your mind.' And here they were, the tamperers, the army men."

Everyone except her brother—who was allowed to go out in order to take care of the farm animals—was kept inside the house for the four days in which the military personnel were present. Only her brother saw what was going on outside the house. He remembers more than twenty soldiers brought in the big truck and told to man their stations on the farm. Two of the men stayed at the end of the driveway, and the others performed various duties on the grounds.

When he was allowed outside to take care of the chores, Patsy's brother remembers being questioned by a man dressed in a white lab coat, who asked about the chickens and pigs.

"Are your pigs out there?" the man asked, gesturing, and the boy nodded affirmatively.

"Have the pigs been acting funny?"

"No," the boy said, "why?"

The man said something about the minerals in the soil making the animals act strangely. Patsy's brother said he felt comfortable with this man and wasn't afraid to answer his questions or to ask some of his own. He even asked if the man wanted some fresh mint, a favorite treat, from a patch near the cellar.

But the man refused. "They're taking samples there and we'll be in the way," he explained. "When they're done, we'll go get some."

Patsy said she was "mad" about being restricted. "I felt scared like they would take away my family and put me somewhere like in a jail or something. But I also felt protected by the being who was my friend. I was calling him a little boy then, but I knew the being wasn't a real little boy."

Two female doctors set up their gear in the parents' bedroom, where Patsy was given an injection. "It made me sleepy," she said, "and I lay on my mom's bed on some towels and told them my story. I even told them, 'You're in my mom's room where the white glowing ones were. You don't belong here, but they do'."

I asked Patsy to start back at the beginning and tell me everything she could remember about this event. She put herself back into an eleven-year-old frame of mind and began to relive the situation.

"I see this man dressed up in a uniform of some kind, a full-dress uniform, but it is brown," she said. "He has on a coat jacket and pants that match and

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what I call a captain's hat. He is talking to my mother and grandmother, holding a file envelope in his hands. He has thick silver-gray hair. There is another man in a dress uniform, and he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. His name is Mr. MacDonald. He's an army man, too," she explained, "but the other people are setting up a 'three-TV-screen' thing in our living room. It's a little taller than I was."

Mr. MacDonald then opened out "arms" on the machine and told Patsy that the device looked like a robot. "See, Patsy," he said, "if we open the panels out, they look like arms, so maybe you saw a robot like this?"

"No," Patsy told him adamantly, "I didn't see a robot. I saw a real little boy."

She recalled the "lady doctors" clearly. "One lady had on a white coat," she described. "One was named Dr. Shirley, and she had on a light orange coat. Dr. Shirley seemed to have brown-blond hair with bangs over her forehead, and the rest of her hair was pulled back away from her face. She had what looked like stuff from a dentist's office set up in my mom's room. It had instruments of some kind on it, but it is not clear what they were. The really clear picture is of the shot thing. It was wrapped in cellophane or plastic, and there was this little hose that went with it. Both the shot thing and the hose were in the same clear plastic bag. Dr. Shirley began to open the shot bag, and I got scared and asked her if I had to get a shot with that thing."

Dr. Shirley then directed Patsy to

Mr. MacDonald, who was in the living room, speaking angrily to some men dressed in what she described as "white moon suits" holding "white metal boxes without handles." He was saying, "I told you to use the ones with the handles."

Patsy said the shot made her feel "dreamy" and willing to talk about her "secret" memories." She was upset that Mr. MacDonald didn't believe her. "I always told the truth," Patsy said, "because my mom hated a liar, so in my wide-eyed innocence I told the army men about my visit with the beings. And I cried when they told me I didn't see what I thought I saw. They treated me like I was lying about it. After I cried, I guess Mr. MacDonald felt sorry for me because everyone started being 'sugar' nice. But I didn't like that at all because I knew it was fake. Why did they say I didn't see the little boy? Why did such a wonderful thing as this visit get everyone so upset and mad? And why did I have to get a shot?"

Someone asked about the glowing white beings and Patsy said they were angels.

"How do you know they are angels?" her interrogator asked.

"Because they told me so," Patsy replied.

"And what else did they tell you, Patsy? Did they tell you anything else?"

"Yes," Patsy answered, "they told me a lot of things, but I can't remember now. Someday I will remember, but not now."

"Why can't you remember now?" she was asked.

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“Because ,” Patsy replied, “they said it’s not time to remember, and besides, you were coming here, and I can’t tell you because it’s a special thing. When I’m a lot older I’ll remember what they said and what’s going to happen.”

“Did they tell you what’s going to happen?”

“Yes, they did, they told me about the ‘bad time on earth.’ I’m not supposed to tell about that. I can’t remember now. Well,” she admitted, “some of it I remember, like the crystalline ship they were in. It was full of lights, and I called it the crystalline ship because it wasn’t metal like a plane. The lights made everything work by itself, and they move things without touching them, and even me, they moved me without touching me. They moved me up and down, and they are full of love, and they protected me with a silver light in me, and I love them.”

One of the army men then asked her to describe the little boy’s hair and clothes. Patsy said she felt as if the army man was dumb, asking such a question. “Don’t you know,” she told him, “that the beings don’t have hair and they don’t wear clothes? The little boy has real big, slanty eyes that can film everything inside me, in my head and my soul. He talks to me in my head and doesn’t use his mouth because he only has a line there. He’s really skinny, but he doesn’t have to eat because he’s an angel.

“I thought angels had wings, and I laughed because he laughed with his eyes because he knew what I was thinking about the wings. I got kind of scared

because I knew he was really an angel then. He knew what I thought, and only angels can tell what you think all the time, except so can Jesus. So I thought in my head, Do you know Jesus? and the beings and I filled up with a ‘love’ feeling that kind of made me cry and ‘know’ something special. And the being said, Yes in my head. I said, Are you like the angels? And the being said, Yes, but not as you have been taught. I wanted to stay with them and go back with them.”

“Patsy, stop for a minute,” the interrogator interrupted, “and let us ask you a question. You said you wanted to go back with them? Where did you want to go back to?”

“I can’t tell you that,” Patsy replied, “I’m not supposed to tell that part. But the angel said when it was time to go they would come back, they promised me. I made them promise me. I made them promise not to forget me and I begged them to take me, but he said it wasn’t time yet. I begged and cried and felt real sad. Mr. MacDonald asked me why I was crying, and I told him, ‘Because you’re making me cry and you’re making me tell, and I’m not supposed to tell, and you think I’m lying, but I’m not.’”

“Okay, stop crying, Patsy,” Mr. MacDonald told her. “Calm down and listen to my voice. I don’t think you’re lying, and we won’t ask you any more questions if you tell us about your souvenirs. Where are they, Patsy? Do you have souvenirs?”

Patsy began to feel very stressful and mistrustful of the army men. She

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tried not to say anything more, but Mr. MacDonald kept badgering her, "Where are your souvenirs?"

"I cried," Patsy said, "and told him they were mine and why did he want them? I said they were in my cigar box under my bed. I wouldn't give them the box, but my sister went and got it for them."

When they took the cigar box, which contained Patsy's "green healer rock," it was put into one of the metal boxes by the men dressed in the white protective suits.

"I saw my grandmother sitting on my bed with the little kids, and she was crying," Patsy recalled. "I asked her if the army men were going to hurt the little boy."

"Oh, Patty," the grandmother said, "there is no little boy."

"I told her there was, too, because I sat with him and did things. She just cried some more. And then Mr. MacDonald showed me the triple-TV thing and tried to convince me that I had seen something like it, a robot, and not a little boy. I got real mad and told him, 'I saw a real little boy and not a robot.'"

"Well, Patsy," he said then, "maybe you just had a dream about the little boy. Was he in your dream?"

"I didn't dream him," Patsy insisted, "he was real."

"Patsy," the man continued, "it was a dream, a kind of dream that just seems real. You did not see a real little boy because there are no such things."

"Yes, I did," Patsy said, "and he came in the orange ball and looked in

my window and filmed me with his eyes."

"Did the dream frighten you?" Mr. MacDonald asked.

"It wasn't a dream," Patsy said stubbornly, "and I was only scared a little bit because he looked so different from me, because he was skinny and gray, but I knew he wouldn't hurt me."

Patsy remembered almost nothing else after the interrogation, although the military people were present for several days. "After the army men left," she recalled, "my whole family seemed sad, kind of in a daze, and I had no memory of anything after that. We moved to town before my twelfth birthday in August 1955."

It wasn't until 1986 that the memories of the aliens and the military came back. Patsy does not want any personal publicity because of these events, but she has asked me to include the actual location and date of this event—Floyd's Knob, Indiana, in 1954—in the hope that there may be readers from that area who remember seeing the military vehicles that came into the town and who can thus provide some outside verification of the things she and her brother and sister have recalled.

I asked if any other unusual events had occurred since then, knowing from my research that most abductees have reported multiple experiences in their lives. Patsy, it turns out, was no exception.

In the fall of 1962, making a trip to Kentucky with a friend, Patsy got lost for a while before spotting a sign for Ft.

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Knox. Laughing about the confusion, they retraced the route in search of their destination. But instead, they ended up in a deserted train yard, sitting in the car with the engine off. Patsy said they felt as if they'd just "come out" of some unremembered experience, with no idea why the car was stopped. They never found their destination and finally gave up, returning home at dark.

But later in a dream Patsy recalled being out of the car with her friend beside her. She saw a ripple of golden light like an "elevator" moving up at an angle and "angels" on each side. She said they were "respectful" of a blond man who seemed to her like Jesus. Her friend was screaming hysterically, "They want you!"

Patsy replied, "Don't be afraid, it's okay." She went up to the blond man who was surrounded by a beautiful light. He talked to her about becoming a mother and about a "seed of life." He said he had the power of all seed in his hand. At the end of the experience, he held out his hand to her and showed her a seed, telling her it was for her benefit and to have no fear.

A few months later, Patsy, who was now pregnant, moved to Florida. She remembers telling her husband that the baby would be a boy, but that it wouldn't be viable. "I'm going to have it but not keep it," she told him, unable to explain how she knew this. For the next several months she and her two children lived in a garage apartment. One night, Patsy came to consciousness just as she was walking into the apartment as if she had been outside, although she didn't recall

being there. She felt an odd, pleasant vibratory sensation and remembered thinking, They came and got me.

Nothing more seems to have happened at this time, and Patsy continued to have her prenatal checkups which showed that everything was progressing fine with the baby. But then in the eighth month, the doctor could not find a fetal heartbeat. And when she delivered at full-term in May, the baby boy was stillborn. The foreknowledge proved true.

Later that same year, Patsy remembers finding herself in a quiet room, surrounded by Grays and waiting for something. The Gray she thought of as her "friend" appeared in the doorway, showing her a baby. He told her that she had a choice to see the baby.

"No," Patsy replied, "it's okay, it's fine. You'll take better care of it than I could." But in that brief glimpse, she saw a tiny, skinny baby with blue, slanted eyes. She felt that somehow this baby was a repository for the soul of the child who had died at birth, and she said she felt trusting and thankful toward her friend for showing her that the little boy had, in a sense, survived.

Of the memories which have surfaced in the past several years, none raises more questions than the "cocoon people." "I can't remember when the actual event might have occurred," Patsy told me. "All I recall is being in a large room with soft white lighting, and one of the Grays was there. I vaguely recall seeing a human male there, but not what he was doing."

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Part of the large room was filled with what looked to be sarcophagus-like boxes, and in these boxes were human forms. "They were alive," Patsy recalled, "but not animated. There was white misty stuff all over them, and I knew the misty stuff kept them alive. I knew they were waiting to come to life in the future."

The being asked Patsy, Do you want to see yours?

Patsy said, "Yes," and was shown a human female body in one of the containers. "Don't ask how I knew it was female," she continued, "I just felt it. I saw a little bit of human face through the mist, like a nose mouth, eyes, definitely human. I knew this was connected with the 1954 visit, because I remembered they told me they were making a 'new me.' I felt this cocoon was the new me. I felt that they are waiting for the resurrection," she said, "or reanimation, and we will all be able to see and talk with them here on earth. If I were to die now, I believe that my 'other body' will house my soul when Jesus says it is time, and I, too, will come back. If I live through all the destruction (to come) into the new world, I will still need my other body, as this one I have will die anyway."

In her mid-forties, Patsy had another experience with the beings, and this time she recalled being in a room lit with a golden glow. She was taken to a desk-sized device in the top of which were circular openings. In each opening was a different colored vibrating light, and she was told to put her hands in the lights. As she did, she heard the most beautiful sounds she had ever

heard. Each light made a different sound.

That is the sound of your soul, the Gray told her.

Patsy understood that this had something to do with the inanimate human bodies she had been shown, bodies which didn't have a "soul power" activating them.

In 1987, Patsy had another possible experience - much more typical of the usual abduction reports - which included her young grandson. "Was this a dream?" she mused when relating it to me. "I have no proof. I was in my daughter's house, and it was nighttime. I seemed to be floating to my grandson's room. I took his hand, and we floated together, upright, about six inches off the floor. We floated out the front door, out to the driveway, and stopped while the gate swung open to the road. There were about ten or fifteen beings across the road in the woods. They all rose up out of the woods at the same time. I could hear my grandson think, Mamaw, can I play with those kids?"

"I thought back to him, No, honey, these are special kids, they don't play like regular kids. We floated down the road to the cul-de-sac. There in the dead-end circle was a ship with red 'blips' that went around it, a saucer. There was a 'door' with light. We floated up a ramp, and I saw my 'being friend' and then I don't remember any more. Anyway, my grandson and I went together on this trip. Or I'd rather call it a dream-I'm not sure."

Patsy had a number of intensely



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affecting experiences that occurred while she was in a meditative or dream state, and so she has been unable to feel confident that they were “real.” In some of these dream-events she has seen a variety of flying craft; she has had apparent out-of-body experiences; and she has received telepathic communications.

One such event in October 1992 seemed related to some of her previous experiences. “I dreamed someone was talking to me mentally,” she said, “telling me things. I couldn’t grasp the exact words, but I heard one sentence like this: The destruction comes in four quariens. ‘Quarien’ is not a word we know, but I took it to mean four parts of some kind. Then I saw what I call a graph. I felt as though I was getting a gentle warning of the ‘bad time on earth’ like it is very near to happening now.”

Such warnings had not only been given to Patsy at various times in her life, but they have been part of many abductees’ experiences and are indeed one of the most commonly reported events in this phenomenon.

So are unexplained physical marks on abductees’ bodies, and here again Patsy fits the pattern. In the summer of 1993, Patsy discovered an unusual design on her inner wrist, a circle of six dots with a seventh dot in the center. This design, incidentally, was reported in a handful of cases in 1991 and 1992, and it may not be a coincidence that these cases have mostly come from Florida, where Patsy lives.

A couple of months after the design

appeared, Patsy had an experience relating to this circular pattern. “I had a dream August 7, in the middle of the afternoon,” she explained. “It was one of those ‘naps’ that [makes you] ‘hit the bed and you’re out like a light.’ There were voices in my dream that sounded like soft whispers, and I began to listen more closely.

“There was something said about ‘being innocent like a child,’ and this feeling flooded my whole body and soul. It felt like being in the state of pure innocence without knowing anything about fear, hate, prejudice...a pure, wonderful state of being in love, secure, protected, and ‘without sin’ as we call it. I saw a scene from my childhood of the town I lived in. It looked like it did way back then. I saw myself, about eleven years old. My feeling in the dream was of great “Then a voice said to me, Get up, child, and look to the Nebulous. It can take you there. And in my dream I got up and unlocked my back door and looked up in a daytime sky and saw a most beautiful circle of lights with one light in the middle, spinning around like marquee lights on a movie house, all spinning in golden color. It was beautiful, and the voice said I could not go now, because in that dream I was pleading to go to the Nebulous now. When he said I couldn’t go now, I begged him to let me see it when I was in my conscious mind. He said he would, but I haven’t seen it yet. It was like a wondrous thing for another time in my life. But my overall feeling was that I would have died to go to this Nebulous.

“I woke up very groggy, like I was

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on drugs, and hurried to write it down before I could forget. The nebulous design was the same as the design on my wrist.”

Patsy felt she understood what “Nebulous” meant, associating it with the lighted circular object she first saw. But “nebulous” is an adjective rather than a noun—“nebula” is the proper form—and thus there is no specific definition for reference other than “cloudy,” “lacking form,” and “unidentified,” according to the dictionary.

Exactly two months later, on October 7, Patsy received a related communication while in a conscious state of mind, explaining the “Nebulous.” A voice said, The Nebulous is a code; the code has been broken. Patsy saw a whole Nebulous followed by a broken one. “I could see a jellylike stuff that connected the dots,” she described. “I knew that the Nebulous was then something that was in our bodies when we were created. When we were created, we were supposed to have a perfect Nebulous. This gave us personal contact with our Creator. When the Nebulous was broken, by disobedience, we no longer had personal contact with the Creator. We had to adapt to living on our own, thus losing our innocence and pure state of being in human form.”

This image reinforces Patsy's altered understanding of God and a spiritual plan. Overall, her experiences with the alien entities have, to the best of her conscious recollection, felt very positive. With a strong religious faith, she has accepted them as angels.

“In my abductions,” she has said, “I have never gotten a feeling of evil. In fact, I felt most protected while in the presence of the beings. Some people may say that the beings have the power to control what you feel and think at the time of the abduction, which they most certainly do. But I am hanging on to the childlike faith that Jesus tried to teach us and believe that what I felt was true and good. Why would an all-loving God allow little children to be abducted if the beings were evil and meant to do us harm? I don't believe God would allow it. Even so,” Patsy conceded, “there are things which the beings do that seem wrong to us and seem violent.”

There has been one very disturbing experience, however, which occurred on July 24, 1993. It involved not only an alien entity but also what clearly appeared to be two human men and a human environment. In the early morning hours, Patsy awoke in a very groggy condition, feeling as if she'd been drugged, and hearing a strange noise very near her, making staccato psss, pssss, psss sounds.

Then she remembered. Two men had come into her bedroom, carried her outside and into a waiting vehicle, a large “military-type” truck. She was in a drugged state, merging in and out of consciousness as the truck took off and rode smoothly for forty-five minutes to an hour. In her brief lucid moments, Patsy heard the men engaged in low conversation that she couldn't understand. She tried to speak up, but her tongue was thick and unwieldy. When the truck turned left onto a rough sur-

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face, Patsy came awake again and in the dark night caught only a glimpse of the countryside out of the large, square front windshield.

The truck slowed down and finally stopped with the engine running. Through the window Patsy saw they were parked next to a large mound or hillside. Incredibly, she saw a large doorway open outward, and the truck pulled inside, into the hill. The interior was very dimly lit, but as the vehicle stopped inside, Patsy saw a strange being standing as if waiting for their arrival. The being was no more than three (eel tall, dressed in a black hooded cape.

Looking at the being groggily, Patsy thought, What is an oriental girl doing here?

And immediately a telepathic message came back from the being, I know you don't like me.

No, Patsy thought, no, I don't. I don't want to do this again. But they can't break me, because they couldn't do it before.

When the truck parked and she was assisted out, stepping a long way down from the high passenger compartment, Patsy saw that the area was crowded and "dirty" feeling, with boxes and "junk" stacked along one wall. In the middle of the large room was a stainless steel table, more human-looking than the tables she remembered from alien encounters, and she felt very uneasy.

"They wanted me to get on it," she said, "but I didn't want to. Not that

table." But she did get on it, although she didn't remember much about what may have happened. The "oriental girl" hovered around her, moving close and poking at her with some object Patsy couldn't see. But she did see the entity's face close to hers, its skin a greenish-gray color. When the creature's eyes blinked and its lids met in the middle, Patsy said the effect was repugnant, reminding her of a lizard.

Her next recollection was of getting down from the table and trying to see what the "oriental girl" was doing to her. The entity kept moving around Patsy, much to her irritation, making an erratic psss, pssss, psss sound. Trying to support herself by holding to the table, she moved away from the entity, but it continued to poke at her. Patsy was more alert but still unsteady, and as she circled the table she stubbed her toe painfully against it. Looking down at her foot, she noticed in surprise that the floor was covered with sawdust. God, she thought, this isn't even a real floor!

With a bit more awareness, Patsy avoided the being as much as she could, feeling that whatever it was doing was a sort of "torment." Suddenly she blacked out, and when she came back to consciousness, in her bed, the psss, pssss was audible there beside her briefly.

Two days later, Patsy noticed a slight bruise on her wrist, with a red dot or puncture inside it. And she also saw that one of her toenails was badly chipped, almost into the quick, as if it had forcefully struck something hard.

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"I didn't like that situation at all," Patsy told me, "and I knew that it wasn't the first time I had seen that 'oriental girl.' I've been on that table before, too," she added, remembering how uneasy it made her feel.

She knew that the greenish-skinned, lizard-eyed being was not human, even though the men, the truck, the travel, and the underground facility all certainly seemed to be.

"What kind of aliens," she wondered, "are involved with the government or military?"

### **Mollie**

Mollie first contacted me in late 1992, before she even finished reading page 176," her letter said, "and I had to stop to write you."

A passage discussing alien interest in human sexuality had struck a chord that resonated with some of her possible experiences. In the small town where she lived, Mollie said, she couldn't find a good support system because the only UFO study group in the area had no women. She asked if I could put her in touch with other female abductees "for mutually beneficial correspondence." What she needed to discuss was too intimate for sharing with anyone other than another woman with similar experiences.

"I have been involved with the UFO phenomenon apparently all my life, and my children also are or have been involved," she wrote. "My father also has had experiences, but he is very careful whom he talks to about them, as he is respected as a technical person and is

active still in [a military organization]."

Mollie explained that she needed "a woman abductee buddy" because of the sexual nature of some of the events she had endured. "I have all my life been seriously traumatized, with the symptoms of a victim of long-term incest," she wrote, noting that her obsession with "fantasies of strange sexual abuse involving [unfamiliar] intrusive instruments" began when she was four years old.

And its consequences had deeply affected her adult life. "You stopped me short with your discussion of alien-instigated sexual obsessions," she continued. "I have since my teen years found myself every few years in a totally irrational sexually obsessive relationship, characterized by some intelligence talking to me in my mind, directing my actions, and apparently setting up bizarre coincidences to stage interactions."

For the most part, Mollie noted, her personal relationships had not been obsessive. But having learned from experience that she could be externally manipulated in her sexual activities, she no longer sought out such involvements. "I now simply stay out of all relationships of a sexual nature," she told me. "The sexual and 'psychic' energy in [the last relationship] was intense to the point of being ridiculous, totally 'directed' and involved frequent telepathy and transference of feelings. I am in counseling for childhood incest, but there is only so far I can go with it, because I don't have a human incest background."

Mollie's letter listed several UFO

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sightings and alien-encounter incidents in her family's experiences, and most of the details were familiar from my research with other abductees. The list included "interactions with 'Elves'; a creature that seemed to slosh through physical objects as if they were water; the usual zigzagging lights; lights that appeared outside my window every night at about the same time and watched me for several hours; maddening poltergeist activity; and many, many vivid 'abduction' dreams."

"I make no claim for them," Mollie wrote, "but I know how they felt, a sense since young childhood that something was in my head to keep track of me, a squealing sound sort of in my head which seems associated with contact, and bedroom visitors which my dog, my son, and I all saw."

Mollie had merely listed these events, but as a researcher I was interested in the details. I was also interested in the person who was trying to cope with this phenomenon. Replying to her letter, I asked for more information about her experiences and offered to be a good listener, both as an abductee and a woman. Although I had no recollection of any sexually oriented encounters myself, I had learned much from others who had been through such events. And my husband Téodoro, whose full account is related here, had himself experienced a sexual scenario with what appeared to be a hybrid alien female when he was a very young teen. Such events, I knew, were real in terms of their sensations and aftereffects, and any understanding of these scenarios would shed

important light on the overall abduction agenda.

I explained these two concerns when I answered Mollie's letter, and she agreed to share her information with me as part of my ongoing research. Through letters, phone calls, and taped discussions, I learned much about Mollie and the things she and her children had experienced. A tall, fair, striking woman in her mid-forties, Mollie's ethnic background is European, primarily Celtic, and Scandinavian. She is an excellent artist, but much of the time in supporting her family she has worked at rather physical jobs. Mollie was born in 1946 in New Jersey and grew up in the Southeast. Widowed, she now lives with her children in the Adirondacks.

In addition to the various UFO sightings they had witnessed in this area, it soon became clear that her youngest son, Andy, was also having current alien encounters. In his taped communications and the drawings and reports to Mollie which were shared with me, Andy showed unusual maturity and insight for an eleven-year-old.

Everything they told me came strictly from their conscious recollections which, concerning any given event, were very incomplete. Mollie relegated some of her experiences to the "vivid dream" category, a common response of many abductees. The statement, "I make no claim for them," meant that she could not objectively verify these events as part of our "usual" reality. Some of them are similar to the virtual-reality scenario (VRS) dream discussed earlier, and some seem to have

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been simply the surfacing memories of actual events. Nonetheless, to Mollie they were “experienced” events, and if they occurred strictly within a mental or psychic framework they still gave her every semblance of reality. The nature of that “reality” was often ambiguous, however, but there were some experiences she had verified as “real” because they had been multiply witnessed or perceived while she knew herself to be in a conscious state of mind.

These began very early in Mollie's childhood. “When I was four years old,” she told me, “I saw the skinny being who appeared in silhouette against my window shade. It was night, but a bright light, perhaps orangish in color, shone from the other side of the shade. The room was dark except for the illumination outside the shaded window. The being turned to approach me. When I get to this point in the memory, I start shaking my head and saying, ‘No, no’ and then the memory stops. I tell myself if the memory comes over me again, I will get beyond this point and find out what happens next, but I never do.”

This was also the age, probably not coincidentally, at which she began having the sexual fantasies of “intrusive unfamiliar instruments” used on her. Additionally she reported, “About age four, I had a sense of something having been put behind my left ear.”

The next event possibly related to alien activity occurred around the age of fourteen: the onset of an obsession with understanding “the workings of the universe.” She explained, “It was like I awakened to a sense of cosmic mission

and to an apocalyptic sort of sense of human destiny. I felt I must understand the universe. It became a constant undercurrent of striving which persists even now.” Given the reports of other abductees, some of which will be presented later, it was interesting that she related this “job and task on earth” to “Armageddon.”

When she was in her late twenties, living in a different location, the next event took place. “Outside the cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains,” she said, “very loud stomping, like several men in work boots, suddenly began on our front porch after no sound of approach. We saw shadowy figures accompanying the very loud stomping. But I don’t remember it stopping. I recollect we went to sleep in the midst of all this commotion, which of course makes no sense if we were lying only a few yards from prowlers. We awoke in the morning, remembered the stomping and shadowy figures, and went outside to hunt for footprints but found none.”

In early 1987, however, Mollie had a conscious look at her mysterious intruders. While sick in bed, she said, “I had a couple of bedroom visitations by two black-robed figures. They had large slanted, glowing, lemon-yellow eyes with no pupils, just like lights. The black-robed figures were about four feet tall. They were identical except that one was a little lighter, like charcoal gray instead of black. When they moved they did everything simultaneously to each other. They glided through my son’s toy box when they left—the lower parts of their robes just went right

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through it.”

Mollie noted that this event occurred before she had ever seen the cover of Whitley Strieber’s COMMUNION or any other representation of the typical Gray alien figures.

“Someone asked me if I had asked the figures what they wanted. My response was NO! I didn’t want to give them any openers! My feeling was that they had come to take me permanently, and I devoted all my energy to rebuking them.”

An extremely unusual series of events commenced in late 1987. “The whole thing started with a dream,” Mollie explained. “I dreamed I was flying over the Atlantic toward the Mediterranean. A white plane with red markings shaped like a small Concorde was approaching me from the opposite direction, the east.

“Shortly after this dream,” Mollie continued, “I noticed that I was having conversations in my head in French. This was most apt to happen around 4 p.m. My communicator identified himself as a professor in a Russian university. I had a sense of it being near Kiev. At night he would privately beam out psychic messages toward the West in an effort to expose a situation of psychic warfare which he claimed was being waged between political powers worldwide, and in an effort to help bring about peace between the then-USSR and the West.

“One thing I remember him saying very strongly was *mintennt’est lguerre*, and he emphasized *mintennt*, telling me

that psychic warfare was now being waged, directed to influence people in high positions and others who could serve the purposes of the perpetrators—perhaps obscure people who could nevertheless influence events and public opinion.”

Her last contact with Evec was in December 1987 as she drove her son, through a snowstorm, to another town. The driving conditions took all her concentration, so she was startled when the French communication began.

“Evec was saying that he wanted me to join with him in prayer for world peace. So I tried praying in French, and that was a total disaster. I don’t remember whose idea it was, but we decided to pray in Latin, and that went much better. I was saying things from the Mass in Latin, clearly seeing the snowy surroundings and driving competently, but just as clearly I began to see, like in some sort of parallel vision, the inside of a (probably Russian Orthodox) cathedral. There was a priest in a dark red robe with some kind of tall, funny hat. The interior was not ornate, but the ceiling was high and there was a lot of rich, polished wood. There was a choir consisting of both men and women.

“I wish I had had a tape recorder in my head. The choir was singing the most magnificent mass I had ever heard. I could clearly distinguish that it was sometimes in eight-part harmony. It was all in Latin, and it was definitely not any mass that I have sung or heard. This went on for a long time, the whole rest of the ride. I don’t recollect it ending, but we did arrive at our destination. This

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was the last time I ever heard from Evec. I had the feeling we had accomplished all we could together. He had not been seek

These two events in 1987, Mollie's visitations by the black-robed beings and the recurrent telepathic conversations with Evec, marked the onset of what would prove to be frequent UFO and alien-related activities in her family's lives. It seemed to focus on Mollie and her youngest child, Andy.

A few months after Evec's last communication, Andy had an encounter that paralleled Mollie's experience with the black-robed beings. At age six, he saw "black figures flying about the room." Although they were similar to the beings Mollie had witnessed, Andy described these characters as "smoke-like" with red eyes. They told him, Come with us, we'll take you to a better place.

But Andy wasn't convinced of their good intentions, and even though he was quite young he refused the offer. "No way," he replied, "I'm not going anywhere with you guys!"

After this incident both he and Mollie had a number of experiences involving UFO sightings, mainly witnessed from a nearby hill, and a series of the "vivid dream" events that indicated repeated alien encounters.

"We've seen many UFOs with colored lights around them or shooting out from them," she said, reporting that it was "common to see white central lights flash amber, red, and blue."

This was also the onset of several experiences with what Mollie and her

family referred to as the "Elves." These beings, she said, "would squeak-talk very loud at night" and were extremely frightening to another of her children who also witnessed some of this activity during the most intense period of activity in 1989 and 1990.

Around this same time, in September 1989, Mollie's family also had an experience with a different sort of creature. They perceived it as "sloshing" through solid matter, moving "through physical objects as if they were water." In spite of no clear confrontation with this being, Mollie felt that it was "reptilian, huge and loud," making "crashing sounds in the woods like some very large two-legged creature lumbering through the woods in a very wet area. This sound had no approach and no departure," she said, "but there was the definite sense that the perpetrator of all this noise was approaching us. This occurred on a night which included a lot of UFO activity. We witnessed UFOs apparently pursued by fighter-reconnaissance at the air base."

Mollie, Andy, and others in her family have had a number of UFO sightings, not only from the hill but also from other parts of the area. In June 1993, for instance, while Andy was traveling in a car driven by a family friend, he watched three UFOs cavort in the sky. "Andy saw three bright UFOs," Mollie related. "A bright light suddenly appeared high above and a little ahead of them. It moved quickly downward, then disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Then a second appeared suddenly with no gradual approach, to the



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left of where the first one had, then zoomed across the sky to the right and disappeared.” Shortly after this, the car turned onto another street, and Andy watched a third light appear suddenly. It flew a short distance and then went out of sight.

Within a matter of a few weeks, Andy had another sighting, this time of three UFOs together. And the following month, after yet another impressive sighting, Andy wrote me himself about what he’d seen on the night of August 19. “Last night was awesome for UFOs,” his account began. “I saw one triangle-shaped one which made a whooshing sound for a long time. It looked like it might have been similar to the triangular one sighted in Belgium in 1988 or 1989. We saw it on TV. The one I saw was flying low....I had heard a whooshing noise first.”

Another impressive sighting occurred on August 30, in the same area of the previous sighting. Andy said that this one was a large diamond or triangular shape with blinking lights on the front and rear. “It looked to be really high,” he said, “but I could still see it good. I could see solid matter inside the light pattern” as the UFO arced across the sky.

Alien contacts continued to occur, usually recalled the morning after the event as both dreamlike and yet real. “Andy told me of an abduction dream which he found frightening,” Mollie wrote in December 1992, “and this is unusual for him, as he is the only one of my children who seems to seek them and even to miss them. It included some

interesting disclaimers to usual UFO accounts, such as ‘there was gravity, I was not floating.’ He said the interior was about ten feet by ten feet, rounded on the outside, but he felt inside there were some corners. He said it was ‘spinning and wobbling’ and throwing him around. He was frightened and recollected not wanting to enter the craft. He also recollected being able to see out a window of the craft part of the time and could see stars. He said he felt it was ‘a blessing’ that he was able, briefly, to see out.”

Andy also said he sensed having had contact at some point with “bad aliens who are red, not gray,” tacitly identifying the ones he had otherwise remembered as Grays, the same sort of figure so many other abductees have reported. Even more disturbing for Andy, however, was a dream he reported to Mollie on the night of March 3, 1993.

“Andy just took me aside,” Mollie wrote, “to tell me about a dream he had last night. He said, ‘Can I talk to you in private? It’s personal.’ He has a partial memory of this dream, or else the dream itself was a fragment. He was with some people approaching the entrance to a UFO. He went through an entry way which led to a place that was all white, but he commented, ‘You know how scientists say dogs are colorblind to our colors? I felt like maybe I was colorblind to their (ETs) colors and it wasn’t really all white.’

“He said he was in a line with other people and the person in front of him was older than he. This young man proceeded into the craft and approached a

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long, white tube. He put his penis into the tube. After a little while he apparently withdrew it and left by some way other than the entrance. Andy was next. He did the same thing with the tube as the man before him had done, but his memory ends at this point. He felt this had something to do with the aliens wanting sperm. He said there was no sound and he did not see any aliens. He kept asking me for reassurance, saying, "That was just a dream, right, Mom?"

"He does not read adult level books and I had never mentioned the sexual intrusions to him. It seems that just in the past year his experiences have become less agreeable to him. Previously he was the one of my children who seemed to feel a need and desire for 'them.' That is not completely gone, but certainly some intrusive elements have been introduced. Damn it, Carol, something is sexually molesting my eleven-year-old boy!"

After pondering on the situation a while, Mollie commented, "I think the motive is not sperm gathering, but control. What affects the depths of the human psyche more than issues related to our sexuality? It is a perhaps unadmirable fact that sexual identity is probably the deepest, most primitive, most powerful identity concept that a human being has. Violate sexual identity in a situation where the human is made to believe that he/she is totally powerless, and you have gained a measure of control probably unattainable by any other single act."

Like Mollie, I was concerned about Sam's discomfort with this scenario, and

its implications. I was also fascinated by his statement that he had not seen any aliens in the experience. Later, Andy expanded this thought on a taped conversation he and Mollie sent me. "In UFO dreams," he said, "after I've done what they make me do, they don't let me see them. It's like they make me want to do it, even though I don't want to. I see maybe them disguised as humans, or humans hypnotizing me. I'm not sure if they're humans."

Mollie also had a number of abduction or UFO dream-events which felt extremely real to her and sometimes included human-looking figures. Many of the details, some of which will be described below, are amazingly similar to cases I've investigated and which other researchers and abductees have consistently reported. She also occasionally found typical marks on her body, although without any memory of getting them, including "IV-type bruises" on the bend of her arm and "bruises in a triangular pattern" on her upper arm.

Mollie's abduction dreams became so frequent and realistic in their details as well as in their effects upon her that in 1991 she began keeping a journal of the dreams and of actual UFO sightings, from which the following excerpts are taken.

"August 31, 1991. I was with a group of people in a light colored room, and aliens were testing us for AIDS. I was found to have some strain of it, but they seemed to be communicating to me that it would not kill me or even seriously harm me. I don't know if this was because of something they did. Others had

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it as well-many of us were in the same situation. I think communication was telepathic.

“One thing that has characterized my UFO dreams has been an intense feeling of Wow, this is really This is the real thing! This is really happening. Typically I am out of doors and I see a UFO or UFOs in the sky. They land or one hovers above me. When I felt the dizzying sense of spiraling upward [in a previous event she had described], that one was different because I was conscious of being in my bed and being spun and sucked upward into a UFO. I think my mind was sucked out of my body.”

Questioning the ‘reality’ of this dream about AIDS, Mollie noted that she had in fact been diagnosed with lupus erythematosus, an autoimmune disorder, during her teen years.

“October 19, 1991. I remember a dream of a week or so ago which involved aliens. I recollect exiting a craft with them. I remember flying before we landed. There were other humans on board. Some of us went up front, but on the lower level the underside was clear-not glass but something thick yet perfectly clear. We could see down to a spread-out village below. It was daylight. The landscape below was fairly flat, maybe some low hills off to our left beyond the village. We landed, and I remember that I and others exited the craft with the aliens, whose form was like a very simplified human form-no muscle development evident. I think they may have had on form-fitting suits. They had no hair. I recollect something

about some covering which had a seam near where an ear would be, but this is a vague memory. They were quite tall, not the four-foot type.”

“October 23, 1991. I dreamed I was holding a baby for the purpose of healing it. He was in a room at the end of a building that was like a nursery. None of the babies’ parents were there. I think I dreamed of a lot of stuff happening in this building. I can still mentally see the face of the baby very clearly. I held it on two occasions. It was blond and blue-eyed, a little boy, and could hold himself erect when you picked him up. His eyes were crossed, one worse than the other, and as I held him he started to get a little better. When I held him the second time, he was strong enough that I could prop him on my hip.

“Then when he was wanting to nurse, I had this really weird thought, sort of apart from the dream, like standing off a little watching the dream. I thought, What if he isn’t really a baby? What if he is really some midget pervert? I emphasized this last part because it indicates an awareness that we might be interacting with something less human and less innocent than it seemed.”

“October 26, 1991. I was in some sort of medical situation in which my head was the object of attention. There were doctors around me. Before my head was the object of attention, I remember sitting up - something about my stomach hurting. I was sitting on something flat, and they were somehow making me travel very fast. I was afraid I would slide off the end and expected them to care, but somehow they did not

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seem to care. I remember when I sat up I said I could breathe better that way. Then they were going to put long needlelike things in the sides of my head, and I remember thinking in my dream, When the aliens do this it doesn't hurt; it is just pressure. Then I started saying over and over again, I'm in outer space, I'm in outer space, and they put the long needle things in, and I could sort of hear them going in, like a scraping sound, and feel pressure but no pain.

"The next thing I remember, I was like flying from west to east. I approached a four – corners intersection in the country. I felt like it was just west of [the hill where she and her family often witnessed UFO activity]. It was like they somehow landed me there, at that intersection, and the next thing I remember my eyes opened abruptly and I was in my room. When I woke up I kind of felt different than from a regular dream, like there was something more real about that experience." [It became even more realistic when, in the summer of 1993 Mollie came upon that very intersection while out driving. It was a remote, unpopulated area west of the hill.]

"November 17, 1991. Actual sighting, not a dream. Returning at night from the mountains which lie to the east of us, I saw a distant UFO. It changed color from red to white to red, etc., but was not a plane because it hopped around so much in all directions-quick movements."

"December 21, 1991. Had dream of sighting and being abducted by UFO. I

was with some young man on a roadway on a hillside. I think there were big evergreens around, and down the hill a bit was an open field.... We went down to about the middle of the field and looked back up the hill. Soon the UFO appeared, larger and larger as it approached us. It glided low over the field and landed very close to us. My left arm was linked through the young man's right arm. I remember feeling, This is it-like this time it's really coming close. When it landed right near us, I said to the young man, 'Well, here we go!' Three beings came out of the UFO. They were human-looking, dressed in black or very dark colors, male, and surprisingly, taller than we were. I believe they took hold of us and began taking us to the craft, but it didn't feel real unfriendly. The three were pretty much identical. I don't remember faces. It was like they had one mind."

"January 30, 1992. Had a clear and detailed UFO sighting dream. It was daylight and I was looking east. I saw a UFO which was white and pale blue against blue sky. It hovered in one place for a long time while I and others viewed it. I remember looking at the portholes or windows. Then there was a scene where the UFO beings were among us and were taking all those who loved war and aggressive military attitudes and actions. They were taking even children. I was not among those taken. We were made to leave and we knew that the military-minded would suffer, and we felt really bad for them. I think a lot of the aliens were tall and close to human-looking, but also others were sort

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of like the Grays but I think lighter. I know some had big eyes.”

“February 28, 1992. MAJOR UFO DREAM - felt very real. I was standing with another person or people-may have been first in my car, me driving. I saw them [UFOs] above and got out, pulling over to the left. I think there was one we saw very clearly and two others more distant. There were also planes up there, military looking planes. I remember feeling, This was so realistic. We waved our arms to draw attention, and the clearest one began coming nearer. I was thinking, They are going to take us; how am I going to deal with this? And then it was like the atmosphere of my mind changed. I was suddenly in a state of mind where I could handle this, not go into some kind of fear-shock at the absolute strangeness of it.

“The UFO was sort of grayish, not all lit, and some aliens approached us, also grayish. They were not human looking. I think there were three, but I especially focused on one who was either sort of leaning forward so that his head was more noticeable than any other part of him, or else I just noticed his head the most. I said something to the effect that we were really going with them, and in my altered state of mind I felt I could do it, but I knew I would be subjected to them in the craft. It was like I knew, but in my altered state, well, I can’t turn back now, might as well accept it. After that I don’t remember anything. I think I felt a little responsible, like I had involved the people with me in this and maybe it was not good for them. I had a slight bloody nose when I woke up, but

think it was related to a cold.”

“June 23, 1992. [Recounting an actual event that preceded the dream] my son Andy and I felt compelled to go up on the hill at 10:30 p.m. as there was a glow in the sky which we felt must be from the sun, as it is not much after the longest day in this north country. When we got up there we felt intensely peaceful. Everything was very, very still, although there is often a wind up there when there is none anywhere else. There were a few fireflies. Then I saw a larger, brighter flash of light in the grass across the road from where we sat. I said to Andy, ‘Nothing is really happening, but I feel like if we stay any longer it will.’ I felt that if we continued to sit there with our minds focused, we would interact with some energy there and something would happen. I felt it had already begun to happen, but that we still had the option of breaking it off and leaving.”

They returned home, and that night Mollie had a UFO dream. “I was walking or otherwise traveling along a road at night,” she described. “I first saw lights, then saw UFOs-round, a little bigger than stars, and not as bright as stars. They were up to my right, quite near the tops of the trees. I said, ‘Wow! I’m really seeing them!’ Then I looked up. There was one overhead which descended closer and closer to me. I could clearly see the round bottom part, like an opening. I said, with a little fear, ‘Okay, take me.’

“At this point I felt a feeling of being lifted which was like no feeling I can adequately describe. It was like being

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sucked by force, a dizzying, blinding, overwhelming force. While it was happening I felt intensely that the experience was absolutely real, and in most dreams it never occurs to me to pass judgment on the reality of anything. I was sort of afraid, totally caught up in it (literally and figuratively), very aware of the sense that it was real, and feeling, Well, I'm in it now, so wherever I am going it is not under my control.' I couldn't see much, but I felt such an incredible feeling of being lifted higher and higher, like it took my mind.

"After the lifting I was aware of being in a white place, but it was not the standard 'round' white room of many UFO reports. I think it was white like white paint, and I recollect a corner, which is also not typical, and some sort of black or dark object. It was like I was seeing only one little part of this place.

"Another thing I recollect was being in some sort of craft and being behind the pilot, who sat on the left side, and noticing his head. It was hairless, apparently with a skull similar to ours, and the skin was white like putty. He turned toward me and appeared to have on some sort of clown mask, although it did not really look like our typical clowns. It had the color orange on it and was otherwise white like plastic. The feeling I got from this pilot was of a detached sort of kindness, not any malevolence but also nothing that could really be called emotion.

"I have some recollection of coming into a base or land while in this craft. It was light, like daylight (whereas I had been abducted in the dark of night). I

could see a building, I think with a flat roof, and an outdoor area to my right of the building. I also vaguely recollect at some point desiring to see more clearly and 'them' doing something so that I could, and things came into better focus. In the outdoor area beside the building there were flowers and shrubs and children playing, human children.

"The pilot was still with me when I found myself inside the building. He said they call us something like 'the short round ones' and showed me models of humans between three and four feet tall. These models looked to be made out of hard plastic or something similar and were orange and white. I pointed out to the pilot that I was exactly his height (5' 7"). He was thinner built than a human man, maybe a little lighter weight than I, though I am small-boned. A few other aliens were present, also.

"In this building were some human children. Now that I think about it in my waking state, maybe they call us 'the short round ones' because they have so many of our children. Our children, when healthy, are rounder than they. They appeared thin and lightweight, but it was hard to judge because they were clothed. I don't have a clear recollection of their clothing, I think light-colored jumpsuits.

"I felt I was not the only adult human there but that there were more human children present than human adults. Near me was a little blond-headed boy about three years old. I picked him up and held him, and he really seemed to like that. Then I said, 'Where is your mommy?' and he looked

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sad and didn't say anything. I got the strong feeling that the pilot who stood to my left and others of his kind very much disapproved of my asking that question. Then I noticed a little girl, also blonde. I feel she was eleven years old for some reason, though I think she was more the size of an average nine-year-old. I asked her if she was the boy's sister, and she said no. I had the feeling they had no kin people with them. The little girl also seemed sad, and I remember feeling grateful that 'they' hadn't taken my children from me, but I was sad about these children and the many others.

"There was a big window arched at the end to my right. Outside the window was a little play yard. A dark-haired human woman was tending a group of human children. I felt she was no kin to them, except that they were all human. I did not see the other adults whom I felt were there somewhere.

"I recollect that there was a process of returning me, but I don't remember it in any detail now. I felt that the experience within the piloted craft seemed 'staged' somehow for the benefit of my belief system, but the intense lifting feeling felt somehow necessary and real."

"January 24, 1993. Three nights in a row I have had dreams including UFOs, a craft, and beings. The next night in actual awake reality, I watched UFO activity in the sky, two luminous fiery balls a little bigger than basketballs."

One of Mollie's most vivid and recent dream-events she reported to me

at length in a letter, complete with drawings of the creatures she remembered seeing.

"On the night of June 27 (1993)," she wrote, "I had dreams which included vivid visual impressions of aliens and appearances of very bright, very real-feeling lights. The aliens did not look like what I would have depicted if you had said, 'Draw a typical alien.' The characteristics were a pronounced brow-ridge, convolutions or folds on the forehead and beside the eyes, eyes back under shelter of the brow-ridge, and gray or gray-green skin. They were proportionately tall and thin. There were at least three and I am pretty sure more, standing closer together than I have drawn them. I am not sure about my depictions of nose and mouth, but nose and mouth were somehow represented. I'm also not sure about details of the lower body.

"I remember being utterly fascinated with their brow folds and the folds beside their black eyes, but not looking directly into those eyes. Also with the texture of their fairly tough skin, which was sort of like an artist's kneaded eraser. I have a recollection of having been very close to the one on your left [in drawing], so close that my face was right up by the right-hand side of the face, looking closely at those folds. Then I recollect being back a little further from them seeing the group standing together, but I don't know what happened first.

"I felt as I awakened that what I retained were two fragments of a much more detailed experience, as if I had

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sort of mentally photographed those two segments to 'bring back' as souvenirs—yes, it was almost as if they posed for these memories! That is why I could get so close to that one without having to become engulfed by his eyes, and it is why they stood so obligingly in that little group!"

Mollie and Andy reported these and a number of other experiences for almost a year, many of which seemed to be reflections or memories of fairly current experiences. And once she felt more comfortable with our relationship, she was able to address the sexual issue and share the painful memories from her childhood.

"The area of my psychology which I feel has been most damaged by 'them' or by some very early influence," she confided, "is the area of my sexual concepts. At approximately age four, I became obsessed with sadomasochistic sexual imagery. The images involved a little girl on a flat table similar to a doctor's exam table, but I think it may have been metallic looking, silver metallic, a little grayer than actual silver. I remember being obsessed with these images day in and day out, and I would try to detach from them by saying that the little girl was not me, but yet at the same time I knew it was.

"Sometimes there would be one 'person' doing things to the little girl and sometimes several. There were generally those who observed. I had the sense of both males and females present. Occasionally a female would do a procedure, but more often a male."

There were machines involved, as well as probes and needles. "The intrusions involved what I now understand to be the genital area, but I did not understand at the time, as well as the rectum. Also, I do recollect needles to the navel, and this now makes sense when I read adult women's accounts of intrusions through the navel. My sense of the 'people,' if it ever was clear, is now indistinct. My early medical history does not include anything like this.

"One thing I did which could have been a cry for help and an attempt to resolve this situation was that I drew pictures of these events. I remember especially at five and six drawing the little girl on the table and the 'people' around her with the intrusive machines. I showed these pictures to my mother, but I have no recollection of her reaction except that I don't think she shamed me.

"If I had been molested by adult family members I don't think I would have had images of an exam table and needles associated with machinery, especially at ages three and four. I think these images had to have come from some source outside my own imagination. This early influence imprinted my sexuality with the dynamics of sadomasochism. I feel this imprinting set me up to be victimized and set me up to expect all sexual encounters to involve humiliation by a dominator."

In fact, she said, whenever she found herself in 'power-sex' situations, "There was a voice that would talk to me and say, Everything is right on schedule. Everything is going as planned. But



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the plan did not prove benevolent toward me!”

The overall discernible effects of all their experiences on Mollie and Andy, to this point, are several. Andy has an overly mature outlook for his age, evincing an interest in questions of cosmic importance including reincarnation and the history of the human race. And, after the sperm-taking scenario, he is also, according to Mollie, very uncomfortable with the idea of alien intrusions upon his developing sexuality. For Mollie, too, the sexual aspects of her life have been altered by these events. She avoids sexual involvements now, in an attempt to regain control over the compulsions that have caused many problems for her in the past.

She has no explanation for the alien intrusions into her family's life, only a strong sense that this involvement has been with her for a very long time. Most of it has been unseen. In addition, or as part of the UFO events, Mollie has experienced internal communications from “spirits,” although she cannot identify them more specifically.

“They so often enter or I enter them in a sense,” she explained, “in a sense in which we each or all allow each other to be there simultaneously. I don't know if this is a UFO thing, but they are multidimensionals.”

Her experiences comprise many elements: UFO sightings, entity encounters, dream-events, physical effects, spiritual teachings, and a sense of an unknown mission she must perform. In their experiences, Mollie and Andy

have both felt positive and negative presences, fellowship and fright, which makes it hard to place all of the events into a single framework, the acts of a single group. There is also the question of human involvement, since both of them report encounters with humanoid figures that have not yet been clearly discerned or identified.

The amassed data from reports like Mollie's show that the abduction agenda is much too complex for any of the current explanations, both in the events and in their effects on the individuals involved. Certainly on the individual level, the phenomenon is profoundly disturbing and transforming, but it is even more so when the massive numbers of people having abductions is considered. The agenda, given this level of pervasiveness, must involve much more than the transformation of the individual. The entire society is beginning to feel its effects, and there would seem, from the testimony of witnesses like Mollie and the other women in this project, to be much more yet to come.

### **Linda**

Whereas the accounts from Mollie and Patsy contain several elements that may not be familiar to most students of the abduction phenomenon, Linda's experiences are much more “typical,” in one sense, comprising many recurrent details—although, as these accounts are meant to show, the accepted definition of the “typical” abduction is woefully inadequate.

A thirty-five-year-old wife and

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mother of two children, Linda and her husband Neal have lived in southern Alabama for the past fifteen years. Her medium build and thick brown hair reflect her ancestry of Italian and Scotch-Irish. To all outward appearances, Linda's life seems quite normal. While her husband works at a good job in heavy industry, Linda takes care of her home and children, involved in the usual activities of a family with teenagers, and she enjoys gardening as well as more strenuous outdoor activity.

I met Linda and Neal while I was in Florida to give a presentation on abduction research. Several of the local UFO group's members invited me to one of their homes for a more informal and intimate discussion, and when I described a few of the less well-known events some abductees have reported, Linda suddenly became very interested. We spoke privately, and she told me that some of the things I had just discussed were familiar to her, from her own experiences. Linda had some conscious memories of encounters with the typical Grays, as well as missing-time episodes, multiple-witnessed UFO sightings, unexplained body marks, telepathic communications from unseen sources, and many dream-memories of ambiguous reality - except in those instances where other evidence pointed to an actual event.

While the details of Linda's lifelong involvement are certainly very typical, the alien intrusions are clearly more intense and frequent than in many such cases. Equally intense are her emotional reactions to these encounters and her

need for help in coping with them.

"Meeting other abductees has helped me feel not so isolated," she wrote me shortly after that first meeting, "but my depression is still severe. I can't believe I have them [alien interactions] so frequently. If they're trying to wear me down, they've about succeeded. The flashbacks just don't yet make sense, or maybe they have no intentions to. I'm starting to have military flashbacks, and my phone clicks and goes crazy. The 'Morse code' and humming in my ear has literally driven me up the wall.... I don't want to be used for experiments or reproductions, but how do I stop them? I pray until sometimes I'm prayed out. Why won't God help? By the way, I don't feel special or chosen like they said."

I began my investigation with Linda by asking about any unusual childhood events. Her responses showed a pattern of activity going back as far as she can remember. "The sounds of things walking through the house," she said, "have been going on since I was small. The shadows [dimly discernible figures] happened more in my later life, from twenty years old on. Like I said, they do it [appear] right in front of me." She also recalled episodes of missing time in childhood. "I would go to the woods-we owned twenty-five acres when I was a child-and come back, and it would be dark."

And the missing-time experiences still occur. "Now, I'll look at the clock and roll over and look at it again, and sometimes it will be an hour later and other times four hours," she explained,

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“and I could swear it hadn’t been but a few minutes. It makes me disoriented after I realize there’s been some missing time. It’s hard to go on when something robs you of your life, and you have no memory of it.

“The Grays appeared about three or four years ago,” she continued. “Before that, I didn’t know what was causing these things, but the shadows I’ve seen forever, seems like.”

In 1980, however, Linda did see something very different from the shadows, in a terrifying event. “A being appeared to me,” she recalled, “when I was a couple of weeks pregnant. We had just got into bed and Neal already seemed ‘out of it,’ and the being appeared on the end of the bed, squatting, telling me mentally the child I was carrying was special and it would be a boy. I almost had a fainting spell. I threw the covers over my head as the being was leaping toward me, I believe, and said, ‘In Jesus’ name, take it away!’ It disappeared, and I fell quickly asleep. It was about three feet tall, dark-skinned, leathery looking. I don’t remember anything else.” The child, incidentally, did turn out to be a boy. Now in his teens, he has proven to be extraordinarily intelligent, with an IQ that tested above 140 when he was seven. After going through Linda’s early memories, I asked her to fill out a preliminary questionnaire which focused on a number of events most often reported by abductees. A comprehensive comparative chart of the responses to this questionnaire by all eight women is presented on p. 231. Because Linda’s expe-

riences are so very typical, however, many of her responses will be discussed here in some detail, as representative of reports from numerous abductees.

She had already mentioned a couple of these things—the odd phone disturbances, the beeping and humming sounds in her ear – and there were other details, internal and external, which are often part of the alien abduction phenomenon.

For instance, there were sightings of unexplained lights, within the house as well as in the sky. Linda described “large whitish-yellow lights in the sky that blink out like a light switch and fast-moving streaks of light.” She has also witnessed “large and small balls of red or white light bouncing in the house” and blue, orange, and white lights flooding in through the windows from craft outside. A couple of passages from her journal show some of these typical events:

“August 10, 1993. When I got ready to go to sleep at 11:30 or so, my cat noticed it, then I did – a small ball of light bouncing through the room. It was just zipping around. I probably saw it for fifteen seconds, then it went out of the room. In the morning my eyes were burning and irritated.”

“August 24, 1993. Woke at 1 a.m., felt something was happening, looked around the room, fell back asleep. Woke up at 4:25 a.m. with white lights turning, like strobe lights, outside of my bedroom window. Before I could race to the window, it was gone. My eyelids were very swollen in the morning, and

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also my back hurts.”

“March 27, 1993. Felt uneasy, like having a nightmare, struggling and thrashing about, and then feeling sort of paralyzed. I felt the need to scream and resist, and I yelled, ‘No!’ two or three times. Trying to wake Neal up, I grabbed onto him. I was being lifted off the bed by a force, but I struggled and somehow broke out of it. When I looked around the room, a reddish-orange light flashed in the house and then went to the side and it seemed white. This was about 1:00 to 1:20 a.m.”

Another common report involves bizarre, unexplained behavior of electrical equipment in the abductee’s environment, and, as an excerpt from Linda’s journal shows, this has also frequently occurred with her and Neal.

“At about 3 a.m. my husband and I were waked up by the radio going crazy, the front porch light blinking, and the touch-light lamp in the living room on bright.” Even the phone began to act oddly, ringing and crackling incessantly with no one on the other end of the line. “Finally we just had to unplug the phone,” her journal noted. “I was scared.”

This was not an isolated event, as other entries in her journal show: “May 10, 1993. About midnight or so, the kids’ radio came on and the lamp in the living room came on twice. Neal and I had disturbed sleep.”

Unexplained activity of helicopters over the home, following, as it does so often after UFO activity, shows up in Linda’s case. For her, it began in early

1993, as her journal notes.

“March 15, 1993. About 12:20 or 12:30 a.m. I saw some beautiful blue lights coming down the hallway [through a window from a craft near the house], then somewhere around that time I heard a helicopter over our house by my bedroom window. It stayed for a while, then left. It appeared on the scene moments after the craft was leaving. Couldn’t sleep rest of the night.”

“May 29, 1993. At 3:30 p.m. my son and I saw a dark helicopter pass over our house.”

“September 22, 1993. Helicopters were still flying at 11 p.m. The humming and ‘Morse code’ were almost deafening again.”

“September 23, 1993. Went to bed about 11:30. I ‘dreamed’ about the Grays telling me how easy it was to get me. Then it changed to a room where there were autopsies going on. Somebody human-sounding was talking, and a woman was lying on a table who had been ‘done.’ They said some people had a Y-incision and some a straight incision. She was a white woman, probably in her forties. Also, sometime during the night a helicopter was flying close to our house, but I couldn’t get up and fell back asleep. So tired in the morning.”

Linda has many of the symptoms typically reported by other abductees, including stress, sleep disruption, depression, a sense of having a job or task to perform, disturbing dreams of massive UFO landings and of widespread disasters.

“I feel they have said they love me

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and that I was special (yeah, sure), and they say that I will be used for some purpose,” Linda commented. “Probably to tell others about them. I’ve had dreams telling me to go to isolated places and store food. Can’t remember more. I have had small glimpses of catastrophes, just a flash of severe starvation, not enough to remember.”

A journal entry from December 1992 records one of the dreams of massive UFO presence which is very commonly reported. “In this dream,” Linda notes, “I was in the dark with someone, looking at the night sky, and the spaceships were coming in landing. I told someone, ‘They’re finally coming’.”

Among the events of actual abduction scenarios—whether recalled consciously, in flashbacks, or in memories surfacing in dreams—Linda’s experiences include almost every type of reported event. Most women, for instance, have undergone physical, specifically gynecological, examinations while in the hands of the aliens. Linda’s account echoes the usual scenario, beginning with the memory of being “on their spaceship on a small examination table all crunched up.”

“My legs were put as close to my bottom as possible. They had something holding me open while they inserted [something] or did their exam. The table seemed to be at their height. Seems like there were two of them. I remember looking up between my legs and the alien looking back at me. It seemed to be very uncomfortable. I can’t remember more after looking at the Gray.”

On another occasion, Linda remembers being less cooperative during an exam, “giving them a hard time about being examined. I remember asking them, ‘How would you like me to do this to you?’ I don’t know what they said...I’m sure they sedated me.” The following morning, she suffered from a sore chin and a bruise on the top of her right wrist.

A journal entry from July 1993 shows how disturbed she has felt during some of these examinations. “Had a ‘dream’ of being on their spaceship in a huge room on a table with the Elder examining me,” she noted. “I was fine until he showed me an instrument (I can’t remember it now) he was going to use on me. Then I got upset. He placed his hands on my head, and I don’t remember anything else.”

Linda also recalls, more than once, being shown alien or “hybrid” babies. An entry from October 1993 states, “I gave birth to a fair-looking baby and called it a star baby. It had real light blue eyes with unusual pupils.”

One of the most commonly reported events is that of an alien’s face up very close to the abductee’s face. Some researchers, taking their cue from abductees’ descriptions of this event, call it a “mind-scan,” and whatever else this activity does, it certainly seems to control the abductee mentally. Linda remembers this occurring on several occasions. “The ETs like to put their noses almost on my nose,” she explained, “and when they do this I just stare into their eyes. Sometimes that’s all I ever see, their eyes, and nothing else that’s

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happening.”

Besides being told by the aliens that she is “special” and “chosen,” as often happens with others, Linda has also recalled scenarios of training or instruction. In a November 1993 dream, for example, she was in a brightly lit room talking with some people whose identity she can’t recall. They were telling Linda how she should go about discussing the aliens with other people. “I was being told I needed to learn better how to speak about them,” she said.

And she has been given information about the aliens’ interest in human genetics, another common communication. Two entries from her journal typify this event.

“August 16, 1993. In one ‘dream’ Neal and I were raising weird creatures, and another [part] was where they [aliens] were telling me how they have been genetically altering us gradually. I felt like we were their pet project or something.”

“August 20, 1993. Woke at 2 a.m. and at 4:53 a.m., got up and went to kitchen for something to eat. Had a ‘dream’ of an ape or gorilla, whatever you want to call them, sitting on my bed holding my hands, and someone was saying, They are you and you are them. Very nauseated in the morning and had sweated very badly last night.”

Other, more specific, physical effects have also been reported in Linda’s experiences. In addition to the nausea and eye irritations that she suffered after certain abductions or abduction ‘dreams,’ Linda has also found patterns

of bruises, and puncture marks that couldn’t be accounted for in any mundane way.

She has the well-known scoop marks, for example, one on her lower right leg and another on the upper part of her right arm, which are permanent. Temporary marks, however, are much more commonly reported. In Linda’s case, these have included a triangle of circular bruises on her hip—the triangle pattern shows up more frequently than any other design—scattered bruises on other body parts, such as the bridge of the nose; the bottom, top, and heel of the foot; the wrist; inside the arm very close to the armpit; all around the knee; and on top of the hand.

But bruises aren’t the only marks that show up. Like Mollie and others, Linda has found damaged areas in the bend of her elbow and scratches, which she is certain were not accidentally inflicted, in unusual places. After one particular abduction in October 1993, in which she recalled being in a pool of water with the aliens around her before they took her to an examination room, Linda found a scratch across her lower left jaw, as well as two bruises on the outside of her left knee. And she has had patterns of bruises which are so commonly reported that we have come to refer to them as “clamp marks” because they appear to have been left by either three - or four-fingered hands grasping the upper arms or the thighs very forcefully.

All of these physical effects are very familiar in abduction reports, as are instances of blood found on the

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abductee's body or bedclothes after an encounter. Linda, too, has had this occur, in situations where the blood could not be explained as coming from a bloody nose or some other injury.

It is clear, then, that Linda's abduction situation has involved most of the "typical" scenarios and events, even including episodes where she has been shown how to operate a craft and has been warned about the physical dangers of touching a craft during certain phases of operation.

But she has also experienced several of the less familiar events - less familiar, that is, in terms of abduction research findings which have been made public. Regrettably, much of what abductees have reported has not been publicized, for a number of reasons. In some cases, as with alien-human sexual activity, this may be because so many abductees are unwilling to talk about such intimate things.

In other cases it is the researchers themselves who are reluctant to expose some aspects of the events, fearing they will push the credibility of their audience, especially their desired audience of professionals and academics, too far. Some parts of this phenomenon, they fear, are simply not "politically" acceptable, no matter what the abductees themselves insist they have experienced. Linda and several other of the women whose experiences are reported in this book, therefore, are to be commended for their courage in discussing these aspects.

The first highly controversial area

is that of sexual activity. It is important to remember, when reading the following journal entries, that the aliens have superb "virtual reality" capabilities and that without external verification it is impossible to know if the memory or dream of an encounter reflects an actual event. This is especially important when assessing reports of sexual activity with the aliens, for in some situations people tell of seeing celebrities, religious figures, and even dead acquaintances.

One of the first sexual situations Linda remembers happened in late 1989, beginning with her conscious awareness of the aliens' presence. Lying in bed, she woke up and saw a group of aliens, one of which held a wand-like instrument, around the bed. The tallest of the beings was touching Neal's chest. "I looked at them," Linda explained, "and told them not to touch him and to leave him alone. That's the night I got to see them for a few seconds in an unaltered state. Then they pointed the wand at my forehead, made me feel dizzy, and I was out. I believe that's the night they made me have sex while they watched."

The sexual interaction involved another abductee. Linda said the man gave her his name, T. M. Priest, which he spelled for her. "He told me they had been abducting him since he was a child," she said. "He was very sorry."

In a couple of the sexual scenarios, Linda recalled interacting with creatures of some sort. These types of bizarre reports turn up less frequently in the research, but they are not unheard of. She recalled the first episode as a dream-event, in which she and a gorilla-

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type creature were sexually engaged. Linda woke up after having this 'dream' when the sound of a "breathing device" brought her to consciousness. She saw a dim figure in the doorway step out of sight and then, as unlikely as such a response always seems in these situations, she went back to sleep. The action, however, was not yet over. At 3:25 she woke up again, flinging her arms about and trying to rouse Neal, who was completely unresponsive. She saw a lighted object outside the bedroom window, and she could feel an energy controlling her body.

"They had some force on me," she said, "stopping me from getting up. When the craft [outside] started to lift up, it broke the force. I ran outside, but I really can't say for sure if I saw something."

On another occasion, while lying down during the day, Linda dreamed about a number of sexual situations. Something like a small horse was involved, as well as a "dolphin," some Grays, and "a dark, leathery, scaly creature" whose features she couldn't clearly recall. After waking from this dream, Linda experienced the "humming and Morse code" noise that occasionally plagued her internal hearing.

After a similar 'dream' in which Linda was placed with several animals in sexual situations while being observed, she awoke the next morning with a bruise on her lower ankle and a tender area on the back of her head, in spite of no consciously recalled injuries to these areas. And immediately following another dreamlike sexual episode

with what appeared to be a well-known public figure, Linda awoke in her bed and saw a nebulous form move quickly across the room and disappear. Startled and frightened, it took her a long time to fall back asleep, and in the morning she felt nauseated.

Such things made it hard for her to dismiss all these dream memories as mere figments, yet they were such scant evidence as to give no certainty of the events' reality. Whether they were real or dreams, there is the question of motivation. "I believe sometimes I'm made to dream odd things," Linda said, "to see my reaction to them." A poignant journal entry reveals how confusing this activity can be, how vulnerable it leaves the abductee. "Dreamed Neal and I made love," she noted. "I hope it was him."

The second controversial area reported by Linda involves, as with the case of Patsy in the previous chapter, the viewing of "new bodies." She told me that her memory of seeing a new body occurred sometime in late 1992. Although she was keeping a journal by that time, which recorded UFO sightings, conscious events, and dreams, both alien-instigated and the normal, self-generated variety, she refused for some reason to include this event in the record.

Linda recalled lying on a table aboard a craft, with her "new body" beside her. "I got out of my old body," she said, "and stood next to it. I was looking it over, and I even looked at my teeth. The body was perfect, but it had my long hair that I used to have. Some-



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body said they could make people believe that was me,” she continued, “even though it was perfect and with long hair. I wanted so badly to get in it, but I did not. I don’t remember who the beings were in the room with me, just being overwhelmed seeing the body. I don’t remember how I got back in my old body.”

Later, in 1993, Linda had experienced another dream-event about this situation. “Dreamed of showing my new body to some friends,” her journal records, “and reading to them from a special book about humankind. I was reading with some clear instrument like a triangle. Don’t remember what I was reading.” This scenario of reading a book during an encounter, by the way, is a little-known detail reported in a number of separate cases.

Similar dreams recurred in which she found herself displaying the new body. In one briefly recalled episode she was showing it to her doctor, and in a much more involved dream, Linda felt as if she had actually died in order to get into the new body, which she then showed to her husband and some other people. There were other details of this dream that suggest it may at the very least have been a screen memory of an actual event. She insisted on keeping her son with her, for example, explaining to her husband that the son “is one of us, like me.” Linda had been told in a past encounter that the aliens were interested only in her and her son, not the entire family.

The encounter in the new body was followed by a more familiar situation, in

the exam room. “A doctor and a nurse were giving me an examination,” she recalled, “and telling me I had hepatitis. But they were giving me some sort of vaginal exam. I told them to leave me alone, that they weren’t my doctors, [but I] don’t remember more.”

In addition to the sexual encounters and the alleged cloning capabilities of the aliens, a third controversial topic avoided by many researchers focuses on military involvement with aliens and abductees. For Linda, as is so often the case with abductees, the first memory of a possible encounter with the military surfaced in a dream.

“I was being interrogated by the military,” she said, “pushed and made to lie crouched on the ground. In the back were some trucks, and beside them were guys in black uniforms standing watching me. The men asking questions were in regular military clothes. They held me down with the butts of their guns. They told me to give them the knowledge, and they said ‘at any cost.’ I told them I didn’t know what they were talking about, and they just repeated themselves.”

Since that dream in August 1993, however, Linda has had other memories of this particular ‘event’ come to the surface. The most detailed recollection came as part of a situation which closely fits the definition of the VRS dream discussed earlier. On the night of December 19, 1993, Linda had several dreams of a very ordinary sort. But in the midst of these regular dreams, she suddenly found herself in a situation and environment that had quite a different ‘feel’ to it.

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"All of a sudden I'm surrounded by military men, some in black clothes and some in green," she noted. "I was being made to walk hurriedly on the grounds of some installation. I don't know how I got there or left. The soldiers were rude to me. I told them to stop pushing on me.

"Then we went into an office of some type that seemed plainly decorated. It looked like white walls and no pictures, and the desk and chair were plain. A man was sitting behind the desk. He was a little heavy and looked slightly balding, but his hair was short. He had on green clothes and no medals or name as I could tell. He started asking me questions, about what I felt on the aliens. It seemed like he was wondering about how to get the public prepared.

"I told him that a lot of the public was already aware, and some would never accept it. I asked him how he could expect that, since we don't all agree on other things. We talked, I believe, a little about religion and politics. I believe there were other people in the room. I probably wasn't allowed to look.

"Then I think they brought me something to drink. I don't remember more. I just know this man looked bewildered and concerned. I believe the alien issue has gotten out of control in his opinion. I expressed to him that I was tired of the game-playing."

For Linda, then, the abduction phenomenon's parameters include witnessed UFO sightings; conscious perceptions of lights, probes, and aliens in

the house; conscious telepathic communications; bizarre external physical reactions from inanimate objects in her environment; conscious perception of missing-time episodes; unexplained physical marks on her body; and a number of virtual-reality/dream scenarios involving both human and alien beings.

In a nutshell, this is an accurate general definition of the phenomenon as reported by numerous abductees. But as the eight representative accounts here demonstrate, the details of that scenario are highly bizarre, variable to an absurd degree from case to case, invariably intrusive, sometimes physically painful, spiritually ambiguous, ingeniously deceptive, and, at every level, deeply disturbing.

Three experiences Linda has recently reported will make this point very clearly.

The first, which she recalled in a dream state, began inside an unknown facility. "I was on a table," Linda said, "and it looked like I was being pushed down a hall with bright lights. They [her attendants] were quickly strapping my feet down with straps that looked like velcro. I don't know what these beings that abducted me looked like. Then something was inserted in my left ear, I think. I told them they were killing or hurting my brain, then I blacked out."

In the next remembered scene, something very different was going on, this time involving other humans. "I believe the FBI came to arrest me," Linda said, "and they called me by my maiden name. One man was really mean to me."

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Linda remembered nothing more, but she wondered the next morning if the soreness in her left ear and her throat had anything to do with the memory of the ear probe.

The second experience, which she recorded as a dream, also involved some physical procedure aboard a craft, but it began on a rather exalted level. "I dreamed I was given a heavenly audience," Linda reported. "I believe it meant that they [aliens] invited me to speak with them, but I don't remember about what." A physical exam followed. "I saw myself on a table in a spaceship and alien beings standing at the end of my feet, telling me or each other that I was an excellent breeder," she recalled. "A reptile-looking creature was getting on top of me, I guess to rape me." After this, she remembered nothing more.

The final experience had a much more conscious element to it than the 'dreams/ in spite of its more 'fantastic' nature. Linda had gone to bed early on this night and awoke at 1:10 a.m. Preparing to fall asleep again, but still awake, she began to feel a growing sense of some "pressure" which became very intense.

"I looked up at the ceiling over me," Linda said, "and saw images that looked like vultures or the phoenix bird. There seemed to be two of them...trying to chase each other off. Their eyes glowed green, I believe. Then there appeared a spirit form. It seemed to have white hair and a beard. I started yelling frantically, 'Oh, God, oh, Heavenly Father!' over and over and trying

to get myself free from the force. I felt my eyes roll back in my head.

"Then I felt a great pulling, and I'm not sure if I was in spirit form or my body, but very quickly I was in the clouds and sky. I looked down and saw the lights of a town and vapors of the clouds. The spirit took me to a wall or some sort of tunnel, and I was going to be taken in. I don't remember more of what I saw. The next thing I know, I was back in bed and looking at the same birds disappearing. I came out of the odd state I was in and went to the kitchen, I was trembling so bad. The clock said 3:40."

"God help me," Linda concluded, "whatever I was seeing." The vulture and the phoenix, after all, are very different creatures who embody quite different concepts.

A time loss of two and a half hours occurred that night. And so did a serious injury to Linda's back. The "great pulling" that took her upwards jerked her with such force that the next day she could hardly walk. The pain continued getting worse, and when she consulted her doctor, she was told that the spinal damage could prove permanent. In this one instance, at least, the event was more than virtual reality.

### **Andrea**

Andrea's experiences, while not so intense or frequent as Linda's, are probably more akin to what most abductees witness and recall. They include a number of details commonly reported in other cases. But in her situation, typical of these others, conscious memories of

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events have been less frequent and more moderate in scope. Her attitude similarly reflects this moderate quality, possibly because she's been able to reflect upon her experiences with quiet equanimity.

Born in 1947, Andrea has spent most of her life in Texas. Her ancestry is French, Scotch, and Native American. A wife, mother, and grandmother, she is attractive and intelligent. For a while, she was a trained volunteer emergency medic, and later she owned and operated her own business. From her home in a large central Texas city, Andrea now takes care of her family and also pursues several intellectual interests. In the past several years, for instance, she has been drawn to a study of psychic and alternative methods of healing. Andrea has been consciously aware of UFO activity since childhood, and her brothers and sisters have also had recurrent UFO events throughout their lives. So, perhaps, may have some of Andrea's children and grandchildren.

Her first conscious encounter with the unknown was at the age of five. "I recall sitting in my front yard one afternoon," she said, "and sensing someone watching me. I turned around, and back behind me stood a man in a red flight suit. I have no memory of what happened after that."

Like many abductees, what she recalled from childhood was frequently unexplained, but not necessarily related to UFOs. The nature of the events remained ambiguous.

Episodes of missing time which

have recurred throughout her life began at an early age. She recalled one such episode that happened at the family home, which was in a very rural setting. "I suddenly came out of what I call 'mind blank'," Andrea explained. "I found myself close to a creek near our house. I did not know how I got there. The strangest thing was that I was coatless and shoeless, and it was miserably cold outside."

While these two events in isolation don't necessitate a UFO-based explanation, in the context of Andrea's lifelong experiences, they prove to be very typical of abduction patterns. And the third consciously remembered event from her childhood did bring UFOs into the picture.

"When I was twelve," Andrea reported, "my brother shouted one night for me to come look out the window. I did, and just above tree level, about a quarter of a mile from our house, was a large band of beautiful lights moving from west to east. They appeared to be all on one craft. My brother was around ten at the time. He said it was a UFO. There was no sound, and we had our windows open."

Andrea and others in her family have continued to have UFO sightings from time to time. Her older brother, for instance, who is a long-distance truck driver, has reported a number of sightings especially in the southwest part of the country, although elsewhere as well.

"He tells of a time he and his wife had stopped on the highway, some-

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where up around Nebraska, to get some sleep,” Andrea related. “They were awakened by a very bright light shining down on them. They got out to see what it was but couldn’t because the light blinded them. They said it didn’t make any noise, and that is what frightened them. They jumped back in the truck and headed for Scott’s Bluff. Whatever it was followed them all the way.”

For Andrea, the strange experiences continued into her adulthood. In the 1970s, she lived in Houston for a while, and it was there that a number of events occurred. The most traumatic and terrifying was in 1972, when at age twenty-five, Andrea had her second encounter with the man in the red suit. As in the initial meeting, this occurred in the daytime while Andrea was conscious, but as in most abductions her state of mind was soon altered as the strangers intruding into her home took control of the situation. She was lying on the living room couch when she became aware of presences there with her, and instantly her mind was clouded. She saw a man who appeared “human looking in every way” bending over her.

“I have never experienced such terror in my life,” Andrea said. “It was like a dream in that I knew the human was raping my body, but I did not feel anything at all.”

The rapist had not come alone. “I could see maybe three others,” Andrea reported, “standing by the table, but it was like seeing them through frosted glass. I could make out their bodies and the red suits but could not really see any details.” She has no idea, therefore, if

the other figures were human-looking, like the rapist, or alien. She does remember that after the forced intercourse, the red-suited man spoke to her about something, but the only communication that stayed with her consciously was his statement, I’ll be there to help you.

Andrea doesn’t remember what may have happened after that, but as soon as she was aware that the men were gone, she reacted in a very conscious state of mind. “I was so terrified,” she said, “that I grabbed my children and got out of the house immediately.”

The trauma of the event had disturbing effects on Andrea for a very long time. “It is very embarrassing to say this,” she confided, “but after that experience I started wearing a tampon twenty-four hours a day so they couldn’t do it again. As if that would stop them.”

Not long after the assault, Andrea experienced a relocation event, presumably with the congruent missing time. At one moment, she was conscious of being in a certain location, and then at the next moment, without any sense of having lost consciousness, Andrea found herself returning to awareness and being in a different place.

“I was on my way to the grocery store,” she recalled, “and came to a stop sign. There were no other cars in sight in any direction. I started to turn the corner. The next thing I remember is snapping out of ‘mind blank’ and being [in a different location] on West Road. I looked in my rearview mirror, and there was a car parked on the road that wasn’t

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there when I had stopped at the sign moments before.” Although the location was different, she did not notice a time loss.

In 1977, while still living north of the Houston area, Andrea had a UFO sighting that was witnessed by one of her friends. “I was outside late one night talking with a friend,” she said, “when I glanced up and saw a large orange globe to the north.” Her friend, who was in his car, took off in pursuit of the object and reported on his return that he had eventually lost sight of it near a state highway.

It was also during this period that Andrea had two other experiences that are frequently reported by abductees. One of these is the presence of small lighted objects in the home, usually near a wall or the ceiling, that seem to function as some sort of remote probe or monitor.

This first event occurred during the middle of the night, when something woke Andrea. “Looking around,” she recalled, “I saw a multicolored triangle moving against my bedroom wall.” She could see that the object had a device or design in its center, where pink, orange, and other colors were moving around.

Her reaction to this strange sight reflects a maddening yet typical response that abductees report in such situations. Instead of reacting with surprise, curiosity, and even consternation, as would a person whose mind was not being controlled, her response was quite passive.

“I thought, A mandala, how pretty,” she said, “then I just went back to sleep.” This is apparently a programmed response that other abductees report, and it has proven usually to precede an encounter. If anything else occurred that night with Andrea, however, she had no memory, conscious or dreamlike, of further activity.

The other experience was much more physical and less directly tied to alien intrusion. It has been reported, however, to occur following abduction events in a number of other people’s situations. Andrea developed a rash which seemed to have no mundane cause. It rapidly covered almost her entire body, and the doctor she consulted could not give her an explanation. “It looked like I had snake skin,” she described. “It took six weeks to go away.”

The pattern of activity in Andrea’s life thus far had shown occasional intrusions and sightings, but in the late 1980s the activity noticeably began to increase. The timing may not be accidental, as many abductees “woke up” to the fact of their encounters in 1986-88.

Although at the time Andrea wasn’t aware of the implications, this new phase of her involvement may have been marked by a possible missing-fetus episode in 1985. When she began experiencing some suspicious physical symptoms, she consulted her doctor and was very surprised to discover she was pregnant. Having already raised a family of three children, and considering her age, she decided to terminate it. But the results of the operation proved

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to be as surprising as the unexpected pregnancy itself.

"I went to have an abortion," she said, "after my Ob-Gyn assured me that I was pregnant. He performed the procedure and said that he could not find any fetal tissue at all. He was as puzzled as I was."

Whether this was one of the by-now familiar procedures of aliens implanting a fetus and then returning to retrieve it from the host mother, Andrea has not been able to determine. But since that episode and up until the present, there have been a number of experiences in which the aliens are clearly involved. She has seen them in conscious glimpses and flashbacks, and remembered events in dreams. She has engaged in telepathic communications with some group of entities, at times generated by them and at times by her. And, as usual, there have been peripheral and confirming external evidence in some instances.

Among the types of non-human entities Andrea has encountered are the ubiquitous Grays, another group she calls the "Tans," a blue creature, and an off-white creature whose skin she described as "dry and leathery," in addition to the humanoids in the red suits.

Although she is conscious of a single event involving the Grays, Andrea came away from the experience with a definite idea about the creature's attitude toward her. "As far as the Grays go," she said, "I have only one memory of an encounter, and it was not pleasant."

In the sketchy recollection, Andrea was inside what appeared to be a typical craft. She was being escorted through a corridor, without any sense of the destination or of any preceding scenario. "There was the feeling of dislike on the part of the one [a Gray] who was leading me down the corridor," she recalled. "I mean, he didn't like me or just didn't like humans. It was as if he had a somewhat distasteful function to perform. By the way," she added, "this dude had a short, squatty-looking blue creature with him. I nicknamed him Grimace."

Like so many others in these situations, with no accurate, authoritative explanations or sources to help them understand the aliens and their activities, Andrea has had to invent her own terms and phrases. The nickname above is one such example, as is the name "Tan" which she uses for a particular group of entities. Describing these same entities, other abductees have used any number of different names because no one name has yet been established as the proper one.

Andrea has recalled several encounters with the Tan group in the past few years. She said that they are very similar in appearance to the creature in the drawing on Whitley Strieber's *COMMUNION*, which, according to other abductees, is more like what they would call a Gray. But Andrea clearly distinguishes between the gray creature that was leading her down the corridor in one encounter, and the Tans, with whom she is more familiar. "When I first saw their picture on the book cover," she

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said, “I immediately thought, Hello, little friend. I know that for some reason I feel protective of them.”

Her relationship with the Tans, unlike her one impersonal encounter with the Gray, involves a different degree of intimacy, apparently as part of their deliberate programming of the abductee. “I have never sensed the dislike that I did with the Gray,” Andrea reported. “[The Tans] seem to be very concerned with making us feel love for them.”

But Andrea has proven to be quite aware of this psychological manipulation on the aliens’ part and has thus been able to see through some of their intentions or motivations.

“I recall one [Tan] looking into my eyes,” she described from an encounter, “and making me feel extreme love from him. I put my hands on his face and said, Too bad it isn’t real, meaning the feeling of love that he was projecting into my soul.”

Indeed, in spite of the aliens’ intentions to convey such a caring relationship, Andrea has continued to suffer much of the same anxiety that other abductees report. “When I said I felt protective towards the little critters,” she cautioned, “please believe that it is [a feeling] induced by them. The rest of the time, all I feel is apprehension during the day and dread of going to bed at night.”

This anxiety very often causes disruptions of the abductee’s sleep patterns, usually occurring nightly at approximately the same time, as happens with Andrea. “I do still get scared some-

times,” she confessed, “and I still wake up at 3:00 to 3:34 a.m. and huddle under the covers frightened and lie there with my eyes glued to the bedroom door.”

This stress response, according to mental health professionals who have studied such situations, shows up in cases where an actual traumatic event has occurred. It may be that abductees continue to wake up at a certain time each night because a traumatic event had occurred previously at that time, as if a preventative warning, a wake-up-and-protect-yourself alarm, is sounding subconsciously.

The ongoing feelings of fear and intrusion are fostered not only by the consciously recalled encounters but also by situations in which external evidence points to unremembered events. For instance, without any conscious memories of a disturbance or problem associated with the area, Andrea has a phobia about driving alone along a certain stretch of US Highway 287. There is, however, a possible connection with her alien involvement. “This [stretch of highway] is where my older brother called us to look out the window one night,” she said, “to see a UFO going over at treetop level.” And although she remembered nothing further about that night, her phobia about the area is suspicious.

So are the various marks and injuries she has discovered on her body. “Lots of mornings,” Andrea said, “I have gotten up feeling like someone beat me up in my sleep.” This is another common abductee report, waking up with



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sore, damaged-feeling muscles and joints. "I have waked up with bruises on my arms, shoulders, and legs," she continued, "with no idea where they came from. I have found scratches that I could not remember having gotten the day before."

The evidence for vigorous physical activity during the night, although unremembered, comes from more than just Andrea's sore or scarred body, however. In one incident, she woke up in the morning and felt an unfamiliar pain in her right hand. "sat up in bed," she explained, "and found that sometime during the night my ring had been squashed on my finger." She managed with effort to remove the ring, but neither her husband nor a jeweler could completely restore its original shape.

On another occasion, Andrea got out of bed one morning and found the crucifix from her necklace lying on the floor. "It had been on my neck the night before," she said, "and the chain was still on [me]. But the only way to remove the crucifix is to remove the necklace and take it off the chain."

She has also awakened several mornings to discover that something had happened to her clothing, a report frequently echoed by other abductees. In one instance, she woke up with her nightie on backward, although she was certain she had not taken it off, turned it around, and put it back on. And on a different occasion she found that the nightie was not only backward but had also been turned inside-out. In the night during one of these events, she had an altered-state experience in which she

recalled a group of Tan aliens observing her as she was "free-falling," an event which did not feel unduly upsetting for some reason.

Andrea had quite a severe reaction to another similar event, however, venting much more emotion than the situation seemed to call for. It was in the winter, during the Christmas holidays one night, and she had worn socks to bed for extra warmth. When she woke up the next day and found that one of her socks was missing, Andrea became extremely upset and angry at her family. She said she was "very belligerent" toward them, even accused them of playing a practical joke on her, one which didn't strike her as humorous.

Andrea was also physically upset that morning, suffering from a violent headache and nausea which caused her to vomit, yet there was no illness to account for the symptoms. Still, she might not have been overly concerned about the vanished sock and her physical problems, if her young granddaughter hadn't made a disturbing comment.

The seven-year-old child told her grandmother that some "mean men" had come in and taken her away during the night. When Andrea asked her to describe the "mean men," the little girl called them "the mushroom men."

"What are the mushroom men?" Andrea asked, and her granddaughter then found the book *MISSING TIME* by Budd Hopkins and pointed to the drawing on the cover.

Andrea asked the girl to make a drawing of her own. It showed a long-

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necked humanoid being with a head shaped like an inverted light bulb. The eyes were black, large, and slanted, the nose had two nostril holes, the mouth was a straight thin line, and the chin was more rounded than in the drawing on the cover of *MISSING TIME*. The girl said the creatures were about a foot tall, gray-skinned and had four fingers rather than five—a detail not apparent in the cover picture. There were quite a few of these entities present, she said.

Andrea remembered nothing strange that night herself, but the physical symptoms, the missing sock, and her granddaughter's story were indicative enough of an intrusive incident to be of great concern. She not only wanted to know what had gone on during the night, but she wanted to know more in general about these beings who had been a part of her life for so long, so she decided to try meditating and sending out messages to the aliens.

"I would ask a question telepathically," Andrea explained, "and then lie down on the sofa to drift into twilight sleep, which is really just a deep state of relaxation. I was not asleep or awake. Then the answers to my questions would come."

She remembers, for instance, asking, "Why are you taking human women?"

To insure quality breeding, the answer came back.

"What about when a woman is menstruating?" she inquired, thinking about how she had used a tampon to try to fend off any further rapes in the past.

We know the difference, she was told.

"When are you going to show yourselves?" she questioned further, but the reply was less than specific.

The time is almost right, was all she received.

Andrea has used this meditative method for communication several other times. "When I decide to telepath to them," she commented, "I spend a good part of the time berating them for not being honest with the human race. They've always been here. If they had shown themselves all along, no one would fear them. It's the unknown that causes fear. Now they've made it impossible just to be accepted. I know who I'm yelling at," she added, "but I have no idea who, which group, is sending back answers."

And some of those answers have been impossible to understand. In addition to the communications which made some sort of sense—it only works when the year arrives and transmogrify, for example; Andrea has also gotten messages containing unknown words and meaningless phrases, including one puzzling reference to star-planet fill.

Some of these messages look like nonsense, but one of the other odd communications, IRU URI, is very similar to a message given to Linda, in which she was told by the aliens, referring to some ape-type creatures, They are you and you are them. If the capital letters in Andrea's communication are written out as words, it would read, "I are you, you are I." And the import of the phrases is

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clearly similar. Even the grammar is incorrect in both cases.

As with most abductees, Andrea cannot explain even to herself just what the aliens are doing with her. And she certainly doesn't accept all the communications and encounters as objectively real.

"I suspect that a lot of these encounters are alien-induced dreams," she commented, "for the purpose of making you feel comfortable with them. As for the controlled free-falling, I think they were creating an enjoyable flying experience for me because I have a horror of flying and it may be necessary in the future to 'fly' with them when the planet tilts in order to save my life."

Her reference to the planet tilting comes from a scenario she has been shown involving future global catastrophe. Such scenarios are so common among abductees that this type of information may well be part of the widespread programming included in the alien agenda, designed to serve some purpose which is not yet clear. And most of the abductees who are told about a coming destruction also report, as does Andrea, feeling that they will have a job or task to perform in conjunction with this catastrophe.

"It is like I have always known that these things [UFOs, aliens, and the predicted destruction] are coming," Andrea told me, "and that I must try to convince people, and also learn things that would help not only with my own survival afterwards but I must also be able to help other survivors. For instance, I

was told as a child, The children must be protected."

Andrea, then, admits that at least part of the alien programming has had an effect on her, but she doesn't let herself accept everything they tell her or show her.

"I'm always amazed when I get any information from them at all," she said. "I really don't know if someone who would abduct a person could be trusted to give a truthful answer to any question."

She is aware of their possible deceptions, just as she realizes that the aliens are capable of creating unreal scenarios for humans during encounters. This awareness has served Andrea well, for it has allowed her to push the alien activity away from her a little, as it were, in order to analyze and assess the events to which she has been subjected. And it also has kept her from jumping to conclusions about some of the things she has remembered.

One recent possible event, for instance, Andrea describes as a regular dream, in spite of the presence of UFOs in the scenario.

"I dreamed last night that I was standing in my back yard and looking up into the night sky," she told me. "I saw a rectangular UFO sitting poised about five hundred feet above the house. It had rockets on the side and started firing at a line of trees fairly close to the house. I ran inside, and my doorbell rang."

She said the next segment of the dream involved a scene in which she

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and I were together, discussing the book project, but after that a very different episode occurred.

“Next,” she said, “I was visited by some military sorts who were trying to get me to tell them about the UFOs, and I refused. I kept saying, ‘I know nothing, I know nothing’.”

Andrea dismissed this scenario as a mundane dream, which it may well have been, probably in part because of my presence in one of the segments. What she didn’t know, however, was that I in fact had seen a rectangular UFO at very close range in the winter of 1992, so my own curiosity was aroused by her description. Even more interesting was the fact that several other people in this book project—Linda, Rose, and a member of my family—have reported very similar situations to the military interrogation. And in these other cases, there was reason to believe they were not normal dreams at all.

For Andrea, however, the evidence of the dream’s reality was not very strong, which is indicative of her tendency not to overreact to possible or actual alien encounters. As a result, she has managed to keep a good sense of mental balance, neither overly exalting the creatures in her mind, making gods of them, nor being overwhelmed by terror as if they were demons. “Not all of the aliens are bad,” she believes, which is a reasonable point of view given the cumulative experiences she has had.

Still, when they physically intrude into her normal reality, Andrea is not happy about it, as her description of two

typical episodes show.

“When I went to bed,” she said, “I started feeling apprehensive. I couldn’t go to sleep. It got worse as the hours passed. Finally, I turned on the bedside lamp to read. I had not been reading long when I saw a flash of light in the den. I started thinking, Oh, geez, no. I told myself that maybe it was the light in one of my aquariums and tried to read some more.

“I started hearing a clicking noise,” she continued, “and tried to figure out what it was. Then I saw, in my peripheral vision, a flash of brown go past my door toward the bathroom.” The “flash of brown” was recognizable to Andrea, and she realized that at least one of the aliens was in the house. She fought to stay alert, hoping to fend off another abduction, but she couldn’t do it.

“Finally,” she concluded, “in sheer fatigue I gave up and fell asleep. They really are patient little critters.” If anything occurred after that, Andrea couldn’t recall it. But she awoke with a possible sign that she had indeed been paid a visit. “On Saturday morning,” she said, “my knees and legs were in terrible pain. I have been checked for arthritis and don’t have it.”

Four months later, in December 1993, a similar incident occurred, as fleeting and consciously elusive as the first one. “I woke up around 3:30 a.m.,” she told me, “and turned on the television set in the bedroom. This is usually the time I wake up and scan the bedroom for whatever. I turned on Channel

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Four because they are on all night. I wanted to catch a weather report because we were expecting sleet. Everything was normal until an insurance commercial came on. I was lying on my side and just happened to glance up at the TV.

"At that moment, a black object moved in front of the screen, left to right, and then moved back off, right to left. It had a face, after a fashion, but appeared to be one-dimensional. It was almost as though you could stick your hand through it, but you could not see the TV screen through the blackness. It must have had intelligence, because as soon as I thought, What the hell is that? it moved back off the screen. I was fighting to stay awake, as if it wouldn't bother me if I were awake. Shortly thereafter, I felt the old familiar 'zap' through my body, and I was out of it.

"Since that time I have had a sore spot on my spine eight to twelve inches up from my coccyx. I've had everyone check my spine, and they tell me there isn't even a red spot there. However, it [remained] very sore for the past three weeks." A conscious sight of a strange creature, an unexplained physical effect, and nothing in her memory to connect the two: such events have punctuated her life as they have countless others with alien contact. The alien abductions are something she lives with very quietly, rarely discussing them with others, coping with her fears and uncertainties as best she can on her own. The experiences have changed her views, her habits, and her desires and fears. The whole texture of her life is interwoven

with the pattern of an unknown agenda.

### Betty

"When I was seven or eight years old," Betty related, "my father gave us permission, my sister and me, to go outside and play with the other children, who were playing hide-and-seek. It was close to six in the evening. I remember that I went to hide between some bushes, and then I heard a sound, somebody else. And as I turned, I saw what I thought at that moment was one of the other kids.

"The next thing I know," she continued, "it was dark, and I was very surprised. When I got home, my father was very mad at me and my mother was very upset. My father told me that they had been calling me and looking for me for hours. But I couldn't understand it," she said. "The place where I was hiding was less than a hundred feet from the front of the house. I was hiding there, and it was daylight, and then the next thing I know it was dark-and I was scared.

"Recently I had another memory about that," she added. "That kid I thought was there, he was an alien, one of the Grays. He took me to a ship, but I don't remember what happened after that."

As I listened to Beth's account of her childhood missing-time episode, I was reminded of a similar event in my husband's past. At age twelve, not much older than Betty had been, Téodoro and his best friend were playing in a field one day, when several strange children approached them and asked if they wanted to "come see the UFO" that had

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landed on the other side of the hill. Téodoro's next conscious memory was of coming back home and complaining to his mother that his nose was very sore and he had a headache.

As did Betty, Téodoro had a day-time missing-time episode initiated after contact with unknown "children." Betty has never explored this memory hypnotically, but when Téodoro used regressive hypnosis to delve into the missing time, he retrieved memories of an onboard abduction involving a nasal implant.

This was not the only similarity between Beth's experiences and Téodoro's. A divorced mother with grown children, Betty had first contacted us, in fact, because another of her encounter memories, involving apparently military personnel, contained very striking and disturbing parallels to an incident described earlier.

A mutual acquaintance helped arrange a phone conversation for us, and we got acquainted. Betty was born in 1942 in Puerto Rico and has lived there most of her life, although her heritage also includes ancestors from Spain and Vermont. Betty was a teacher before starting her family, but in recent years she had vision problems which have kept her from working. Currently, she divides her time between Puerto Rico and Florida.

Betty and I discussed her memories of the military encounter at length. But I was also interested to hear about other her other experiences, especially since she lived in Puerto Rico. A great

deal of UFO and alien activity has been reported in the past several years, much of it in the area where Betty lived but all over the island as well. In fact, of all the U. S. territory, there may well have been more recent UFO activity in Puerto Rico than anywhere else.

To judge from Beth's account, it has probably been going on for quite a while. In addition to the early missing-time event, she has conscious memories of many other strange experiences from childhood, well back into the 1950s. Her first UFO sighting, for example, occurred only a year or two after the hide-and-seek episode. Betty was walking to the store in the late afternoon, when she looked up and saw a "huge ball of fire" tearing downward through the sky. It disappeared behind a nearby mountain, and Betty assumed that she'd just witnessed a plane crash, although she heard no sound.

She screamed and ran back across the road into the house where excitedly she told her father what she had seen. Since he worked for the U. S. Navy at that time, her father told her he would inquire around the military base and find out what exactly had happened. But a few days later, when Betty brought up the subject again, her father told her that she must never tell anyone about what she had seen or even mention it again. No explanation was given, only a warning, and that made Betty believe some sort of mystery must have been involved.

She was used to mysterious things, even at that young age. "Even before that," she said, "as far back as I can re-

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member, I was aware - and so was my family - that strange things were happening to me, most of them at night. It made me afraid to go to sleep, afraid that someone was going to come for me." Unexplained noises often broke the silence of the night. Once, for example, Betty was startled awake by a "buzz or whooshing sound" in the room where she was sleeping alone. Frightened, she ran into her sister's room. "They're looking for me," was all she remembered saying, because at that moment her sister suddenly fell into a deep sleep and Beth's body became paralyzed. Then she, too, lost consciousness.

Another anomalous event took place when she ten years old. Betty had been outside for a while and had stopped to eat a piece of fruit. She consciously remembered standing still, taking a bite, and then looking down at a large, bleeding gash in her leg. "I didn't know what to think," Betty said. "How could my leg be cut and bleeding? I had not even moved from that spot." Heedless of the time as children often are, she had no idea if any was missing.

She also didn't know what to think of the shadowy figures that sometimes appeared in the house, although she tended to believe they might be ghosts. On one occasion, though, the figure seemed very real. Betty woke up during the night and found a humanoid figure sitting on her bed. He was wearing a tight white outfit, and he proceeded to talk to her. She couldn't remember, however, any of the things he said, and she couldn't remember his face. Betty

told her mother about some of these strange occurrences, and her mother replied that she had sometimes heard Betty in her room at night, apparently talking to someone. But when she tried to get up and check on the girl, her mother said, she was paralyzed.

A little later, at age fourteen, Betty had a second UFO sighting. As she sat studying on the stairs by a window, she glanced out and saw an object through the trees. It stopped for a moment and hovered before shooting off vertically out of sight. Betty learned later that one of their neighbors had also spotted the object.

Even when she moved away from that house, staying for a while after her father's death in a boardinghouse, the unexplained occurrences followed her. One of her roommates there woke her up once, screaming, saying that she'd just seen a weird creature standing beside Beth's bed. The being apparently noticed the roommate looking at it, because it started moving toward her, and that was when she screamed. Her description of the creature matches today's well-known Gray entity.

The odd events seemed to subside as Betty grew to adulthood. She went to college and then began working as a teacher. Nothing notable happened until she was married and pregnant with her second child.

"I remember that I was so afraid that I wasn't pregnant," Betty said, "that it was a tumor, because it [the fetus] was not moving. I told my doctor frequently that it couldn't be a child, that he was

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mistaken, but it was a big joke to him.

“When I was almost six months into the pregnancy, I was very worried because the baby wasn’t moving. One night I remember that I suddenly felt so sleepy that I got in bed, and I had a dream. I saw myself on a doctor’s table. A strange doctor put a needle into my navel. When he did this, I felt something like an electric shock, and the baby started moving. I also felt that something was put up my nose. And then I woke up,” she concluded. “And when I awoke, I was having a very heavy nosebleed and the baby was moving.”

Betty carried the baby to term and it was born healthy. But a subsequent pregnancy a few years later didn’t survive. Betty apparently miscarried one night and isn’t sure if she saw any fetal tissue. This occurred, it should be noted, on a night when one of the neighbors reported seeing an unexplained light over Beth’s home.

Whatever she may have thought about these numerous, often nebulous events through the years, whoever she might have thought was behind them, in the summer of 1978 an event occurred that left no doubt of its source. On the night of July 17, Betty went to bed around 9 p.m., where she read for an hour and then turned off the bedside lamp planning to go to sleep. In the dark, a light caught her attention through the window, where she saw a glowing object. Concerned, Betty woke up her husband and had him check the area. He came back to bed having found nothing unusual, and they turned out the lamp again to sleep. But the light returned to

the yard and shone in through the window. Betty looked up at the light, and the next moment she was aware of being somewhere very different. She was in an unfamiliar round room, and she wasn’t alone.

Her husband lay near her, apparently asleep, as was her youngest child nestled in her lap. In a panic, she suddenly thought, Where are my other children? A voice from an unseen source then replied, Don’t be afraid, they are here.

Three other people whom Betty didn’t know were also unconscious in the room. She saw a young man and woman, probably in their twenties, and an older man who looked to Betty like an “ex-military” sort.

The whole situation was so unexpected that Betty was too bewildered to react logically, perhaps. Or perhaps, as in other reports, her responses were “directed” for some purpose. At any rate, when she noticed the older man coming to consciousness just as she was regaining her own awareness, Betty inexplicably asked, “What time is it?”

Given the total strangeness of their situation, such a question appears ludicrous, but instead of reacting with surprise or panic, the man simply checked his watch and replied, “Ten after twelve.”

Almost two hours had passed since she saw the light for the second time, although to her it seemed as if it had only been a few moments. Looking around, she saw strange, computer-like equipment in the room. And then she noticed



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some other beings, clearly not human, there with her. The two entities were gray and very skinny, dressed in metallic silver suits.

Betty saw that her husband was starting to come around then. But her attention was caught by a startling change in the metal wall in front of her, as it seemed to transform into glass, like a window. Looking out, she recognized the location as a rural area near some property she owned.

A door opened just then, and a very tall man walked in. He was pale, with dark, short hair that formed a widow's peak in the center of his forehead. His eyes were larger than usual, and his jaw was very square. The man wore the same tight silver outfit as the Grays, but he also had on gloves and a wide belt. In his hands was a small orb that looked to be made of glass, within which many lights were brightly blinking. As the tall man stared at Betty and her family, she got the impression that he was perhaps a scientist, and she felt he was the one "in command." His gaze made her feel like a specimen or a "guinea pig."

"My husband was starting to wake up," Betty said, "and this man put him back to sleep, by holding the glass ball over his head. He did it to me, too, and then I was paralyzed."

Betty was next aware of being back in her bed, with a terrible headache, and then she fell quickly to sleep. Upon waking, she discovered that the night's events had left her in a bad physical state. Besides the pounding headache,

she also suffered aches throughout her body, especially in her back, and she was dizzy. Betty was also very nauseated, vomiting repeatedly, as well as plagued with diarrhea. She had difficulty seeing because her eyes were badly swollen and irritated, a condition that bothered her for a long time after this, so much so that she had to wear sunglasses.

A terrible rash persisted for two months, and her hair began to fall out in excessive quantities. Most disturbing of all, however, were the cataracts that began forming in her eyes. Nine months after the abduction, Betty had to undergo cataract-removal surgery, and it was during preparatory exams that the doctor found physical scarring from what he insisted was previous eye surgery. But Betty had never had an operation, at least not by human hands.

Clearly there had been some thing or some activity in that strange environment that caused her numerous afflictions, but Betty could only recall the brief scenario in the round room. She wasn't sure about the tall, dark-haired man, but she was certain that the gray beings were not human.

Not long after this, Betty once again saw one of the strange creatures. She had been asleep, but the sound of someone calling her name woke her up. She got up and looked out the window, where one of the little beings was looking back at her. Betty remembered that he was holding a metal stick of some sort, but the next instant she found herself back in bed, and the little creature was nowhere to be seen.

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UFOs also continued to appear. On Father's Day in 1980, the entire family witnessed one of these events. Out in the yard, two of the children saw it first and called to the others to come look. They arrived in time to see a cloudy-looking object hovering silently about ten feet from the ground with what seemed to be "bubbles" inside, before it disappeared.

Less than a year later, Betty once again had a bedroom visitation by unknown beings. As she prepared to go to bed, she began to feel as if someone were watching her. Turning around, she saw a tall, slender man standing by her bed, and she became very frightened. Betty tried to scream, but no sound came out, so she began to pray silently for help. And then she found that she was moving, going forward toward the man's outstretched hand. Unable to stop, she floated after him toward the window and knew she was about to be taken through it. This panicked her even more, and she feared she would be "ground up like hamburger" by the process.

The actual moment of passing through the window, however, left no impression on her when it happened, and she was next aware of being in a dark place, lying down, surrounded by "a feeling of great speed." Blackness overtook her, and the next apparent moment she was back in bed in the guest room, still unable to move. She could scream, however, which she did, bringing her husband running. But the strange man, of course, had disappeared.

Betty wasn't the only one in her family to witness the alien beings. In 1986, she and her son saw a small white entity. Betty was in bed when she was surprised to hear the sound of water running somewhere. As she got up to check for the source, her son called for her to come outside with him.

"Mommy, look there!" he shouted, and Betty looked, but without her glasses all she could see was an indistinct white object out in the yard. Her son, however, had better vision, and he described seeing a small being by the garage, holding a garden hose through which water was running. As the son watched, he told her, the little being stopped and "floated away."

Later, in 1987, Beth's daughter said that three of the Grays had come during the night and taken her out to an area near the house, into a UFO. She said they talked together in a friendly manner and that one of the aliens even laughed. She also reported the presence of a strange man, who told her he was going to "fix" her heart as he inserted a large needle into her chest. Betty said this occurred at a time when her daughter was awaiting heart surgery.

It was also at this time that Betty recalled having a brief but vivid dream that greatly disturbed her. In this dream, she was on a table, location unknown, with three men standing around her. The terrifying part of the scenario was the single sentence she heard spoken by one of the men: "She is expendable, and we can always use a terminator."

The experience was so unlike the

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previous encounters she had remembered that Betty insisted it was just a dream, but the idea and the threat of a “terminator,” whatever it might be, haunted her. So did the identity of the men.

Another situation arose during this time that caused her a great deal of concern, even though it seemed to have nothing to do with UFOs or aliens. Several different mornings, when Betty woke up and went into the kitchen for coffee, she found the water jug, normally kept in the refrigerator, and four glasses containing water sitting out on the counter.

The first time this occurred, Betty was annoyed by the inconsiderate act, and she questioned her son and daughter about it. Both of them denied leaving out the water jug or even being in the kitchen after bedtime. The next time she found the dirty glasses and the jug, Betty became angry and found it hard to believe her children’s protestations of innocence in the matter.

What were they doing, she wondered, getting up in the middle of the night and inviting in people, visiting with them in secret? Why was it done in secret? Why were they denying doing it? The questions bothered her greatly, yet the children were adamant that they had nothing to do with the intermittent discoveries of the jug and glasses left on the counter by undiscovered persons during the night.

Finally Betty came to believe them, but that made her even more afraid, for it pointed to a scenario of four strang-

ers with free access to her home and family. Yet no one in the family saw any strangers there, and none of the household goods had been stolen. But the scenario of strangers breaking in merely for a sip of water just didn’t make any sense. And Betty couldn’t believe the visitors were aliens, not if all they seemed to do was pour themselves a drink, leave a mess on the kitchen counter, and then disappear.

Betty worried about this mysterious situation for a long time, even after the visits stopped. And she never caught anyone in the act of entertaining guests or getting out the water jug, which would have explained the whole affair. Much later, however, Betty did have a flashback memory concerning this situation. In a very upsetting scenario, she saw herself opening the door and letting a group of people into the house. She even saw herself pouring the water. Betty didn’t recognize any of the people, and the flashback memory didn’t show her why she let them in or what they did there after she poured their drinks. She didn’t know if the flashback reflected a real event or if it came from her imagination. It certainly felt real, but it seemed so unlikely that Betty just couldn’t accept it.

In September 1987, however, an indisputably real event occurred. Another UFO appeared and was witnessed by three members of the family.

“Mommy, there’s a UFO up there!” Betty heard her daughter shout on night around 11 p.m. She got up and looked out to see a “huge, beautiful UFO” about half a mile from the house. Her son also

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saw it briefly.

This sighting seemed no different than previous ones, but it was followed the next day by the onset of activity that would continue for years: overflights of unidentified helicopters. On that first day, an AW AC also flew over, in addition to the black copters, and the craft operated at such low altitudes that sometimes the windows and the entire house were shaken by their force. They returned a week later, and this time Betty even witnessed a craft that looked like a helicopter but flew noiselessly.

She continued to have frightening nocturnal experiences, usually involving fragmented scenarios and time loss. Once after midnight, for example, Betty went through an event of which she only consciously retained three “snapshot-type” memories. The first part began when she was still quite conscious, as she looked out the window at some red and white lights she’d just noticed in the yard. The second scene is of her out in the yard, watching a craft fly away and crying, “Don’t leave me.” This was followed instantly by her being conscious again and aware that she was back in her bed.

During these years of fairly active alien involvement in her life, Betty had a number of dreams relating to UFOs, the Grays, and other sorts of entities. Some people may think that it is foolish to look for information in dreams, but a close familiarity with the multi-phenomenal context of the abduction situation shows that this is not so.

In abduction research it is gener-

ally acknowledged that many times the memories of an alien encounter, suppressed at the time of the event, will surface in any number of ways. It may happen as a sudden flashback during regular consciousness, or it may emerge during the dream state. It also may be that what the person recalled as a dream was not a memory of some past event but instead reflected an event of that particular night, so lightly suppressed that it remained in the consciousness as an altered-state awareness. At any rate, it is wise to pay attention to the dreams of a person with current alien activity. Certain details, often identical, turn up from case to case that differ from the typical archetypal entities and situations found in normal dreams.

This was certainly true for Beth’s dreams. In one, for example, she was with an unfamiliar alien being in an environment where the sky was pink, and she recalled seeing an animal similar to a cow. All of these details have been reported by other abductees, sometimes in dreams and sometimes in actual experiences. So has the scenario she recalled from another dream: being given a liquid to drink by the Grays. In a different dream, Betty was made to immerse in “a heavy liquid” and was surprised to find that she could breathe in it. This scenario is so familiar now that it is often included in the list of most frequently reported abduction events.

Betty was concerned and curious about these dreams, as she was about the experiences she recalled consciously. So when the opportunity arose for her to work with a well-known UFO

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investigator and to undergo regressive hypnosis, Betty decided to do it.

In early 1988 she underwent four separate sessions of hypnosis, all focusing on a single event: the encounter in 1978 when she remembered being in a circular room with her husband, one child, and three strangers. The following account is a composite of the information from those sessions, comprising all the bits and pieces that emerged during the regressions.

Betty recalled that when the light shone in through the window that night, she saw that several aliens were in the room. She was terrified, but one of them calmed her and seemed to be in charge as they led her outside to a craft. The next part of her memory is patchy, for she was in a small room in which the atmosphere seemed “foggy,” and she couldn’t see much more than several strange instruments on a table. One of them looked somewhat like a hair dryer.

Next, two of the aliens took her down a curved hall through a door, into a different area. It looked to Betty like “a surgery room,” and she became afraid they were going to kill her there. She cried out in fear when they placed her on a “floating” table. Overhead she saw a screen upon which her insides were displayed. A third alien in this room engaged in some communication with the two escorts. Betty sensed that he seemed more compassionate than the others. This third entity, holding a black box, then moved to a position behind Betty. She could not see what he did, but she felt as if her head was being “opened” and her brain removed,

all without any sensation of pain.

After she felt as if she were “all put back together again,” a cold liquid was poured over her head. When this procedure was finished, the aliens stood in front of her, and Betty realized that mentally she was different. Her thoughts and reactions to everything were changed, it seemed, and she was filled with new ideas about God and the unity of all life within that supreme source.

This very spiritual moment was followed by a quite physical exam, as the aliens took samples from her skin and hair. A man with a widow’s-peak hairline, similar to the one she’d seen before, entered and made a full examination of her body, including a gynecological procedure.

This was the most upsetting part of the experience for Betty, and she was especially frightened when he produced two long, thin needles and explained that he had to make some “corrections” involving her kidney and ovary. He inserted the needles in the areas of those organs, and Betty felt a warm vibration. The man said this “alignment” was necessary to put her glands in better condition for what they wanted her to do, “in service to humanity.” He talked at length about changing the human “vibration.”

Next, a young woman, similar in looks to the man, came into the room and proceeded to clean Beth’s body with a sponge and liquid. She escorted Betty back to the first room, where the man continued to explain about certain things. For one, he told her that she and

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other humans were “chosen” to carry out “jobs” in the future. He also described a coming disaster in the world, and he explained to her about working “as a spiritual being” for the good of humanity. The alien said that his group was here to study, collect genetic material, and avert a destructive process which humans had started.

She then recalled nothing more than being back in the round room with her husband. Betty was very shaken by the recovered memories, and she said she had no idea why she was “chosen,” as they had told her.

After the regressions, Beth’s subconscious became more accessible, because she started having conscious flashbacks of previously unremembered events. In the summer of 1988, while chatting with a friend, Betty suddenly experienced one of these flashbacks. It began with her in a small flying disc, entering a well-lit underground city. The craft flew on through a tunnel passage into an enormous cavern that contained several buildings. Betty also saw some UFOs parked in various locations and aliens working side by side with human military personnel.

The next scenario is of Betty flying somehow through a body of water, into a tunnel, and then emerging from a lake. She also remembered trying to run away, but a big man grabbed her and said, “We brought you here because we want you to see this” as a huge craft rose out of the water. Betty then got back into the little craft and flew up to the huge one. The entire memory was strange

and disturbing, and Betty had no idea when such an event might have occurred.

Shortly after the regressions, in August 1988, Betty received a mysterious phone call from a voice that sounded as if it were coming from a vacuum. An unknown man said, “Elizabeth.”

“Yes,” Betty replied. “Who are you?”

“We know about your experience,” the voice said, “and we know about all the problems and doubts you have, but we can give you proof.”

“Who are you?” Betty persisted. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Don’t be afraid,” the strange voice continued. “We can give you proof. We want to talk to you, so next Thursday go to the botanical garden. Be there at ten. We know you. Don’t worry about looking for us. Don’t tell anybody, and go there alone.”

Everything about the call was suspicious—the use of a disguised voice, the disturbing references to Beth’s “experiences,” the insistence that she come by herself to the meeting—and she felt the call implied a threat. She told the investigator with whom she was working, but she didn’t want to go to the garden. Later, however, Betty changed her mind, so she picked up the investigator and went on to the appointed place. Although neither of them saw any suspicious humans or any alien presences, Betty said a communication about love, faith, friendship, and service was put into her mind there in the garden.

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On the drive back home, Betty felt dizzy and ill. Her body didn't seem to "work right," and her sense of time was very disoriented. According to the clock, she even gained time on the return trip, and for a while thereafter, day and night seemed to come and go very quickly. Even more disconcerting was the clear sensation of her hand passing through solid objects as she reached for them. But the bizarre perceptions eventually passed, and there were no further phone calls.

In 1990, two years after the flashback of the underground facility with humans and aliens working together, more of Beth's memories of this event surface in a dream. She saw herself stepping out of an aircraft with two "military men." They were in a desert-like area, reminiscent of the American southwest, with buildings that "matched" the desert environment. A dark, grassy pool of water was near a large metal building that looked like a warehouse inside. An old-fashioned wooden door opened to reveal a very high-tech metal door, through which Betty was taken into a large room. There she saw four big tables and a number of people. Some of them looked to be military, some were clad like scientists, and others appeared to be "regular" people. A uniformed, redheaded man, one of the two who had brought her to the facility, seemed to be "in charge" of her.

Two more men entered the room, wearing outfits Betty described as similar to astronaut's gear. They talked with Betty and the other people, although she didn't remember what was said, and

then someone shouted and the group started running toward the back of the large room. The red-haired man grabbed her, and then the flashback ended, but the next morning Betty found bruises in the exact spot where the man had gripped her arm.

The memory felt real, but she had no idea when such a fantastic event might have occurred. Of course, mysterious things had been happening all along and continued to occur—sightings of UFOs and strange lights, episodes of unexplained time gaps, occasional appearances of patterned bruises and punctures on her body—and for most of these events Betty had no explanation or memory, either. It was clear that her conscious recollections about these things were merely the tip of the iceberg, and whatever lay beneath the surface had been deeply suppressed.

Betty might have been able to tell herself that all these events weren't real, that she had imagined them, until an event occurred which proved that the weirdness wasn't only in her mind. In 1992 during a visit to Miami, she and a friend were driving from his house to her daughter's home one night, a trip of thirty to forty-five minutes on the turnpike. They started out at 9:50 p.m. and things proceeded normally at first. But then they both noticed that the others cars, in both directions, had disappeared from view. Betty saw a large, dark, shadowy form looming up ahead of them, which she thought might be a bridge. She reasoned that the bridge's great shadow had somehow blocked their view of the other traffic.

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At the very next instant, it seemed, she and her friend felt the car “set back down” on the turnpike. The driver lost control of the wheel, fighting to steer the car out of danger, and Betty found herself inexplicably unlocking the seat belt, staring out the window, and shouting, “Where are they? Where are they?”

“How do you feel?” her friend asked.

“Confused,” she told him. “My hair is standing up, like static electricity, and there’s a bad pressure on my neck and my forehead.”

Her friend said he was having the same symptoms, too, and that he didn’t know what had just happened. Betty noticed the shadowy shape was gone and the traffic was thick all around them. “The bridge must have blocked our view,” she told her friend, explaining about the shadowy form.

But her friend, who drove that turnpike regularly, told her there was no bridge at that location. They continued on the drive, bewildered. When they reached her daughter’s home, all the lights were out and the place was silent. Betty looked at her watch and was shocked to see that it read 11:55. She knew they should have arrived no later than 10:45, which meant that over an hour was missing. And this time, she hadn’t been alone. The mystery was just as great as ever, though, for neither of them remembered anything other than being in the car.

The pattern was always the same: evidence of an odd event, a fragment of a puzzling scenario, and a blank in the

place where the details should have been. Every missing hour was a grievous loss to Betty, a dark emptiness in her life. She had seen aliens, and she had seen humans, some of them military, but she had no clue as to what any of them were really doing. The agenda behind these events has remained unknown, and Betty has continued to struggle with her questions and her fears, because the events continue to occur.

In January 1993, for instance, when she was staying in a Miami apartment with her son and daughter, Betty experienced another missing-time episode, and this time she discovered artifactual evidence afterward. The event was preceded by a number of odd but minor occurrences involving each member of the family.

On Wednesday, January 27, they had all gone to bed by midnight. Betty awoke at 4:39 a.m. and went to the bathroom. On her way back to bed, she suddenly felt a compulsion or instruction to go into the kitchen and pull up the window. She became afraid and fought against the urge, but still she walked to the window and opened it without looking out, before returning to her bed.

As she lay down, Betty glanced at the window and thought, I don’t want to see. She began to turn over to face the other direction, and at that moment she heard something that sounded like a train, followed by the sound of an electronic door closing. Rolling on over, she glanced at the window again and saw that it was daylight outside. The bedside clock read 6:45. Two hours had disappeared in the time it took her, con-



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sciously, to turn over in the bed.

The realization startled her, and Betty got up in great agitation. She went to the kitchen to make coffee and tried to figure out what had happened, but without success. Then she went to take a shower, and that was when she noticed that both of her knees were coated with a chalky white substance, as if she'd been kneeling in the unknown powder. But she couldn't imagine where she might have been, for the substance was unlike anything in her house.

In spite of her agitation, the morning's activities had to go on, so Betty woke up her children to get ready for work. Before he left, her son remarked that something might have happened to him during the night because he'd discovered a puncture on his forearm that he couldn't explain. When they returned in the evening, Betty told them about the events of the previous night: the strange sounds, the missing time, the white substance, and the apparent fact that she must have been out of the house temporarily. But her son, who'd slept at the foot of Beth's bed in a sleeping bag, said he didn't think that was possible.

"She was sitting in bed last night," he told his sister. "She acted afraid, talking to someone. I saw a figure in the doorway," he added, but at the time, he said, he couldn't get up and apparently fell back asleep. Everything about the event remained a mystery.

In this final account from Beth's ongoing experiences, an event occurred which had identical details to a

bizarre report I had learned about from a close relative. Beth's parallel story confirmed that it wasn't the imaginings of a single mind. Either the aliens were actually doing these things, activities that were not familiar from other abduction accounts, or they were creating the same virtual-reality scenario for at least two unrelated abductees.

Betty was in Miami when the experience occurred, staying with a friend and sleeping on his couch. One night, she awoke and watched in amazement as "a rectangle of light, like a very thin page of paper" came in through the window. She could see an area in the center where white, pink, and purple lights were moving about.

The rectangle of light stopped in mid-air, and out of its center emerged a full-grown man, very tall, wearing a tight-fitting suit and a small helmet. The man stood up and leaned over her, bringing his face very close to hers. He was above her, but as she stared into his eyes, she said she felt as if she were falling. That's where the memory ended, and Betty was aware of nothing more until she awoke in the morning, in a dazed, groggy condition that persisted throughout the day.

Enduring repeated episodes of such activity, she has no clearer understanding of these events now than at first. She does, however, have feelings about it all, and certain beliefs to which she clings.

Although she is never certain of who has abducted her or what they have done, Betty feels that at least one of her

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experiences, the 1978 event, involved a benevolent group of aliens. “They brought me an enormous sense of affinity with God,” she said, “with the universe, and with love.”

But she also recognizes that other forces seem to be a part of the overall phenomenon. “There’s a battle of good and evil,” she said, explaining her feelings about the situation. “Sometimes they interact in our lives, bring pain and confusion, but I hold onto faith that my good ETs will help us.”

She feels very strongly that the future catastrophic events the aliens described will indeed come about, and that she and other abductees will play a vital role at that time. But that doesn’t keep her from feeling fear and depression. Most certainly she fears the possible military or human intrusions, unable to forget the threat that she is “expendable.”

To face these fears, she relies on her religious beliefs for strength. “My faith has nurtured me,” Betty said. “I’m a part of God. Faith, love, and truth will pull us through the enormity of things that are going to happen. That is the spiritual part.”

The physical part, unfortunately, continues to include anxiety, sleep disorder, sudden and total energy losses, a number of health problems, and marks on her body that indicate the aliens are interested in more than just her spirit.

### **Elizabeth**

Most abductees have always been aware of strange events in their lives:

odd lights, unaccountable time gaps, unknown figures in the night, extending back into childhood. They may not have been aware of UFOs and aliens, at least by those terms, but they knew mysterious things had occurred.

In Elizabeth's case, however, her consciously recalled experiences with the unknown didn’t begin until 1992. Since that time, she has witnessed almost every typical detail of the abduction situation—a life’s worth of experiences in less than two years. And with all the events so recent, her situation offered an excellent opportunity for research. She was eager to share information after our initial contact, and she genuinely wanted to understand this mysterious new puzzle in her life.

Born in 1943, Elizabeth has Irish, English, German, French, Creek, Cherokee, and Apache ancestry. She is a sixth-generation Texan residing in the central hill country. Elizabeth was a nurse for many years, until arthritis prevented her from working, and she has also been a journalist, photographer, and a vocational archaeologist. She is divorced, with no children, and lives with several dogs, including her favorite buddy, “XZ,” in a rural setting near a large city. Compact, independent, and perky, Elizabeth enjoys sky-watching and music, including voice recitals.

In addition to her professional talents, Elizabeth has also demonstrated psychic abilities. “I was tested for over two years on a regular basis,” she reported, “by two research foundations in San Antonio...for psychic abilities.” Among them were telepathy, precogni-

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tion, psychokinesis, remote viewing, and clairvoyance, with the tests showing positive results. And since the UFO activity had started, her psychic senses seemed to have increased.

“Lately my psychic abilities have intensified to the point that it’s hard for me to be around groups any length of time,” she said, “without feeling mentally ‘assaulted and battered’.” These abilities may be part of the reason why Elizabeth’s flashes of memories have come so often while she has been conscious, rather than only through dreams.

Her UFO involvement began in the summer of 1992 with a multiple-witness sighting, and a number of strange events soon followed. “Something deep and profound has been occurring to me since July ’92,” she said in our first correspondence. “If you ask me if I’ve been abducted I have to honestly say I have no absolute memory per se. I can only point to my scars and say I think something has happened but I cannot remember, only flashes of things, and I’m not sure I can trust the flashes.”

Like Mollie and several others, Elizabeth was not eager to claim abductee status, nor that her experiences would be confirmed as ‘absolutely’ real by an outside observer. In fact, she made no claims at all about what these events and the alien agenda might be, but she did hope to find answers. And when she realized the possible implications of several events, Elizabeth approached the phenomenon from an investigative point of view. This involved keeping scrupulous journal entries, not only of sightings, flash-

backs, dreams, and odd events, but also of her physical and emotional responses to these things. She filed sightings reports with the local MUFON group and hosted several parties of sky watchers on the property. Further, Elizabeth attempted on many occasions to photograph the UFOs, as well as the helicopters and odd planes - sometimes invisible ones, however - which over flew her home.

From these research records and my investigation, the following account emerged, showing the presence of an abduction history. In Elizabeth’s case, several things are noteworthy. For one, the frequency of her UFO sightings is well above that of the typical abductee, and several of them were multiply witnessed or photographed. Also, while Elizabeth has not recalled a conscious full-blown encounter, most of her memories have come from conscious flashbacks rather than dreams. Her dreams, by the way, are vivid and frequently recalled, but they seem only occasionally to contain alien-related information, and this is usually in a screened form. Finally, Elizabeth’s experiences have involved a number of telepathic communications and sudden “knowings” of messages or information.

She marks the date of her involvement from the August sighting, but for a couple of months before this, Elizabeth sensed something different in her environment. She said she felt as if she were being watched, and thinking in normal terms that the watchers were human, she became very cautious and alert. For a while she resorted to carrying a gun,

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so certain was she of an unseen presence.

And then she saw the UFO on August 12, 1992, with a witness, and her reality began to shatter.

“Since it was during the Perseid meteor shower and my mom had never seen one,” Elizabeth said, “we decided to get up at 4 a.m. at the height of the shower to get a good show. We didn’t really see many meteors, but we stayed out even though it was disappointing.

“At about 5:30 I saw a white bright light doing odd maneuvers in the sky overhead. I called Mom’s attention to it, and then we watched a spectacular UFO show by first one, then two lights, for about fifteen minutes, until daylight. Mom and I were amazed by what we’d seen and talked about it all day.”

The lights were round and white, one brighter than the other, and there was no sound. The first light cavorted constantly, making rapid figure-eight, circular, and L-shaped patterns. When the second, larger light showed up, the two objects raced toward each other. The first one blinked to a stop and the second one circled around it. Then they made a series of fast movements, “like two flies flying in circles around each other.” They separated for a while, each engaged in its own aerial maneuvers, until the second object departed to the west. The first object remained in sight, flying in various patterns, until the rising sun obscured its light.

Elizabeth was excited by the event and thought about it frequently for a few days, but then, as she told me, “After a

while life took over and it was pushed to the back burner until October 1.” Her sister came to visit that evening, and when Elizabeth mentioned that bats had been coming to catch bugs around the outdoor light, they went out to watch them. “It was barely dark, and the bats were active,” Elizabeth said, “when we saw a very bright white light coming fast and low toward us from the west. It went directly over without a sound, turned slightly southeast, went a short way, and blinked out. We never saw a shape of any sort attached to the light. And we saw three more lights doing impossible maneuvers that night.”

This second sighting of anomalous aerial activity seriously puzzled Elizabeth, and through a magazine article she obtained the phone number for MUFON, Mutual UFO Network. She was put in touch with a local MUFON group and received a form to report her sightings. Shortly afterward, Elizabeth joined the organization and began to read about the subject.

Through the books and articles, she learned not only about UFO sightings but also about the abduction phenomenon. “It was the reading,” she said, “that helped me realize that maybe something was happening to me. I had had many of the same odd things happen to me that I was reading about. It wasn’t until November 3 that I made a list of the odd things that had happened since July. The list frightened me because it had too many classic signs. And I kept having a gut feeling that something had happened.”

One particular item on the list was

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especially suspicious, as it involved a time gap. Planning to drive into town with her friend Brenda to see some friends perform in a band, Elizabeth left her house just before 7 p.m. on October 30 to make the fifteen-minute drive.

"I was just a short way down the road from my house," Elizabeth described, "when an owl came flying directly at my windshield. I thought it was going to crash into the glass, but at the last minute it just curved smoothly over the top of the car without contact. I had never had that happen and was glad it didn't hit me. I continued on my way and got to Brenda's. She met me at the door, worried and asked if anything was wrong. I said, 'No, why?'"

"She said that I was late, and she had called the house and left a message on my phone machine. She was worried because I was usually early, and it was late enough that she thought maybe I'd had a wreck or something. I was really surprised to find out that it was 7:50 p.m. I couldn't account for the time loss because I should have been there by 7:10 or 7:15 at the latest."

The whole thing made no sense, for Elizabeth went back through the trip mentally several times and could not find any reason for the thirty-to-forty-five minute delay, not even a moment out of sequence. "But something didn't feel right," she said. "I think it worked on my subconscious, because it was three days later that I made the list of all the curious things that had been happening since July."

Ten days later, Elizabeth began

keeping a daily journal of events. She woke up that morning with a bloody nose, sore throat, and large bruises on her arm for which she couldn't account. She had not been aware of anything unusual, other than a vague sense of some activity. Many of the oddities she'd noted were too ambiguous to give her proof of any abductions or alien involvement in her life. But the UFO sightings were real, that much felt certain, and they continued to recur.

The very next one, in fact, was even preceded by an announcement of sorts. At 3 p.m. on December 1, Elizabeth suddenly received a communication, a very clear message that the UFOs would show up that night for her to photograph. She was given explicit instructions to clean her lens and put new batteries in the camera. "I'll get my camera and they'll show as a sign for me," she noted in her journal, "I feel it strongly."

At 5:30 she prepared, with a pallet, binoculars, the camera, and warm clothing. At 6:40, the UFO appeared. Elizabeth quickly snapped five photos. One of them turned out well, showing a large single light of which the back portion appears wider than the front. It wasn't as good as she hoped, but good enough to make her determined to shoot more photos, since the UFOs seemed to be showing up rather frequently. And after the fulfillment of the telepathic communication's promise, Elizabeth couldn't help but feel that the mysterious phenomenon of lights in the sky wasn't a random occurrence. This seemed to have a connection to her.

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The next day, December 2, when she returned home from voice lessons, Elizabeth entered the house and discovered an unrecognizable odor permeating the air. She described it as “acrid, strong, heavy, sharp, pungent, and tangy,” unrelated to food or smoke odors, and unlike anything she’d ever smelled. Its source was never located.

That night, Elizabeth witnessed another anomalous light. This one was not in the sky, but rather low to the ground and very close to her house. It was shortly after midnight, and she had turned off the light for the night. “I was lying quietly on my back, thinking,” Elizabeth said, “and my blinds were open. Shortly, just beyond the trees, I saw a flashing blue light. I saw it at the top of my cedar tree, and then it dropped down to the level of the window cross panes. Dogs all around began barking-mine didn’t, they lay asleep-and I thought, They’re here! My whole body tingled, and my midsection welled up with something. I watched and didn’t see anything else for a few minutes. Then I saw a ‘light bulb flash’ to the right and then left of the window.” Her drawing shows an intermittent light spiraling downward, moving from one side to the other in the window.

Inexplicably-or perhaps not-Elizabeth didn’t get up to check on the situation. Instead, she instantly fell asleep. “I was awake one minute-the next, asleep,” her journal notes. “I guess I was scared.”

Two and a half hours later, at 3:40 a.m. on December 3, Elizabeth woke up. She felt instantly awake and alert, as if

she hadn’t been asleep at all, and stayed up the rest of the night. Around 6 a.m., Elizabeth happened to look at her back and was surprised to see two fresh scratches on her left shoulder and a scratch and a welt on the left one. She also noticed as the day went on that she was having difficulty discerning right and left directions, something that had never happened to her before. This lasted two weeks, as did an almost total loss of short-term memory.

At 7:15 a.m. the house was shaken and vibrated by the loud noise of a helicopter. It flew toward the south, lingered momentarily by the side of the house, and then continued on. Elizabeth was surprised by the helicopter, because even though there had been an unusual number of them flying over her house since the first UFO sighting, she hadn’t seen one in several days. The last one’s arrival had coincided with a UFO, she realized, just as this one showed up only hours after the blue light’s appearance. She wondered if she were imagining connections that didn’t exist, if her increasingly agitated, disoriented, and frightened state of mind was clouding her logic. But the nervous feelings continued, even though she tried to explain them away. “The strobe light scares me because there was no sound,” she noted in the journal, “and the light was too close not to hear if it was a plane or ‘copter. It was a silent light.”

A silent light, preceded by an unknown acrid odor, followed immediately by a sudden loss of consciousness, and in conjunction with unexplained scratches, body marks, and disorienta-

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tion. All that were missing were the memories.

On the evening of December 4, Elizabeth found another unexplained injury, a quarter-sized bruise on her right hand. Examining the rest of her body, she also noticed a new addition to a pattern of marks which had been showing up on her forearm. They included two circles and two lines in a V-shape, and now there was also a “cut-line” connected to the larger circle as well as a small red dot near the other circle.

The closing lines of her journal entry for that day include a very intriguing final line: “Felt better after I talked to S. L. and I laughed and laughed to-night. I needed it. I feel good, up. I’m not so afraid to see them now. I feel a lot has been connected in my mind.”

Two nights later, Elizabeth recorded a curious dream which occurred between 11 p.m. when she went to bed and 1:30 a.m. when she awoke. On the surface, nothing about it seemed related to any of these previous events, but an examination of several details shows a possible screen memory or screened new event.

“A group of women arrived at my house for a ‘birthday’ party,” she noted in the journal. “They seemed familiar but didn’t know any of them from ‘real life.’ They were purposeful and quietly determined. We did some [unremembered] things in a small house. I stayed mostly in the ‘bedroom.’ I was disagreeable after a while and they were put out with me. One of them I knew better, and she was the leader. They were about as

tall as I. I don’t remember spoken words. At one point I was real disagreeable and tussled with them. They left me in the bedroom and conferred together in the kitchen.

“Finally they came out and said they had to go. They began to leave as a group, and I felt bad about what I’d done and asked them to reconsider. They said no and looked put-out. They began to leave, and I watched them go sadly and relieved, too. The leader did all the communicating.”

Elizabeth enclosed a number of words in quotation marks, as if to suggest that they weren’t what they seemed to be, including “birthday,” “real life,” and “bedroom.” Do they suggest that the purpose of the group’s visit was not her birthday, that they might be familiar from experiences that weren’t part of Elizabeth’s normal life, and that the room was not a bedroom?

The group’s demeanor is not festive, but rather “purposeful” and quiet. No one speaks but the leader—a curious term for a social visitor. She didn’t remember her activities with the group in the bedroom, nor why she was “disagreeable” and resistant. Whatever occurred was clearly not a party game. And finally, her feelings about them when they prepare to depart are strangely ambiguous.

If these visitors, events, and emotions are put into abduction terms, the parallel is obvious: A group of vaguely familiar visitors arrive and interact with a person in a small enclosure. The interactions are disagreeable to the per-

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son, who feels resistant. Only one of the group, the leader, communicates with the person. When the visitors leave, the person has confused emotions and cannot recall all the details of the interaction.

Given these parallels, it may well be that Elizabeth's dream images screened an actual alien encounter. Five days later, however, on December 9, she had a conscious perception of unknown visitors. She awoke from a dream around 5:30 a.m. and realized she was hearing "voices and faint music" downstairs in the living room. She listened in surprise, but abruptly the noises ceased.

"Then I could hear someone walking away from the bed toward the stairs and down them," she wrote. "The sound was a loud 'blue jeans rub' between the thighs of a man. I listened for several moments when suddenly I caught the black outline of a man slipping past my window. He had a faint light outlining him. He was tallish and in a hurry. He was just a quick flicker and then gone. I was paralyzed with fear. I tried to reach for my gun, but I couldn't move! I tried so hard, but I was so scared I couldn't move. When I looked at the window, I could move then, and everything was okay."

This intrusion marked the end of a series of events that had begun with the silent blue light near Elizabeth's house. Other possible UFO sightings continued to occur, not always with concomitant odd activity. She watched two nocturnal lights fly in an arched path on January 9, 1993, for instance, and three lights

going in opposite directions on April 10.

"The lights would fade in, travel slowly, and then fade out or disappear," she wrote in her journal. "I saw two bright, golden streaking meteors, plus a huge bright flash through the trees southwest of my house. Seemed to be in the woods."

And then on May 16, Elizabeth had a spectacular UFO sighting that was witnessed not only by her mother, who was visiting, but also by several people all around the area of a large lake. That evening, Elizabeth received a phone call from one of the local MUFON members who told her that she'd gotten a report of a triangular UFO near Elizabeth's location. She asked if Elizabeth would go outside and have a look.

Immediately Elizabeth ran out and spotted a light in the sky toward the lake, alternating or rotating with red, green, amber, and white lights. Her mother stepped out and also saw the object, which hovered for about ten minutes before drifting off to the north.

Elizabeth was distracted by her mother for a few minutes, and when she looked back to the west, the light was gone. Disappointed, she stood there a while wishing it would come back so she could make a better observation. Within minutes, unbelievably, the triangular craft reappeared, floating low overhead with a soft humming sound and a whoosh of air as it passed. The lights showed different colors this time, with four white lights down its sides, a big white light on the front, and a blinking red light. As it turned out, there were



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quite a few witnesses.

A local weekly newspaper reported the sighting in its May 20 edition with a front-page story. The UFO was described as “rainbow-colored” and was seen between 9 and 10 p.m. A couple of hours later, the UFO had returned, or perhaps a different craft, because the police started getting reports around midnight of an object with orange, blue, and white lights which appeared to descend or land in a field. Whatever Elizabeth had been seeing, others had seen things, too, and she had no doubt of the UFO’s reality.

Nor could she ignore the weird external events and oddities that had been occurring since her first sighting in the summer of 1992. The list of these events reads like a litany of peripheral abduction activity. To begin with, not only did she see the anomalous flying lights, Elizabeth also occasionally witnessed smaller, closer, more personal displays. Sometimes they were nearby in the woods, and sometimes even closer, as in the instance where two bright lights “zipped” between Elizabeth and a friend with her on a sky watch.

Bizarre electrical disturbances recurred, such as a radio suddenly turning itself on, a television turning off, and a broken ceiling light turning on by itself, after five months of not working. Elizabeth also had strange phone activity over these months. She received silent calls and numerous wrong-number calls of a suspicious nature, and her answering machine behaved oddly. Additionally, she noted a number of time dis-

crepancies.

There were many unexplained noises in the house that had not been present before, loud pops, pings, and creaks out of the ordinary, as well as humming and buzzing noises and strange clicking sounds on occasion. Outside of the house, loud helicopters started flying overhead at odd times of the day and night. When Elizabeth reported this activity to the local UFO study group, the pattern changed for a while, and instead of helicopters she witnessed a variety of planes now buzzing the property, including invisible ones.

Several times Elizabeth awoke with her panties inside out, even though she is certain she didn’t remove them. Also, she woke up once with her sleeping shirt inside out. And she has found blood on her pillow in addition to in her ear and nose, without any injury to account for these instances.

But there have been injuries at other times, mostly insignificant yet inexplicable in everyday terms. “I’ve had numerous unexplained odd bruises on my legs and arms,” she told me, “and odd scratch welts on my back. Right this moment, I have a bruise under my right eye that wasn’t there yesterday and small round bruises on my right thigh on the inside.”

Elizabeth has also had a number of “puncture” marks in various places, including at one point several punctures inside her mouth and on her breast. Sometimes the marks appeared after a suspected encounter or strange dream,

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but not always, and there were usually only a very few of them at a time. But on one occasion, after a vivid daytime dream of seeing a Gray, Elizabeth found a number of body marks.

“Saw a Gray coming through a door with light behind him,” she wrote in her journal. “I wasn’t afraid. I was waiting in a dark room. Light behind him obscured his front features. He didn’t seem to have elbows. He lifted his left arm and instead of [it bending at the elbow], his arm “S-ed” to lift. No elbow used. His hands were oversized with a covering. Seems like he had a willowy neck. His entire body was willowy, slender, slight, and fragile-looking, grayish color as best as I could see.”

Elizabeth remembered no activity in the dream, only seeing the Gray. But that same day she discovered an extraordinary number of new marks all over her body. From her calves to her shoulders, Elizabeth and a friend counted and photographed ten scratches, thirteen bruises, five scraped or scooped areas, two punctures, and an equilateral triangle of three dots. These appear to have been very recent, because eight parallel, claw-like welts on her shoulders faded away during the morning hours.

For Elizabeth, the UFO sightings and the physical marks were hard, believable evidence, things that could be photographed to show that something unusual was going on in her life. She had no photos, however, of the UFOs’ occupants nor of whoever or whatever had caused the body marks. What she did have were flashback memories, sudden

conscious images of scenes in which she was with aliens. They were brief and incomplete, but tantalizingly evocative of many more unrecalled events.

Once, she suddenly “saw” herself lying on her back, in a dark, dense atmosphere. “Little hands are beneath me,” she said, “and I’m moving softly through the air.” She felt panicked, unable to respond, and then the memory clicked off. In another, Elizabeth recalled being with four aliens, fighting them as they carried her away, and being told of some impending event.

One sudden memory showed her on a table with four Grays around her, one of them tinkering with a square box to which hoses were attached that ran up to the ceiling. Another scenario involved the aliens taking sample scrapings from her fingernails, which they telepathically explained as a test “to check for pollution.”

Two of the flashbacks concerned events in a round room. In the first one, she saw a white, curved desk and a group of seven beings with long hair and white robes seated behind it. The being in the center held a brilliantly lit globe in front of its face, and the features of the other six were indistinct.

The second event, a telepathic communication, came in a flash just after Elizabeth had heard a weird humming noise on her porch. A scene came into her mind, of the inside of a craft which was sparsely furnished and illuminated by a lemony colored light. Three Grays were present, one of whom was dressed in a long robe and another

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who was busy with control-like equipment on the wall.

Elizabeth began to pick up telepathic communication then, hearing Activate, activate, activate repeatedly. This was followed by the names of certain towns and areas in Texas, including the Panhandle, Big Bend, Gonzales, Llano, and the Louisiana-Texas border. While the images continued in her mind, the humming noise on the porch grew louder and followed her inside, where the implanted vision continued. One of the Grays turned as if to look at Elizabeth with an expression of “parental amusement.”

Some of her dreams, as noted earlier, seemed to contain scenes and information that could be related to possible alien experiences, although they were usually in screened form. A few of the dreams, about impending disasters and UFOs landing either to invade, monitor, or rescue humans, are common among abductees. Also common are dreams about sickly babies, acts of telekinesis and levitation, and strange people’s faces very close to one’s own. Elizabeth has had all of these dreams.

Her most impressive UFO dream occurred in the wee hours of December 31, 1992, and, like so many abductees’ “dreams,” this one proved to be the memory of a very real event. Elizabeth’s journal entry for that day began with her noticing a new mark on her body around 8:30 am. It was a straight, “grooved” line over 1-1/2 inches long on top of her shinbone near the ankle. Then she described the dream.

“Had vivid! dream,” she noted, “with extraordinary! auditory and clear images, during the night...between 3:00 and 5:15 a.m. I dreamed I was walking outside when an extraordinary buzz-hum began. The sound was loud, riveting, and pervaded through my body, throwing me into a ‘void or mental isolation.’ The sound seeped into my ‘ordinary’ consciousness...a powerful sound.

“I looked up, and a huge, gray, metal [saucer-like] spaceship dropped straight down from the clouds on my right,” Elizabeth continued. “I sat down on a ‘mesa’ cross-legged as it sank to earth. As I looked at it, it changed to a sphere on four legs with strange marks on it.

“Shortly thereafter, it lifted straight up and then began a curved flight in front of me and circled to my left. I yelled, ‘Hello, hello’ and it swooped in to look at me. Its force field was a tremendous, pushing, pressure against my body and was pushing me over, and I started to fall off the mesa.

“I asked it to ‘move away, I can’t keep my balance,’ and it came right up to my face in front of my eyes. I began to fall. ‘Don’t let me fall, don’t let me fall,’ I pleaded. I sensed it caught me, and I lost consciousness and blacked out in my dream!

“I woke up at 5:15 a.m. panting hard. I could still hear that powerful sound. I’ll never forget it or the extraordinary sensation. Somehow, I know that that is what they really sound like. The dream seemed real, more real than I want to admit. I’ve never had a dream

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like that! Never. So clear and lucid.”

Seven months later, Elizabeth decided to undergo regressive hypnosis to explore some of her strange memories and experiences. In the first session she recalled a hitherto-unremembered event from childhood, and in the second session she examined the UFO dream.

Once she was in a trance state, Elizabeth didn’t describe the onset of the “dream” as she’d recalled it. Instead, she said she was on the bed but got up and walked away because the powerful sound was hurting her ears. “And then I go back and sit on the bed,” she said, “I’m sitting cross-legged, and it drops in the room. The sound, it’s a real thing. It’s got hold of me. Vibrating.”

When asked about how the globe came into the room, Elizabeth began crying and described an entirely different scene. “They’re standing in front of me,” she said, describing a group of human-looking men. “They’re in white clothes, and very tall. They’re watching my reactions. I’m standing barefoot on a cold, shiny floor. The sound’s coming in my chest, a vibrating sound they’re all making. They’re all looking at me intently. They’re tall and pale.”

When the hypnotist asked if she knew them as friends, Elizabeth said, “They’re not enemies. They’re talking, telling me their energy’s going in it [the vibrating sound]. That I’m anointed. That whatever hard times may come, to have courage. That there would be times when I most need the shell to protect me. But I have to learn to help build it. And that not even the most solid shell

could help protect from some of the stuff, but it would do me well to at least attempt it.... And that I will be frightened at times, but that fear is transitory and that it doesn’t really hurt me.... Oh,” she said suddenly, “but now I have to go in the other room! The doors open up funny and disappear. The room’s so bright!”

Elizabeth then described a brilliant “room made of light” that felt like a “cocoon.” She sat and was “studied” by one of the tall, pale men. This one had light hair, although the others had hair of various jewel-like colors. They mentally discussed the things she “knows” but cannot access consciously. He told her that the knowledge would “come” to Elizabeth when she was “ready,” explaining that “each energy has to be built up, strengthened, before it can withstand the whole thing. It has to be adjusted to move in different ways of coping and seeing, and that’s not easy because there are clumps of resistance in all of us.”

When asked if this unexpected scenario was related to the dream of the UFO and the desert-like mesa incident with which the regression had begun, Elizabeth said that it was, although she didn’t make that connection clear. “The tan world is a representation of reality,” she said, “and the different subtle shadings show how they could each fade into one another to make a whole, but yet are different. It is an actual place, yet it’s a representation and symbolic. It is within our grasp. We can reach it. I went there with help.”

Elizabeth described the UFO as a

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device making “an observation” of her. “My ability to break out of the somnambulism and to speak shows my strength, and they were pleased,” she said. “They [the tall beings] came in then to escort me out of it because I had shown that I could be strong enough.”

“Were you aware of being in the tan dream in your physical body?” the hypnotist asked, and Elizabeth said she was.

“If someone had come to your house and looked in,” the hypnotist persisted, “you would not have been there in your physical form?”

“I don’t know,” she replied. “I was really there, it was real. My body was there.”

Not much more was elicited about the UFO dream in the regression. But in Elizabeth's first hypnosis session she remembered a series of events in rather detailed clarity. This abduction occurred when she was a young child staying with her grandmother, and her first awareness of something strange was seeing her “Nannie” collapse on the ground outside while hanging up the laundry. Suddenly, Elizabeth felt that she was being watched and turned to see a group of four or five entities coming toward her.

When she asked why they were there, she was told, Don’t worry, you’ll be all right. And the beings escorted her toward the barn.

“What does your friend look like?” the hypnotist asked. “Is he as tall as you? Taller?”

“Just a little,” she replied. “He’s

yellow.”

Elizabeth's memory of the following events was patchy and confused. She thought the main entity led her into the barn where she was placed in something like a “bucket” and swung around. After this, she recalled being physically examined, helped down naked from a table, and taken into a different room by the “friend” with “dark, slanted eyes.”

“It’s round and bright, bare,” Elizabeth described. “I see colors, just colors. The top is blue, dark royal blue. It’s a pretty, blue ceiling. The floor tickles my feet, tingly. We walk through the room and come to where all the animals are.”

When asked more about the animals, including a deer which she pets, she suddenly skipped to a scene of her crying beside Nannie again, still immobile slumped over the clothes basket. Once Elizabeth was calmed down from this, the hypnotist took her back through the entire scenario. This time, Elizabeth could see more about the examination and other details.

“When the bucket stops moving, where are you?” she was asked.

“They help me out and sit me on the table,” Elizabeth said. “It’s the table. I’ve always been good before. Why are you crying so much? I don’t know. He says I’ll get over that. I won’t feel so bad, when I get older.”

“What won’t feel so bad?”

“Their coming, their visits. It’s so kind. They look at the right side and the left side. They lay me down, pick up my legs one at a time. It tickles. They pull

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my toes. And rub their hands up my sides and say, Turn, so I turn.”

The exam continued, in which Elizabeth was “poked” with an instrument that reminded her of “chapstick.” Then she was taken into the colorful room and from there to a third location.

“We go into the room with all the green, it’s so pretty,” she described. “I see big plants and animals and colors, too, of flowers and beautiful trees. I see rabbits, and I see a deer, and a bird, and...uh, oh, oh, down there in the water!”

“What water?”

“There’s water, a lot of water. It’s like a huge swimming pool. Something’s swimming in the water, but I want to see the deer. I walk over, I see its eyes. It’s white.”

“What about the water?” the hypnotist asked, because Elizabeth had turned away from that image very nervously.

“I know what’s in there, and I don’t want to look!” Elizabeth resisted. “I don’t want to look!”

“You don’t have to look,” the hypnotist reassured her, but the image was already clear.

“I don’t know what it is. Its head is real big, it’s green,” Elizabeth said apprehensively, and then in a panic she shouted, “Oh! Oh! Ow, it’s got me! Ooohhh! It has me by the neck! Ow! Let me go! Oh, oh! My ear! My ear hurts now!”

Elizabeth was so upset by the recollection that after she had regained a calmer state of mind the session was

brought to a close. Afterward, she described the water creature as having a long neck and some sort of “knobs” on its head. Something painful happened to her ear, and then the creature disappeared back into the water. She remembered nothing more, until the entities took her back to her grandmother, who then recovered consciousness. To date, whenever she has tried to read the transcripts of both regressions, she becomes so physically and emotionally upset that she cannot do it. But these are fairly mundane events within the abduction scenario, and her overreaction may come from events which are still suppressed in her memory.

Far more pleasant, or at least acceptable, have been the telepathic communications and “knowings” that have come to Elizabeth without the aliens being present. The very first message came on November 25, 1992, from which she recorded, “I have suddenly understood that I must give myself to the Awakening. I understood this as if it were being told to me. There is a strong sense of urgency. I must respect my mother and all other things. To not hurt things, to live and let live. The time will come when they will present themselves to me in my reality. Won’t be long. As angels they are in the mists of our mind. Give myself to the awakening. Do things in a good and calm matter, and everything will be okay.”

The second message, on December 1, gave instructions and warned her to prepare to photograph the UFOs, which showed up as promised.

On April 22, 1993, she had another

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revelation. “I ‘understand’ I’m to get all my notes together for Carol and her work,” she wrote. “What I have will be very helpful to her and is to be given freely as she asks. I’m to make special efforts to share all with her. She is very important as a voice that will introduce increased realization throughout the world. She is one of many who introduce the awareness to awakening.”

The next message, on June 8, concerned something for which Elizabeth felt she was being prepared or taught. “I understand if I meditate on my prayer list for healing at least once a day, then I will be shown results,” she recorded. “That is the next step in my progression of activation. How far it will go will be determined by my level of discipline, passion, desire, and will.”

On June 27, Elizabeth woke from a dream about UFOs, but she couldn’t recall any details. She did recall, however, coming to partial consciousness in the midst of the dream and trying to retain its details for later when she would be awake. But all she could remember was the briefest scene. “At one point I was standing looking at myself, and another time myself was behind me,” she wrote that morning. But the notes were interrupted just then as a sudden realization came into her mind. It wasn’t exactly the same as when the previous “communications” occurred, but it felt akin to that.

“All of a sudden I can remember the dream lesson given to me last night,” Elizabeth said. “It was illustrated and demonstrated to me the truth that I am truly a spiritual being animating a body. I am something separate from the

body. The body is a tool, and I am entrapped in it. But I can separate from the body before death, and have done it many times, without conscious knowledge. I am a pure spiritual being when without the body, and I will be again. Patience is required. I am a spiritual being only animating a shell. The body is nothing, the soul is all.”

On September 30, a telepathic communication told Elizabeth that she was now “ready for the next level” and “the beginning of other things.” She was told that some suppressed memories and information would be allowed to emerge “so I may retrieve that which will carry me forward.” She saw herself as “a single mirror of mankind, aware of choosing either to “uplift” or “tear down” by her actions and intentions.

The following month, Elizabeth experienced two more communications. “I understand I’m to attempt to rid myself of all violent and negative tendencies, to let go of controlling impulses,” she was told during the first one. And the second one was simply, “I understand truth is a lonely territory. Truth is lonely. Each to his own. To disdain is incorrect.”

Elizabeth had a recent flashback that seemed to fulfill the promise made in one of the communications, about the release of suppressed memories. It concerned the UFO “dream” of December 31, 1992, and the saucer that transformed into a globe, came up close to her face, and forced her to fall. The new memories filled in the details much differently, however. After first watching a black saucer-shaped craft drop “from the

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clouds like a cookie cutter,” Elizabeth sensed “several intelligences” in the ship. Next, she saw it descend and transform into the sphere with four legs and designs inscribed on its surface, from which she now sensed a single intelligence. In its third permutation, the object “rose up and turned into a gray-black sphere with antennae” but no legs.

“I remember the dark, gun-metal-gray globe with antennae,” she described, “having an intelligent awareness of me. When its attention came full on me, it took me over and there was nothing but me and it. Its physical force was like a huge wind without noise pushing against me. When I said hello, it was pleased and responded to me. When its attention came on me, I was its sole interest. It...was focusing entirely and completely on me.

“The antennae ‘disappeared’ when it came up close. There was an eye, large, and a round, silver metal thing in the area of a ‘nose.’ I hear metal clinks and the silver thing comes up to my ear. It feels ‘clinical.’ He’s telling me everything is okay and he knows I’m not afraid, but I’m reassured telepathically. I know they hear me, and also he’s ‘reading’ me. There is the absolute feeling of immense power and a rather impersonal caring and kindness. I also feel concern, but again, personal yet impersonal to a great degree. As I dwell on it, the ‘eye’ was truly alien, or rather not human. God, it was intense, probing, objective, impersonal, all-powerful.

“The silver metal thing is looking. It connects to my ear by clamping on the

outside. In fact, it clamps on and covers my entire ear, and something is inserted. Something that implants and affects my brain chemicals and certain subtle functions. It is adding. The implant looks like a very tiny oblong cylinder about a quarter-inch long or smaller, made of non-metal stuff.

“I’m reassured during the entire procedure. And it doesn’t hurt too much. I ask why they need that, and he looks deep into my eyes for a long time. Then he says that it was my choice, that I agreed to all this a long time ago.

“I said I didn’t remember the agreement and when did I do that. And he answered, Before you were born, and we’ve had this conversation before.

“I asked him, ‘Why me?’

“He said, Because you became open and now the awakening has begun. He told me that neither I nor the many others awakened could stop the arousal of ourselves or of humankind. The trigger had been pulled, and everything was to schedule.

“They pulled the thing away from my ear, and it hurt and stung for a little bit. I felt like something had been drawn out, an energy of some sort. They inserted sound in my head, and for a little bit afterward I was blind and could only see brilliant, revolving, iridescent colors so intense I had a momentary light explosion accompanied by a brief, unbelievable wave of head pain. But I saw his eye come close, his head touching my head, our left eyes almost touching, and the pain stopped. His eye was all I could see. His eye took the colors and



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pain away, and I was so grateful. His eye made me sleepy. I was comforted by the closeness of the energy and by his eye.

"I can't say yet what he looked like because the 'globe' screen is strong. The globe had seams of some sort. The eye is partially outlined in some fashion...a black void, liquid somehow and observing me on all levels of my being.

"At one point during all this, but I can't remember when, I was also told that the power-hungry governments of the earth were going to be very surprised because their worst nightmare was about to come true, that even they hadn't fully estimated the effect the Voyagers' arrival would have on the worldwide human population, or the rapid growth of their influence; that they (govt.) still hadn't fully accepted that it was a losing battle and eventually they will acquiesce."

The implications of such statements, if true, are enormous. Elizabeth didn't know what to think about the communication, although the exam scenario seemed real. Moreover, the memory differed from the spiritual encounter that emerged in the hypnotic recall. Were they two episodes of the same event, or was one memory a contrived screen for the other?

Throughout everything she has experienced, Elizabeth's thoughts and emotions have run the gamut.

"At first I was terrified," she wrote in our initial contact, "but now I'm not. I feel whatever has happened has been not to hurt me. I feel like a piece of my-

self that was missing has been reconnected. I've had deep spiritual experiences and feelings since October 1992, all of a personal nature. I am uneasy sometimes, but I don't think I'm afraid any more."

In fact, she reported a very sudden change in her emotions that occurred in the winter of that year. "I went to bed afraid," she said, "and woke up the next day very detached," as if she'd been tranquilized and reassured. Her initial thoughts about the alien agenda, however, still made a "knot" in her stomach. "It's really all for their purpose," she said, "something that was prepared and developed long ago." And she felt she had been somehow given a choice to accept them, although it doesn't matter to them. "Either way, they win."

Elizabeth didn't know why she was taken for alien involvement, nor what exactly she had been trained or prepared to do. Her only clue is a sense that she is "supposed" to introduce people close to her to the reality of alien existence. "You know, sometimes I feel used," she commented. "Is all this of my free will for good, or am I a puppet?"

She did feel that the aliens have put information into a deeper level of her mind, as if she were "stuffed full" with suppressed knowledge. Further, she said she didn't feel ready to know until now. She saw herself as "one of millions in a grassroots movement who are being stimulated" into a "gradual realization." Elizabeth also sensed that the aliens had fostered within her mind a mistrustful attitude toward the government. But she was not at all sure of the

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source of any of the events and communications because she felt that both positive and negative entities or groups may have interacted with her.

As for the aliens themselves, she has only their actions and words to guide her assessment. Once when she telepathically asked them for a better term to call them than “alien,” she was given the epithet “Voyagers,” and they said that the awakening humans were being made into “harbingers of discord, discontent, revolution.” Judging by their actions, Elizabeth is not always reassured.

“We’re not seeing the true intelligence behind all these scenes,” she said. The fact that they put us through episodes of “set-up scenes” and “absurd stuff” frightens her.

“I’m afraid we might find that intelligence so cold and impersonal,” she said, “that it would be unbearable.”

### **Rose**

The youngest of the eight women in this project, Rose is a delightful, extremely intelligent woman whose conscious memories of abductions and encounters could fill a book on their own. She first contacted me after reading *INTO THE FRINGE* and briefly described a number of incidents in her experiences that closely paralleled many things my family and I had witnessed. As in the case of Betty, Patsy, and Linda, Rose remembered abductions involving apparently military personnel before our contact, and since that time there have been several others of a most disturbing nature.

When we first began to correspond, however, Rose was not at all concerned about the possibility of detrimental military activity. After all, the aliens who had been abducting her assured her that the humans in their company were “controlled” by them, and since Rose did not fear the aliens she likewise wasn’t worried about the humans with them.

Since that time, her attitude has radically changed, for very good reason. But before examining the military encounters, it is best to begin with some background about Rose and the alien contacts.

Born in 1966, Rose has German and Scotch ancestry from her mother, and, since her father was adopted, she knows nothing about that side of her family. She is married and operates a small cattle ranch with her husband, Eric, outside of a large city in Tennessee. Rose is artistically talented, working in abstracts, lithography, cartooning, and clay.

Before her first alien abduction in 1988, she knew very little about such things and had never thought they could be part of her life. She did recall a few odd incidents from her childhood when I questioned her, including a strange event when she was four. She and her father were riding in his van when a blinding flash of light filled the vehicle. Immediately after the flash, Rose remembered feeling as if she were in a long, gray tunnel, but nothing more. Since that time, except for seeing a huge fireball in the sky, she could not recall anything unusual in her life.

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Until the night of July 24, 1988, that is. Rose had gone to bed as usual, and then she suddenly awoke to find herself outside in the dark, paralyzed, facing a group of beings unlike anything she'd ever seen. "They were frail, hairless white beings who had the most mesmerizing eyes," she told me, and then she was amazed to watch their "catlike" eyes "wiggle" and change shape. They stared at her, and she felt as if they were reading her mind.

"This must be a dream," she said over and over.

"You are not having a dream," one of the beings told her telepathically. "We will show you. You have to go away with us for a little while."

He pointed with one of his three fingers toward the woods, and the other beings carried Rose in that direction. Terrified as she saw her house and husband receding, she begged the creatures not to take her any further, but her pleas were ignored. Rose's panic, combined with her phobia of the dark, made her very agitated, until the leader of the group injected something in her left forearm. She began to pass out, and the last words she heard were, Just relax a little. The next morning, Rose found two red dots in that place on her forearm.

"That's when I accepted the possibility that I'd encountered something physically genuine," she said. "I did not understand its meaning, and I spent the rest of the day wondering about the uncanny event, about how I reacted with fear because the woods seemed so dark and scary, and mostly about those dinky

three-foot-tall beings. Who were they? Angels? Elves? Fairies? Ghosts? Aliens? When I went to bed that night, their image was still fresh on my mind, but I did not have any thoughts about them ever returning for me."

But the beings did return, and they have continued to come back periodically ever since. For the next two nights, Rose had clouded memories of being with the creatures, which could have been dismissed as dreams except for the fact that she discovered more red dots on her body after both nights.

Then in August she had a conscious encounter, waking in bed to see two Grays in her room. Instantly paralyzed and calmed by their "hypnotic eyes," she floated through the house with them and outside, to an unbelievable sight. "It was a big, silvery disk with revolving red, green, and yellow lights," Rose said, "suspended about two feet above the ground and it was noiseless. When I first saw it, there was no doubt in my mind that it was a UFO. That's when I accepted the possibility that the beings were aliens."

This time, Rose was not afraid. In fact, her curiosity was aroused, so she stepped forward to touch the craft. But one of the Grays leaped in front of her and warned her not to get close while the craft was in the "discharge phase" because it could harm her.

An opening appeared in the craft, and Rose saw a handsome young man, with blond hair and a tan jumpsuit, standing inside. Teleported aboard the craft, as if "sucked into a long tunnel of

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electric orange light,” she felt separated from her body at that time, because she could see it “tumbling and twirling along beside me and all the bones, veins, and internal organs were visible.”

Inside the craft, Rose was placed in a black chair where the blond man “scanned” her visually, inducing a sensation of orgasm. She asked if he, too, were an alien, and the man smiled and nodded.

The craft began to move, forcing her body back in the chair to her consternation, as she has a great fear of flying. “Where are we?” she asked, and then a small oval window appeared on the wall. She looked out and saw “thousands of brilliant stars in the midst of deep black space, but no Earth and Moon.”

Four Grays entered the room, where one of them handed a case to the blond man. He removed a glowing green ball while two of the Grays floated Rose to an odd table. The man put the ball on her abdomen and moved it in a circular pattern, growing warm. Rose felt a “tugging sensation” in that area and asked what was being done to her.

The man said she was “ripe enough” and would be able to conceive. Rose told him that she and her husband had been trying unsuccessfully to have children, and the man told her she had not done so because her “blood, immune, and genetic systems” operated differently than other humans.

“Am I part alien?” she asked, confused.

One of the Grays told her that she had been “altered a little” to fulfill a special purpose. The blond man said they had produced a “novel breed” from ova they’d taken from her. He told her she was a “Chosen One” and that her children and others so chosen would conquer the world through mastering the power of insinuations message she would be given in other encounters. Rose then became very sleepy and passed out until 9 a.m. the following morning, back in bed.

After these incredible incidents, Rose seemed to undergo an interior change. “My husband and other people started noticing I seemed calmer and less talkative and daydreamed a lot,” she told me. “My husband wondered what it was that I had been inscribing into the new diary I purchased. I told him that I was only recording dreams. I desperately wanted to share my story with someone, but did not because there was no one in my personal social circle who wasn’t skeptical of such issues. I feared that if I told any of them, they would question my sanity. So I kept my secret for a long time to come.”

During the next few months, she had only vague memories or dreams of other encounters, and after one of these she found four red dots on her abdomen in a diamond pattern. But UFOs were not the only craft to land on her property, for on November 23 she heard the sound of helicopters and looked out to see two black choppers with Air Force insignia overhead. When one of them landed on her property, Rose grabbed a coat and raced outside. But they zoomed away

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before she could reach them. This was the first time helicopters had been in the area, but it wouldn't be the last.

In February 1989, she had another abduction in which she was called a "Chosen One" and was also shown a scene familiar from other abductee reports. One of the aliens touched her forehead, she said, and "a series of graphic images exploded" in her mind. She saw "a reddish-gold desert planet with two setting suns," a "galaxy," a "blood-red moon and a fiery orange sun exploding," and an "underground city" before she blacked out. When she regained consciousness, an alien told her their home was "Cassiopeia in the heavens" but that they had made a home for themselves on Earth before humans were created. After this, Rose passed out again and was returned home.

Two days later, another helicopter circled the property, and a man who claimed to work for the utility company arrived, asking to examine the two transformers on the farm. He said there had been many power failures in the area, but Rose was suspicious since she hadn't recalled any such failures nor had she contacted the utility company.

Eight nights after the last abduction, Rose recalled waking up in the back yard with four aliens. Naked-although feeling neither cold nor embarrassed-she watched two aliens working with a "car-sized" device while a third one appeared to be digging soil samples. The fourth alien showed her a small black box, which he gave her and asked her to look inside. She did, and again her mind "exploded" and was

filled with images, this time abstract patterns of bright colors. He then told her that she would soon "have the power to make mental contact" with other Chosen Ones and would be able to "influence their minds," and then he touched her chest and she blacked out.

The next day when Rose went outside, she found a large circle in the grass which looked "parched" and several chunks of bubbly black metal slag. Excited by this proof, Rose photographed the metal and the circle, which didn't disappear for over a year and a half. Analysis of the metal in 1993 showed it to be ordinary iron slag.

In March she had two "cloudy" memories of abductions, both involving abdominal procedures, and in one of them she saw a group of "dazed" humans in the same room. On March 23, Rose counted nineteen helicopters flying over the farm and thought she could make out Air Force designations on them.

Ten days later, Rose recalled another abduction, but this one differed dramatically from the previous encounters. She found herself outside in the dark with a thin blue alien who "mind scanned" her. Then five men came out of the shadows, four of whom were "ordinary men wearing olive-green uniforms" with "crewcuts" and the fifth was "a dark-haired humanoid" in a long khaki coat with many pockets. This man, Rose said, "touched the blue alien and it suddenly shrank into a marble-sized orb of white light" which the humanoid then pocketed. He told her that these beings, "a nonphysical form of energy,"

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were created and controlled by his group.

“Did you create humans, too?” Rose asked, and he confirmed this.

“What do you want from me?” she continued.

“We want to talk to you about your life,” he told her.

“That’s all?” she asked.

“There’s more,” he said, and one of the uniformed men took Rose to a black van parked behind her garage.

“Is that a real van, or is that your spaceship?” she wondered.

“You can’t judge a book by its cover,” another man replied cryptically.

Inside the van, Rose saw bench seats, carpet, and a large control panel. The other men entered, and Rose wondered if they belonged to some military group.

“Are you all with the Army, Air Force, Navy, or Marines,” she inquired.

The oldest man replied, but she was beginning to have a hard time understanding everything he said. She thought he said the group belonged to an organization called “High Shelf” which worked mainly in “special underground stations.” He also told her that she and other “Chosen Ones” were part of a mind-control project, to “carry instructions and temperance, via thought transference” to other people.

Once he answered her questions, he began an interrogation about her life. Rose could recall only a few of the questions, however, in her altered condition. He asked, for instance, if she remembered the aliens coming to her when she

was young, which she did not. And he asked about her views on life and death. After the interview, which seemed quite lengthy, the man activated something on the control panel, and Rose found herself back in bed, fully alert and “tingling all over,” at 5:10 a.m. She quickly dressed and ran outside to see if they were still there, but the yard was empty.

Thinking about all her encounters, Rose came to several conclusions. First, she now believed that there was something much bigger than “man’s views and theories and religions” to the universe. And she believed that the aliens were carrying out a “psychic transformation” with her and others for a good purpose.

Through the following months, Rose had several more encounters and UFO sightings. The most traumatic series of events began with an abduction in which she was “impregnated.” Two weeks later, she took two home-pregnancy tests which proved positive, and she and her husband were elated. Rose did not tell Eric about the alien impregnation, since he had not believed her previous accounts of sightings and intrusions. She thought the baby inside her was a special gift from her alien friends, and, being unfamiliar with the typical alien process of impregnation and subsequent retrieval of the fetus, she looked forward to carrying the child to term and beginning the family which she and Eric desired. They had even selected names for the baby.

But a month after the impregnation encounter, Rose started having unusual physical symptoms: “sweating” and

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“tingling” during the day, and a pulsating sensation in the womb area at night. This continued for over two weeks, until on the morning of July 4, Rose suffered a bloody, painful miscarriage.

“It happened in my bathroom,” she said. “After hours of heavy bleeding and terrible cramping, the fetus came out, in my hands.” It wasn’t like a normal fetus; larger, three inches long, devoid of sex organs, and had “black, slanted” eyes reminiscent of the white aliens she had encountered. Under a strange compulsion, Rose put the fetus in a jar of water and hid it in the barn loft. Later she went back and found that the jar was missing.

Eric took Rose to the doctor right away, as she’d lost a lot of blood and subsequently she had a “D&C” procedure. She couldn’t understand why she’d lost the baby, having taken excellent care of herself, and the loss was devastating.

At a much later date, Rose underwent two hypnotic regressions, in which three of her experiences were examined. One of these was the loss of the fetus, and in that regression Rose described a hitherto unremembered bedroom visitation in the hours before her miscarriage. Several beings and a large, floating blue light entered the bedroom. While some of the aliens busied themselves with Eric, two others carried out an abdominal procedure on Rose, involving a small cylindrical device that “clicked.”

Nothing further intruded until September, when Rose awoke with a vague

recollection of being on a craft with her sister, June. That morning, June phoned and told her, “I had the weirdest dream last night.” She described being with human-looking aliens in blue jumpsuits in a curved, domed room, and she saw Rose there, too, in a silver jumpsuit like the aliens wore. She recalled Rose telling her, “They want to give us eternal life.”

The same details had been part of Rose’s memories, and the two sisters got together to discuss the shared “dreams.” Rose told her sister then, for the first time, about her other encounters, relieved to end the “emotional isolation and fear of ridicule” that had kept her quiet before this.

Her circle of confidants expanded in November, when her father told of seeing a domed, orange UFO while out in the Smoky Mountains with some friends. Rose and June shared their experiences with him, and that prompted their father to open up even more. The three of us learned a lot that day,” Rose said. “I told Dad about all of my alien encounters; Dad told us about his past encounters and about our mother’s experiences, too; I cried. That was the day we learned that our parents have been involved with the aliens since before we were born.”

Intermittent abductions continued to occur. From December 1989 to April 1992, Rose recalled fifteen events. In one, she was shown a nursery of “clones” similar to other abductee reports, and she was told that the aliens had “programmed” her to hide the fetus after her miscarriage. When Rose

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asked if the aliens had restored the fetus to life, she found it hard to understand the reply that its physical body had been stored and its soul recycled.

In another, Rose was shown a “clone” infant as well as nine “hybrid tots” and was told they would be used “to prepare [humans] for the changes.” When she asked, “What changes?” she was told it involved “humans’ spiritual transformation.”

One abduction during this time was very singular, as Rose recalled going to an underground facility that her uniformed human escort said was in northern Arizona. He told her there were other stations around the world, including bases in New Mexico, the North Pole, and Africa. When Rose asked who was in charge of the “High Shelf” operation, another of the men, a “blond humanoid” replied that his kind “control everything.”

“What about the Grays and the other aliens?” she asked, thinking of the several different types she had encountered. “Are they involved, too?”

“By degrees,” he answered.

“What about all these humans?” she persisted, “these military people?”

“We control them,” the blond smiled.

She was taken to a group of other abductees or “Chosen Ones” and was handed a small black box and told to open it. When she pulled open the lid, Rose said, “a mist of brilliant violet light” came out, covering the group of abductees and causing “a powerful electric sensation” after which she

blacked out.

Throughout these encounters, Rose had felt positive about her involvement with the aliens, including, finally, the loss of her unborn child, which she believed was for a higher purpose. And in the abduction she and June remembered sharing, June had accepted Rose’s statement about getting “immortal life” from the beings, so she, too, had a positive attitude. It was surprising, therefore, that June was extremely frightened a month later when the sisters spotted a UFO.

Returning from Georgia on December 29, they were driving along a state highway in Tennessee. At 7:30 p.m. they saw two unusual vehicles. The first one, Rose described as “an old spray-painted bus” traveling very slowly, “full of hippie folk,” with the words “Magic Bus” painted across the rear. The sisters laughed about it, but then the bus slowed to about ten miles per hour, and Rose could not pass it as they moved up a hill. She and June saw some of the bus’s occupants open their windows and shout, and then one of them pointed upward. The girls looked in that direction and saw a bright blue object above the treetops ahead. It had a dome, wide rim, and black, round portholes.

“Rose, look!” June shouted. “That’s a UFO!”

The hippie bus accelerated and was soon out of sight, as Rose’s Corvette came to a complete stop on its own. A blue glow engulfed the car.

“Oh, God! It’s behind us!” June screamed in fear.



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In June's account of the incident to me, she wrote, "When it came towards us, I got scared. And Rose told me there was nothing to be afraid of, but I still felt afraid and got down in the floorboard of the car."

There was a brief "intermittent beeping sound," Rose said, and "then all was silence and darkness. The UFO was gone." The car's headlights popped on, Rose turned the ignition, which worked perfectly, and started to drive away, telling June it was safe for her to get out of the floorboard.

"Goddammit, Rose," June replied, "let's go!"

They took off, and a few minutes later June said, "Do you know what time it is? Ten-twenty." Rose didn't believe her, but when she checked her own watch, it had the same time. Almost three hours had passed since they spotted the blue UFO, and the sisters didn't have a single memory of what transpired.

In April 1992, Eric and Rose moved onto the cattle ranch, and an entirely new series of mysterious events began. Their specialty-beef business was doing very well until something started killing off the cattle, and within a year the losses amounted to thousands of dollars.

"A small number of them had been mutilated," Rose reported. "One cow was missing a head, another had been disemboweled, and a bull calf appeared as if he'd been ripped apart by a tyrannosaur. The bodies of some of the mutilated ones had peculiar stigmata

such as shaved places, clean and bloodless holes and gashes. There wasn't a single scratch anywhere on the rest of the dead cattle."

Many of the cattle died in February and March 1993, when other farmers in the general area also reported dead and mutilated animals. Reading about one of these reports, Rose contacted the paper and got in touch with a veterinarian who'd examined someone else's dead cattle. In the first case, he reported that the cattle had died of toxins of an unknown source, and with Rose's cattle, all he could report was death from unknown causes.

The alien activity after this was rather different than what had transpired before, and for the most part Rose was left with very cloudy and incomplete memories of the events. One abduction, however, is worth noting at some length.

Waking on board a craft, naked on a table, Rose saw humanoids and two different kinds of Grays. Momentarily, two more humanoids, in red suits, entered, and Rose recognized the blond one as the man she'd seen before. She asked if he had a name, and he told her "Carl De Zan."

He told her that it was time for her group of Chosen Ones to carry out their "assigned tasks." This involved making contact with "certain people throughout the world" to "collect data" from their minds. And that data, in turn, would then be collected from the minds of the Chosen Ones by the aliens. All of this would be done, he said, through tiny implants

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in the head, devices that served many purposes. They could help the implanted people use their “special senses,” for instance, and stay in contact with one another through dreams. Besides collecting data, the implants could also send instructions.

When Rose asked about the overall purpose—the agenda—she was told that through “tempering” human minds, the aliens wanted to remove “filth and evil” and “negativity” from humans.

Having been given repeated lectures about her special abilities as a “Chosen One,” at one point Rose initiated an experiment with herself. “I decided to test my mental powers by giving thought transference a try,” she reported. “I went to bed around 11 p.m. and concentrated long and hard to project my image into my sister’s dream. During the process, I drifted off to sleep and soon found myself in a dream in which June was present!

“I phoned my sister [the next morning] to let her know about my attempt at reaching her in her dream, but before I had a chance to say anything, she recounted the dream in full detail.”

Rose also decided to try hypnotic regression in order to uncover anything she could about the events she’d been unable to remember consciously. Undergoing two hypnosis sessions, Rose was surprised to retrieve details of a childhood encounter in one session. Going back to age four, when she and her father had been blinded by a flash of light while riding in a van, Rose recalled being taken into a gray, cigar-

shaped craft where she saw several men and women in white coats. One man with “long, dark blond hair” took charge of her, carrying the crying child to a strange table.

“It’s metal and has an edge around it,” she described, “like for blood to drain off. And there is something down at the foot, under the table, but I can’t see it clearly.”

Acting in what she perceived as a “hurried” manner, the man strapped her wrists down as she lay on the table and placed on her head a “headband thing” with moving red and yellow lights. The hypnotist instructed Rose to view the scene from a distance, rather than reliving it, and she obliged.

“I can see my hands twitching,” she said. “The wristbands are making my fingers twitch and jerk. I’m lying there with the headband on, and my eyes are open. The pupils are dilated like I’m dead.”

She then described a procedure in which a clear tube was inserted vaginally and filled with “a pinkish liquid” as one of the women pressed on Rose’s abdomen. When she was revived, the blond man tried to “jolly” her out of her terrified state, and she was returned to the van, which exited the cigar-shaped craft by flying out of the opening “on its own,” as Rose reported.

“We’re coming down to the road,” she said, “I can see it clearly because it’s daytime, and the van lands smoothly on the road. It’s moving by itself for a minute, and that’s when I notice it’s going in the wrong direction. We were

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going the other way before they took us.”

“What is your father doing now?” the hypnotist asked.

“He sort of shakes his head,” she said, “like he’s perplexed, and he keeps driving.”

In August and September 1993, Rose recalled three other encounters, including one in which she saw her father aboard the same craft. When she questioned him, he described an abduction memory from that same night, although he didn’t recall seeing Rose. In another, she was given information about alien life in other parts of the galaxy, about their travel technology, and about their having created life forms on Earth, including humans.

But the next month, the abduction and encounter scenarios changed abruptly, beginning on October 2, when Rose woke up and found herself downstairs in a guest room with “a youthful male humanoid” wearing “an oversized red plaid shirt, faded jeans, and black leathery boots.” Rose felt in control of her senses, unlike some previous situations, and asked the young man several questions, including his origins. In spite of his very human appearance, he told her he and his kind were “extraterrestrials” and wanted to know if the term made her feel uneasy.

“No,” she replied, “I’m not afraid of you any more.” She could see a silvery disk outside the house and assumed she would be taken there, but instead the man embraced her and she became partially paralyzed from the

chest up. Then he lay her on the floor and had intercourse with her, after which she felt faint and passed out.

She remembered this occurring again, on the nights of October 3 and 4, and on the morning after the October 3 encounter Rose awoke with blood dripping from her nostril and increasing congestion and pain in her shoulder. In spite of this, she had not been upset by the three encounters, and since the intercourse had not been frightening, she wondered why the man had induced the partial paralysis and subsequent loss of consciousness.

Four nights later, she went through an encounter that was far less pleasant. Rose went to bed very late that night, around 1:30 a.m., and folded her clothes neatly on a bedside table before turning out the light. In what seemed like only a few minutes later, she awoke fully alert, listening to the sound like a jet engine that was loud and getting louder. Her next perception was that she was not in the bedroom, but rather standing completely dressed in an unfamiliar grassy clearing in the woods near an old dirt road. And she wasn’t alone. “With me were three apparently frightened young women,” Rose described. “One was lying face down in the grass weeping.”

Rose became frightened herself, for the first time since her initial abduction. “My instincts said that we were about to be abducted by a force so great that we would not be able to control our situation no matter how hard we might pray to God.”

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One of the other women, tall and plump and brown-haired, started yelling, "Here they come! Here they come!"

The sound grew unbearable as a strange-looking airplane flew toward them and landed like a helicopter. Two of the women panicked and ran into the woods, while Rose and the brunette stood frozen in place by fear. A group of men in black uniforms emerged and began rounding up all the women. As they were hurried toward the craft, Rose said she remembered "telling them that I'm not an animal and do not appreciate them treating me like one."

Ignoring her, the men pushed the women into narrow compartments at the rear of the craft, which then took off and frightened Rose even more with its erratic flight. She began to pray and then blacked out.

"After coming to my senses," Rose reported, "I found myself sitting in a chair and at some place that looked like a military base. I saw several men in military uniforms leading some humans toward these long, gray buildings."

Two men took Rose into one of the buildings, where she saw a group of people seated around a conference table, some in uniform and others in ordinary clothing. One of the men, who had on a uniform with many decoration ribbons, stared at Rose wordlessly from the table and engaged her in a brief telepathic conversation. Then a woman came up behind Rose, and when she turned to look at her, the woman's gaze paralyzed her. The woman gave Rose a dark red liquid to drink, which made her

dizzy and sleepy to the point of passing out. After that, she remembered only a brief view of the buildings from a distance and then the sound of the strange aircraft once again.

When Rose underwent hypnosis, she chose to examine this experience, recovering a few more details. After passing out from the bitter liquid, Rose recalled waking up in one of five chairs that seemed to be on a stage or platform. "A man and three women were sitting in chairs at both sides of me," she said. "I experienced physical paralysis and couldn't think straight when the general gazed into my eyes. He wasn't any more than two inches from my face."

He lifted my hand, then dropped it, like checking to see if I was in a deep trance, then checked my pupils. He did the same with the others. The woman presented a small reddish-brown box to him," she continued, "and he pulled out a tube from underneath it and attached the tube to something between my chair and the next person's. I blacked out again and have absolutely no memories of what transpired during the remaining time I was there."

When she got out of bed the next morning, her neatly folded clothes were scattered on the floor. She had a hissing sound in one ear and problems hearing the rest of the day. And she discovered the door to the basement standing open that morning. When Rose called the next day to tell me about this incident, I could hear helicopters flying over her home. She had been very unnerved by the incident and said it was all "scary and confusing."

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That fear turned to sheer terror the following month, when once again Rose was forcefully taken by men in military uniforms from her bedroom. Earlier that day, November 9, another dead cow was found in the barn. The body was unmarked, but blood had seeped from its nose and mouth. There was no sign of a struggle, however.

That night after going to sleep, Rose awoke to go to the bathroom, and immediately she heard helicopters approaching. From the bathroom window she looked out, but she saw nothing and could no longer hear the choppers. Rose went back to bed and to sleep, but woke up again hearing not only the helicopters but also the sound of a vehicle coming up the drive.

She tried to rouse Eric, but he wouldn't wake up.

The back door opened, and Rose went "limp" when a group of men in olive-drab jumpsuits came in to the bedroom. Eric started to stir, but one of the men touched him with a wand-like device and Eric stopped moving.

The men took Rose outside where two green helicopters were hovering. She was put inside one of them, given an injection, and told she was being taken in "for evaluation." She was also fitted with a chest and shoulder device from which a breathing tube was placed in her mouth for the duration of the flight, perhaps twenty minutes. The chopper landed in a rural area with buildings and many helicopters in view. Military personnel were busy on the grounds, some leading civilians, per-

haps other abductees, through the base.

"A gray van approached our helicopter," Rose told me, "and stopped about twenty yards ahead of us. Two men in olive-drab suits exited the rear of the vehicle, and then a third one came out with a tall, slim man in a pinstripe shirt. The fellow with the striped shirt had metal cuffs on his wrists and white tape over his mouth, and appeared to be in a state of panic. Two men carrying black rifles came into the scene," she continued. "That grieving man was pushed to the ground, and one of the armed men pumped one bullet into his back."

In complete terror, Rose was then carried over to where the man's body lay. She asked why "they had to kill that poor man."

"You talked," one of the men said.

"But what's this got to do with him?" she asked.

"We take one like him each time a recruit talks," he told her.

"You could have wasted me instead," Rose replied, but the man said she was too valuable as part of an alien "project" involving implants.

She said she knew they were trying to brainwash her and make her fear them, but the man said they only wanted to keep her in line. He told her that she would be forced to watch more such killings if she continued to "talk to Carol Rampalé" about her experiences, and that more of her cattle would also be killed.

She was then taken into a building and underwent a series of physical pro-

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cedures, including blood-taking, a shower of some sort, and a gynecological exam, before being returned home.

Rose was extremely angry and frightened by the experience, and I was concerned for her safety when she told me about it. By that time, I had begun this book project, and I asked Rose if she wanted to withdraw from it. But she refused to be intimidated by the threats and continued to cooperate with me.

Four nights later, the men in military uniforms returned, and Rose was flown to an area near a hillside where she was taken into an underground facility. She was given an injection, followed by a shower to remove some brown dust that had gotten on her earlier, and then by another gynecological procedure. She was told that she and some other women there were part of “a genetic experiment which involves cloning and DNA replication.”

After this she was escorted to another area where several tables were covered by plastic sheeting, which one of the medical women removed. “I recall seeing two large control panels and two large metal crates near the table,” Rose said. “The medical woman told me that they call it the ‘table of screams’ because a lot of women who have been put there freak out when they get a look at some of the ‘probes’ that are used.”

Placed on the table, Rose was fitted with a headphone-type device that emitted a loud beeping, and she temporarily lost consciousness. When she came to, she was face down on the table but able to move. “A small silver box

with the open end towards me sat just a few inches from my face,” she said. “Inside the box was a gray and white mechanical device of some sort which made clicking sounds. The lady came around in front of me and poked a thin, black rod into the side of the mechanical device. She said, ‘It’s been deprogrammed. We’ve never had this sort of thing happen before’.”

Rose asked if they were doing something with the implant in her head and was told “that there was more than one implant device in there, that two were the aliens’ products and one came from them.”

Rose asked, “Why in hell have you gone and stuck implants in my body? What are they for?”

The medical woman told her that the aliens do different things with them that her group couldn’t discern. “They won’t give us all their knowledge, I’m sure you understand that by now,” Rose reported the woman as saying.

Having encountered a number of physically different aliens, Rose asked which ones the woman meant. She was told that the military group was involved with some groups of aliens but not with two of the groups who had contacted Rose. She said the military group’s implants “monitor how many times [implanted abductees] come into contact with alien beings” as well as recording “the approximate location of a pick-up.”

In the course of further procedures, Rose was held down while the women inserted a probe into her left nostril. When they performed a second

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test, Rose was told that the alien implants had “deprogrammed” those from the military group.

Her next recollection is of being taken to a room with other women where they were all interrogated by an older man in an officer’s uniform whom she remembered as a major. According to Rose, the major said, “You people are going to tell me everything. I don’t want to be an asshole and force it out of you, but if that’s what it takes....”

Three women were questioned before Rose, and when her turn came she was asked about the information she’d been given by the Whites and Grays about their implants. She told him that she’d seen four kinds of Grays and didn’t know which ones had used the implants on her.

“You’re lying,” the major replied. “I’m going to ask you one more time.”

“Which aliens do you want to know about?” she asked. “I told you I’ve been with a lot of them.”

“Start with the slender gray aliens,” he told her. “Did any of those talk about implants?”

“I can’t think,” she said, “you’re confusing me.” It was her way of evading his questions because she felt it was “none of his business.”

He ordered that she be taken to another area called the “probing room,” where she lost consciousness after receiving another injection.

After each abduction by the military group, Rose grew more and more apprehensive and fearful. When I asked her about any positive help she might

have received from the aliens she thought of as her friends, Rose’s reply, in a January 2, 1994, letter, showed how much more she now questioned her experiences than she had done in the beginning.

“Since that military group stepped into the scene,” she wrote, “there haven’t been any aliens to come to my rescue. I constantly pray for help and guidance from the good sources in the universe, but there just hasn’t been any help on my part. I don’t know which aliens are trying to help me, and which aliens are out to deceive me. The spiritual growth and all the good things I’ve experienced may not be linked to my [alien] experiences. Maybe it’s just something I brought about all by myself.”

Apparently there was someone else aware of her feelings, because six days after she wrote that letter Rose had an alien abduction for the first time in months, which seemed designed, in part, to placate her. After going to bed on the night of January 8, she woke up to find herself on board a craft in the company of a Gray. Rose said she was neither paralyzed nor in a trance state and clearly recalls the alien using some device to “locate and reactivate an implant” by insertion of something into her ear. She was then told they were finished with her and she would be returned home.

“Before I go,” Rose said, “you are going to tell me what this is all about.”

The alien replied that information had just been placed in the implant and

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that Rose would “know everything in due time.” But she insisted on asking more questions. When she asked why the military personnel had given her so many injections, the alien said that they used “tranquilizer drugs on all recruits to prevent them from running away.” She said the alien also apologized for the military group’s “indiscretions” and told her she would not be made to watch any more “killing events.”

Rose had her doubts about this and told the alien that the warning had been for her not to “talk,” but that she had continued to “talk” since then. The alien replied that she should do what she felt was important. “He said the military people have been untruthful about most of what they’ve told me,” she reported, “and that some of their demonstrations were mere illusions. It’s part of their cover-up.”

She also questioned him about the space craft and was told that it operated on “the power of the mind.” But she was unable to ask anything more because four Grays entered and led her through a corridor to an exit from the craft just then.

“I saw that we were in a big hangar at some base,” she said, “and there must have been more than fifty military people there.”

She was told that those people would return her to her home, but before she could go over to them, one of the aliens used some device to render her unconscious. Her next memory was of being back in her bedroom, and that day she had recurrent bouts of pain on

the side of her head where the probe had gone into her ear.

As with most abductees, there is no ending yet to Rose’s story, nor a clear understanding of the agenda behind her repeated abductions. But there are certainly a number of important questions raised by her account, which has only been partially presented here.

Compared to other abduction scenarios, Rose’s contains many of the typical elements: various physical exams, fetus-retrieval and baby presentation; visions of the desert world; sexual activities; training and instruction sessions; teleportation methods; the “black box”; punctures and bruises; and implants, to name a few. Similarly, her reports of activities and details in the encounters involving apparently military personnel contain much that is familiar from other accounts.

What is very untypical, however, is the richness of her recollections. In most abductions, the person can only remember small parts of the total event, and this is true for Rose, too, in many of the encounters. But in some of them she seems to have been allowed to retain more than the usual level of awareness. Either that, or she just naturally is not as susceptible at times to the mind-control procedures which are used to suppress abductees’ memories.

The abundance of information she received is also untypical. Certainly there are many abductees who have been instructed on various topics in the same way Rose had been. But she has managed to retain an enormous amount



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of this information which can be correlated with the numerous but more incomplete reports from other cases, on such topics as mind-control methods, alien-human collusion, and implant capabilities.

Still, she doesn't recall everything, as she has noted and as hypnosis has shown. So why is she allowed to recall these particular things? Is this programmed or accidental? If programmed, by whom, and for what purpose?

Further questions are raised by a contradiction in the details of two related recent events. It concerns the controversial subject of covert cooperation between human agencies and alien groups. When Rose and the other women were questioned by the major, he focused at one point on what Rose knew about the implants of the Whites and Grays. This implied that his organization was not familiar with those kinds and thus not allied in any way. Rose had also been told that the military group worked with some aliens but not with all of them.

But in the January 8 abduction, Rose was aboard a craft with one of the Grays, who proceeded to discuss the military group in a negative manner. This implied that he was not allied with them. Yet, when that craft landed, Rose saw they were inside a military facility.

Some further explanation is clearly called for to resolve the confusion. From what she has observed of relations between our military organization, whatever its aegis, and their alleged alien

allies, Rose thinks they are at odds in some ways. Her impression is that the human organization is responsible for the extreme cover-up activities rather than the aliens. But this is based in part upon one of the aliens' statement that they had no concern about their presence being known—a dubious statement, however, given their employment of memory suppression and virtual reality illusions.

Given the aliens' VRS capabilities, there is always a question of the reality of these events. Just recently, however, Rose's husband told her he'd had a strange dream that some men broke into the house and took her away. Unhappily, she had had the same dream that night. Rose is keenly aware of the unanswered questions. "Although some of my experiences with them have led to a positive transformation," she once said, "the aliens certainly are not any more open with me now than they were five years ago...."

"Until I undergo hypnosis and some truth is recovered, there's no way of my really knowing right now which aliens are trying to help me and which aliens are trying to deceive me. All of them seem to handle things clandestinely, even the good ones, and they're all alien in actions and appearance as far as I can tell.

"It could very well be that some types are experimenting on me for their own benefit and are lying to me just like they are lying to other people. I just don't think this is the case with all alien types I've encountered. I would want to think that at least one group is trying to

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help instead of harm and deceive me.

"I've learned to wash my hands of blind faith and am now beginning to use my God-given reasoning faculties and extreme caution, reasoning, and prayer in deciding how I should respond to the aliens," Rose said. "I am a human being, and we humans do have feelings and rights!"

### Estelle

Of all the contacts I received after my research was released, Amy's first letter was the most compelling. She wrote, as she explained, because it was the only way to get free of a compulsion that had begun in November 1992, after an extraordinary dream. The following week, she bought and read my book, and then began the compulsion to write me and share the dream.

Estelle, however, as I would find out, has a strong sense of independence, self-control, logic, skepticism, and an admirable stubbornness. She resisted the "ridiculous" compulsion for several months, but by April she was ready to get it out of her system and reasoned that writing the letter would end it.

In the first part, Estelle described some unusual events that corresponded with things I related in *INTO THE FRINGE*. These included odd phone behavior, which she humorously attributed to "The Phantom of the Opera-tor," and unexplained electrical problems and noises in the house. None of the unusual experiences were attributed to alien activity, a glaring absence in comparison to the other contacts I'd gotten.

But then she began to describe the dream. In the first scene, Estelle and her daughters were in a campground where "huge tarantulas" chased them. They got in the car and drove away, but the car started flying upward, over the trees, where she saw a huge moon.

"In front of the moon," she wrote, "I saw the silhouettes of some small, thin beings. They had big heads like the aliens I've heard about, and they were moving about in front of the moon or light that glowed behind them. One turned and looked at me, and I saw large, black eyes. I wasn't afraid of him. I thought, Well, I've never actually seen one of them-now I know what they look like."

She heard a loud noise approaching, and then she flew onto a metal-roofed house. "I knew the metal might be hot," she noted, "so I knew not to touch it." Estelle was on the second story, where she looked through "large windows" into one of the rooms. There she saw a group of men talking excitedly and heard a softer, female, voice telling them to "calm down because there was work to do." The men looked human, but the female was part of "a group of non-Earth representatives."

When she was brought into the room, she said, "The humans introduced me to a female alien wearing a white plastic mask so that her appearance would not frighten the others and so they wouldn't focus on her eyes. Even though she wore a mask, I could see her eyes through the holes in the mask. They were big, black eyes. From that point on, I remember being right next

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to her, and her face stayed very close to my face...very intense!"

The first part in the campground was either a natural dream or a screened sequence, but the illusory force rapidly disappeared as she moved from the campground to the room in the alien's company.

Estelle said the alien explained that her race had been doing things to humans that they should not be doing. "She and several groups of her race wanted to stop the 'abuse' of the humans by her race. They were working with certain people on Earth to stop the process. The other humans in the room were ex-pilots, military officials, and other professionals."

I was riveted, now, because Amy's account echoed that of information I'd recently received, from two widely separated sources, about a covert program or effort by certain parties in the intelligence and military organizations to resist alien abductions and to assist abductees in certain ways.

There was no doubt in my mind that some in the military had an active hand in monitoring and questioning abductees, as my husband Téodoro had gone through such an experience. Other abductees-including Leah Haley and Debbie Jordan-had also reported contacts, intrusions, and kidnappings by human, seemingly military, agents, and there was objective evidence in some cases to back up the reports. But this was a far cry from accounts of human agents actively helping abductees, much less a coalition of human and alien

parties working against the abduction agenda, as the information alleged to come from the intelligence community has claimed. So far as I knew, this claim was not generally known from public ufological material. Yet here it was in Amy's dream.

Her account went on to say that the masked alien dominated Amy's attention, "putting" information directly into her mind. "She explained all kinds of things, but I don't remember it all," Estelle wrote. "I think I remember my role in the plan, but I don't like knowing so I forget. I don't want to remember!"

"After she told me about those things, she told me about implants. She put a thin, pencil-like metal instrument in my right ear and I thought, Oh! This is gonna hurt! but I couldn't move or stop her. To my surprise, it didn't hurt! She pulled out the instrument, and on one end was a flat, circular, small, flesh-colored...thing. It was...reddish colored but sort of transparent. If I looked closely I could see something inside the thing.

"This part," Estelle stressed, "when she pulled that thing out of my ear, was the most real seeming, the most clear and most intense part of my dream. It was very important that I remember! I think she said that to me."

Estelle said the alien explained certain things about the implant, and then she bent over while the alien removed a second implant from Amy's neck. It was a "dark, cylindrical" object about "three centimeters long" with "something sticking on the end of it like

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very fine wires.” The alien then explained how the implant operated.

“She showed me the thing she had pulled out of my neck,” Estelle reported, “and said, This is embedded deep into the spinal cord. I can’t remember exactly what she explained about it, but I think the thing controlled the muscles of the body when activated. It blocked the brain and became the ‘central command’ of the body. She also said that sometimes these things were implanted into a person’s lower back somewhere between the fourth lumbar and the sacrococcygeal, but it was more commonly ‘planted’ in the neck. I don’t want to remember how or why this thing functioned.” The alien told Estelle more about the implants, about her group’s efforts to remove them from abductees, and other things Estelle couldn’t recall.

“I remember that she was sorry for what some of ‘her people’ had done,” Estelle wrote, “but she-and others-were trying to help. The last thing I remember was that she was showing me something on a very large TV or computer screen or window.”

Estelle then concluded her letter, saying that when she read my book she thought she should share the dream with me, although it felt “ridiculous” to write to someone about a “dream.” She made no claims for the dream, nor for having any actual alien experiences, and she did not ask for any advice, help, or response. Clearly, Estelle had written the letter only to make the compulsion “stop bugging” her.

I didn’t need an invitation to re-

spond, however, as her information was too compelling to ignore. Estelle had commented that “certain elements of my dream resembled parts of your book,” but when I read back through the dream I could see very little actual similarity other than the facts that my husband had seen military people in an abduction and that I had recalled an ear implant. I suspected there were other details she hadn’t shared, however, because people very often hold back from the entire truth when first “testing the waters” with someone they don’t know. And not only was I intrigued by the content of the dream, I was also curious to know more about Amy’s potential situation because she lived in the very same city where my family and I lived during the experiences I detailed previously. Finally there was the fact of her compulsion to contact me rather than some other researcher, and the possibility that our contact was being directed.

I got her number from information and phoned as soon as possible. I learned that she was a divorced mother of two young daughters who had just finished her master’s degree in counseling. She was born in Dallas in 1953, of Scotch, Irish, English, and French (“Cajun”) ancestry and had lived most of her life in the Metroplex area. Estelle was truly surprised by my interest. In fact, as she later confessed humorously, she wondered if I were “one taco short of a full combo plate” for being “interested in a dream.”

Estelle did agree, however, to share more information about many of her experiences, which she confessed

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were rather “fringe-like” even though they didn’t in conscious reality involve aliens or UFOs. I asked her to describe any past unusual events, of any sort, and a few weeks later she complied, with a list of psychic, dream, telepathic, and miscellaneous experiences.

“It was a lot harder [to make the list] than I expected,” she said. “It was like trying to see through a dense fog. I’ve always kept these things at a distance from my awareness.”

That distance was rapidly diminishing, and in the course of the next several months, we explored together her memories and the accounts found in the journals she had kept for many years. Amy’s progressive self-rediscovery is a story of its own. Layer after layer of repression and denial were stripped away as she read back through the journals and realized that some powerful phenomenon had been part of her life from the beginning.

Even as young as four, Estelle had a feeling of “influence” from an unseen source. By seven, she had recognized this source more directly, calling it the “Many in One” because she could hear many people speaking in unison. In adolescence Estelle called this force the “Council.”

“At first I only heard them talking to one another, not to me,” she explained. “I have only heard them audibly a few times, like when they told me my mother was going to die (she did) and other events that would happen in the future (the events did happen),” she explained. “I usually sense a dialogue

of symbols, images, and concepts. When I ‘listen,’ I forget how to speak, words cease to exist, and I forget what using vocal cords feels like. I call it the ‘language without words.’ No trance states.”

She also had a brief yet vivid memory of seeing a small, dark figure move rapidly into her bedroom doorway and crouch down one night. And when she was ten, Estelle recalled walking alone into a field near her house very early one morning. She had no idea why she was going there, and she couldn’t remember what happened when she arrived nor much about her return home.

In 1965, Estelle dreamed of being in the back yard and waving goodbye to a UFO hovering above her, and the next moment she woke up surprised to be in her bed. The dream felt so real that she got up to see if the UFO was still nearby. It should be recalled, incidentally, that 1965 was a major “flap” year for UFO sightings and encounters throughout the country.

A few months later, Estelle went through a sudden internal change of attitudes and interests, began to study the sciences, and blossomed intellectually in school. The psychic element also grew increasingly stronger, and in her later teenage years Estelle started having many dreams of an unknown “lady” teaching her intensely about a number of things, beginning with levitation. Although she called them dreams, the teaching sessions had a real effect on Estelle, and she once accidentally levitated a bottle of shampoo and almost

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frightened herself to death. When the sessions began to include instructions on affecting electrical systems, Estelle sometimes witnessed the physical, external effects of her ability on appliances in her environment.

This is also the time when she accepted the fact that her existence was somehow being guided by the Council. She was led to study certain subjects and was implanted with many concepts and ideas about time, space, physics and other complex thoughts. Altogether, in fact, Estelle became aware of a sense of destiny and purpose she couldn't understand but could only feel as a certainty.

"I'm scared," she noted in her journal for January 1971, "because something so unknown and powerful is pulling at me, every moment I'm caught off guard and pulled. I'm being pulled to a state or level of mind I cannot fight...eventually I'll go, but in order that I won't be pulled under I've got to prepare. Every time, I shout, 'I'm not ready, leave me be!' and if I think of something else I'm okay." Other entries during this period include the comments, "I know certain things must be done, like a robot I obey," and "I feel like a messenger. I have always felt my purpose, but I never knew it."

Much of what she received came not in words but in images and concepts. There was one statement, however, in which the words were clear: I am I. I am many. We are many. I am not. Estelle said this statement was a sort of "riddle" about the Council. "It referred to my existence as an individual (I am

I), my union with all minds (I am many), my absorption into the Oneness (We are many), and my identity as One (I am not). It is repeated often in my diaries. It's sort of like an 'oath,' 'pledge, or understanding.'"

It is also quite reminiscent of messages given to Linda and Andrea, the They are you-you are them told to Linda and the IRU-URI communication Andrea received during a "question and answer" meditation.

Estelle continued to have the training-session dreams, recorded in volumes of journals, in which she was shown how to perform levitation, affect electrical systems, and move through solid objects.

Looking back through the journals, she turned up a wealth of evidence showing the long-term involvement of unknown forces in Amy's life. Some of these details, in spite of her insistence that she had no recollection of being abducted, did indicate probable alien activity in the midst of it all.

Indicators of alien involvement such as time gaps and UFO sightings were in her journal and in her memory, although she had downplayed most of these events. Besides the missing-time episode and the small crouching figure she'd seen at age seven-which was accompanied by her eye being matted shut the next morning-there was also an incident at age fifteen of an unexplained physical presence intruding upon her.

Staying with her niece one night, Estelle felt there was "something" in the bedroom before she went to sleep. She

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turned the light back on to look, but no one was visible. After going to sleep, she had a strange, frightening dream about a family trying to reach the spirit of a dead relative, and when the people in the dream started screaming at one point, Estelle started screaming, too, and woke up.

"I felt someone kicking or jabbing me in the back, the whole bed was shaking, the canopy was flapping, and I felt someone/ something in my room again. I ran...to my mother's room and told her, and she kissed me and said it was just a bad dream." It was so upsetting, in fact, that she refused to sleep in that room for two weeks.

Other suspicious dreams were recorded through the years, including two in 1977 that hinted strongly of an alien encounter beneath a screen memory. Estelle said she dreamed "of being called out of my house by a small boy standing in the wooded park" nearby. "He took my hand," she said, "and we walked into the park at night."

The description of the second dream was more detailed. "I just dreamt a 'lady-doctor' gave me a shot, a tranquilizer," she noted in an April 1977 entry. "Then she disappeared and in the next dream I was being hypnotized. A man whom I seemed to trust and several other people I could barely see were standing around me. The man was so gentle; he told me to relax and somehow telepathically he explained [that] the dream I had earlier of receiving a tranquilizer was sort of a pre-hypnotic suggestion to relax me for the next dream. He then hypnotized me. I don't

remember the rest, but my feelings in the dream were that of reaching out to those energy forces I call the Council."

This one was the most intriguing dream to date. In some ways it seemed to fit the screening phenomenon behind which abductions are often hidden, but it also seemed to have a very actual and "human" element to it.

That was not the case, however, with a dream Estelle recorded on May 27, 1981, and it was here that the indication of alien activity became palpable. "I had the most unusual dream the other night," she noted. "I don't ever remember dreaming such a dream before. My body was floating horizontally through the house. I've dreamt of flying before and such, but always vertical and always mixed with unreal elements. But in this dream I knew I was asleep and I floated through my bedroom door, through the kitchen, turned the corner and floated into the back porch. I saw the walls go by, and each detail was as it really is. I began to note the lack of unconscious symbols as in a dream and felt alarm. I became frightened at the moment I felt it was not a dream. I felt suddenly sucked back into my bed -through the wall?!"

Estelle drew a picture of the scenario as she'd remembered it in 1981. "Of all the dreams I've ever had," she wrote, "I'd say that was not a dream! It seemed real, it looked real, and it felt real. I don't know how, but I know I woke up exactly at the point I drew in the picture. I remember going through the window in the back door... I remember going up through the tree limbs. That's all

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I remember until I felt 'sucked' back into my bed."

The details of her "dream" were exactly like those reported in many abduction onsets, and this, coupled with the earlier possible missing-time episode and other indicators, pointed to alien involvement with Estelle.

She had a conscious UFO sighting the following year, in July 1982, when she was living in the north Texas city where my family and I had also lived-at the same time, in fact, though unacquainted with one another. When she first mentioned this sighting to me in an early letter, she skimmed over the incident, saying merely, "I think I've only seen a UFO (actually five UFOs) once when they flew over my apartment years ago." I asked her for more details when we met, but her account was not much more specific. She said she was outside in the daytime when she saw the five craft approaching, and that she had called out to a neighbor to look at them, too, and then had walked around her apartment still watching them.

But later, Estelle told me that "something weird" occurred during that discussion. "I didn't tell you, but it has bothered me since," she said. "I remember seeing the UFOs coming toward me as I sat in front of the apartments. Then they flew, slowly and without any sound, directly overhead. That part is still vividly clear. I realized what they were, and I got excited. I yelled at the guy in the apartment nearest to come see them. Then I walked along under them, directly under them...and I never took my eyes off them.

"But when I reached the back of the apartments, my memory is all messed up. Up to that point, everything is crystal clear...but after I went to the back of the apartments, I have two sets of memories. I remember watching them fly off slowly, but I also remember getting binoculars or my small telescope and looking at them. I didn't have binoculars at all. My telescope was still packed away."

Unfamiliar with the screening practices employed during abductions, Estelle couldn't understand how there could be differing memories of the same time span. One 'memory track' contains the conscious parameters of the event: initial sighting of the UFOs, calling to her neighbor, walking toward the back of the apartments, and seeing the craft fly away. What is missing from this track is the continuity from the point where she sees the UFOs directly over her, to the point where she is watching them depart-a missing-time episode.

The second 'memory track' apparently provided a filler for that time gap. This memory tells her that she watched the UFOs through either a telescope or binoculars in that interim, which would have necessitated her going into the apartment at some point and unpacking a box to get the telescope, or getting binoculars, and going back outside, where her conscious memory picked up again. But this clearly didn't happen in reality, no matter what the second memory track told her, for the box was still packed and she did not even own binoculars. Something else happened in the time gap which she was not al-



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lowed to recall correctly, which is standard operating procedure in an abduction.

The event was confusing to Estelle, as were the dreams she occasionally had of waving farewell to a UFO. In one such dream from the winter of 1988, she was with her daughters in a field behind their apartment, waving goodbye to the UFO. "When I woke up in bed," she said, "I was still cold from being outside. I got up and went to make sure the kids were back in bed, that's how real it seemed to me.

In all of these previous events and dreams and memories, Estelle had recalled nothing about actual aliens or being inside a UFO. The dream of November 1992, however, where she clearly saw the gray, masked female "non-Earth representative," took her, reluctantly, to a much more intense level of recognition that the alien phenomenon was a part of her life.

And when Estelle realized how numerous and complex the unusual events had been since her childhood, she decided to explore some of those memories through regressive hypnosis. As a counselor, she was familiar with the theory of regression work, but she had never experienced it.

Estelle arranged to meet with Beth Burton in the summer of 1992 and went through two regression sessions, hoping to learn more about the part of her life that had been kept from her. In the first regression, they explored some early childhood and adolescent memories, but it was extremely difficult for

Estelle verbally to relate much of what she recalled in the trance state. It became apparent that Amy's response was inhibited by a severe block against talking about her experiences, especially when she was able to remember a threat made to her by a Gray when she was very young. In that fragmented memory, the Gray told her that if she told anyone about the visit, her cat would be killed. Estelle did try to tell her mother, however, and the kitten subsequently died, although today Estelle is reluctant to believe the death was a deliberate act by the aliens.

She also briefly remembered an experience a few years later, of a huge craft of some sort hovering just above her father's garden. She told Beth that she was looking at it very closely, wanting to push it away, but somehow she received a clear impression that said, "Don't touch." Estelle said she did not want to go into the craft, but she was taken inside, where she saw the same Gray who had threatened to kill the cat.

"I saw myself talking to someone inside it," she said. "I wasn't supposed to tell. This 'guy' telling me they would kill my cat was inside it. We were near the doorway, and he was taller than I and his face was right up in my face."

Next, she and Beth explored the memory she had at age fifteen of something jabbing or kicking her and the bed shaking. "During the session," she said later, "I saw myself going to the back door. I couldn't understand because I looked sort of ghost-like and I was floating, not walking." As she tried to look at this event, however, that same scene

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kept repeating, of her going to the door and reaching for the knob, and she could not get past that point. "I guess it was too hard to look at," she said. "I remember the actual feelings of something in my room and being kicked or jabbed in my back—it felt so real. It was terrifying!"

The third episode they explored involved a childhood "lesson" about religion. "'Churches are not God,'" she reported being told, "'statues and pictures are not God. Priests and nuns are not God. Nobody sins.' That doesn't make sense."

"What else did they tell you?" Beth asked.

"To look beyond the pictures," Estelle replied. "It's all lies. That made me mad, that all nuns and the priest were lying. Why did they tell me that when it's not true? They said Jesus was something like a soldier or something, supposed to lead people in some kind of direction."

"What did they want you to know?" Beth persisted.

"That I'm not supposed to [believe]," she said. "I can pretend to be confirmed. I have to pretend that I believe it, say the prayers."

In the second session, Estelle retrieved a brief recollection of another "dream" encounter with a Gray she had in April 1993. "I had dreamt that some UFOs were picking people up here and there," she told me later. "Certain people, not at random. I stood and waited for them to come, I was supposed to wait. They shined a bright light on me,

and then I was in the ship. First, I was facing a very shiny surface, like mirrors, then I turned around. I saw a lot of Grays at some instruments or controls, very busy.

"One Gray turned to face me, and I knew him. In fact, he was the same Gray I saw [in November 1992] in front of the moon or light. We talked with our eyes. I felt that he and I were very close once, we had been together once somewhere, and we had been the 'same.' It was like we were twins. I actually missed him! I wanted to go back to 'before' because I was remembering something. He told me I was to 'stay here.' I guess he meant in the present."

She also described the identity she felt with the "twin" alien. "I felt that I was one of them," she said, "and I was thinking of Beth as 'a human with a mouth.' It was like looking through the eyes of a Gray! If I think of it as I am-human-they seem cold and uncaring. If I remember the way it felt to be one of them, in the dream, it is not cold, not uncaring, just the way it is."

In the hypnosis session, Estelle could see the two of them in the bedroom, engaged in telepathic conversation, and feeling an old kinship with the entity. When Beth asked why the Gray was there, Estelle said, "I'm not supposed to know."

"Ask what you are supposed to know," Beth suggested.

"He said in the next decade people will be expected to think the same," she reported, "being taught to think the same, like them. Make them easier."

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Expanding later on what she was told, Estelle said that in the coming decade the aliens doing the abductions would also promote a program in which people will be “taught to think the same. The sad part was that everyone will think it’s normal and it is their idea. Even being an ‘individual’ will seem real but not in actuality. He and other aliens are trying to stop the process. It’s been going on for a long time already.”

Under hypnosis, as Estelle tried to explain this information, she suddenly said, “He tells me to remember the rules. I’m trying. He was trying to help me remember. Departure from the program will result in synapse damage. It’s so hard, without words, with words.”

“What was that about?” Beth asked.

“Do what you know to do,” Estelle parroted the statement of rules from the Gray, “be human, be what you are. Rule number two: No memories, rule number two.”

These “rules” were given to Estelle very early in her experiences with unidentified entities, and they always included a program to inhibit her talking about these events. An entry in her journal at age seventeen records one of the “rules”: “I must not repeat previous mistakes.” Estelle said the mistake she was not supposed to repeat was the “mistake” of telling her mother about the things she had experienced.

The first time as an adult when she tried to tell someone else, external interference stopped her, as the journal entry for December 16, 1979 shows. “I

was writing a letter to my boyfriend to-night,” she recorded. “I was listening to the radio. When I began writing of the difference between what the heart feels and what the brain knows [a lesson imparted to her by the Council], the radio began emitting every tone tolerable and intolerable to the ear. I was about to say something in a letter. I cannot remember what I wanted to say.” The interrupting noise contained “voices, in unison, in some (foreign?) language.”

Under hypnosis, Estelle constantly had difficulty talking about the events, and she often repeated the rule against “telling.” When Beth tried to discuss the implanted blocks later, Estelle was doubtful and couldn’t accept the idea of the Council programming such an inhibition. It wasn’t until she searched back through the old journals and saw entry after entry about not “talking” that she finally acknowledged the evidence of possible programmed control.

Her memories of the November 1992 dream-event were much more detailed, and easily discussed, as if the programming were ineffective, at least to a point. She penetrated several screens, recognizing that the large spider was actually a floating probe device in the room with her and the human figures she’d recalled. She also realized that she was with them and the spidery probe, for part of the encounter, in her own apartment.

But the most important information to emerge concerned the implants. When she described the flesh-colored object removed from her ear, she told Beth that it was used as a transmitter and

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monitor. Estelle said that the masked alien also explained the purpose of the implant she removed from the spine.

“She said that it short-circuits and it can kill!” Estelle said. “They can kill as many as they want. It’s in the neck. It’s old, but some people have them. When they want to kill them, they...I don’t like that thing. It does many things.”

“What other things?” Beth inquired.

“They make people like puppets!” Estelle exclaimed. “She says they can control anyone that way. Bunch of damn robots walking around. But they’re taking them out. They’re old. Sometimes in the base of the spine, real low, but that’s only half of the control. The other half controls up and down. Up to the brain or down the body. Old. They use something else now.”

“Where does the new one go?” Beth asked.

“Cerebellum,” Estelle answered.

“How do they put it in?”

“Not in the back like the old ones,” Estelle replied, pointing instead to a spot behind her ear. “You couldn’t take it out, only they can. They can make...the people with the new ones and old ones in them...do what they tell them to do. If they don’t, they do other things, switch them like puppets, switch them off. They can kill them, or turn it, many different degrees....they can use it as punishment, take away control but leave consciousness, or control the consciousness. Or they can kill. I’m mad!

“On one end it can kill, the other

end, control, and in-between levels. Punishment is in the middle where there’s consciousness but no control. Repetition, over and over, the fear takes over, and they don’t have to punish any more. Fear is paired with punishment, so they don’t have to move the switch so far. Fear and control. And if that doesn’t work, they switch it to kill. When the body stops, it disintegrates all implants. Electrical activity ceases. Huh! That’s gross but funny. They use our own brains as the batteries...feedback loop like a generator, through the implant and circuits back. When the circuit is broken, the implant dissolves. Little, like a Tic-Tac.”

“How many people do you think have implants?” Beth asked. “Is there a selection?”

“Whoever responds to fear, in any degree,” Estelle replied. “They test you. She says they tested me for the fear, nuclear holocaust fear [referring to numerous nightmares]. I did good, became afraid. I was wondering how they found me. Oh, follow the signal. The old ones they can follow easily. They changed to new ones, changed the signals, those buggers. They [the abducting and implanting aliens] know they’re [the ‘apologetic’ alien-human group] out there taking them out, and they don’t like it. That’s why they change them sometimes, put in a different signal.”

“Who does this changing?” Beth asked.

“The others...other tribes?” Estelle tried to explain.

Beth asked her to describe these

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others, but Estelle was focused on something else.

"She says it's here in a year," she said, pointing to her forehead.

"What is there in a year?" Beth asked.

"What I'll need, tools," Estelle answered. "Focus, very important. She says I'm not ready yet, to know. In a year. She said I'll remember the three guys standing over there. They're watching. They're not regular. They can talk with their eyes. Don't know if they learned it or what. The silver-haired one, [and] one with glasses."

"Are they alien?"

"Some. Their eyes, they wear contact covers. Without them," Estelle explained, "they're slit, but they look like people. Not cat's eyes, too big. A line. He says he's a lot like me anyway. Gray-silver hair, he's the main one. He's telling me to forget them. Six feet tall, average build, regular shirt."

"How about his face?"

"Kind of not thin, not fat, right size for the body," she said. "The eyes don't fit." She indicated that the man had a widow's peak hairline. "Coarse hair," she said, "average length, like an average businessman. He could be one, with those contact lenses. He's nice."

"What about the other two men?" Beth asked.

"He said, Don't look. He let me look at him but not at them. One has on contacts, though, I saw that. White, dark eyes but no pupil or iris or center spot, if people look closely. That's why they sometimes wear tinted glasses."

"How do you feel about these guys?" Beth wanted to know.

"Sad," Estelle told her. "They used to be where I was, manipulated by them. They don't want to tell me too much because it was more than I can take. That's why he says to look away."

"Are all humans manipulated?"

"Not all."

As difficult as it was for Estelle to speak freely in a trance state, out of hypnosis later she described the things she'd been unable to articulate. She gave detailed descriptions of the scene in the dining room, where she saw the probe accompanying the three men. After being introduced to the masked alien, she was next aware of being taken into a large, underground room. She was led by two beings into the room, noticing the rough rock walls that proved she was below ground level. At that time she lived directly across the street from a FEMA underground facility, and that facility had undergone a massive expansion, both above ground with numerous antenna arrays and new buildings, and below the ground as well. But there was no way of knowing if she were in that facility or somewhere else.

Estelle sketched the room in the facility where she and the men were with the masked aliens. She had smelled a certain odor during the hypnotic recollection, resembling "polish remover," which came from "a black ribbed tube on the side of the room." The masked alien told her it helped the aliens present to breathe better. And when

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questioned about evidence of a military atmosphere in the facility, Estelle said she didn't observe any.

She had more to say about the humans, too, especially the silver-haired leader she nicknamed "Ol' Slit Eyes." "Ever since the hypnosis session," she remarked, "the image of Ol' Slit Eyes has stayed with me, vividly. Once you 'talk' that way, you always feel the link. I get the feeling Ol' Slit Eyes is either in our government or some high position in the military," she added. "People see him every day but don't know who he really is."

As for the other two men, she said, "The feelings I got from those three guys was deep sadness. They were designed like we are. They were watching me 'talk' with Ol' Gray and assessing how I handled the information and my 'loyalty.' It was just a feeling I caught from them."

Concerned about what she remembered being told of the implant's placement and functions, Estelle went to medical texts for information about the cerebellum and medulla oblongata, the locations identified for the implants. She learned that the medulla is a switching center for nerve impulses of the higher brain centers controlling vital functions such as temperature, pulse, swallowing, and breathing.

The cerebellum was identified as the control source for muscle tone and equilibrium, as well as voluntary movements, coordination, and even the vocal cords-which, Estelle noted, might explain the physical difficulty some

abductees experience when trying to discuss their encounters. The information corresponded with the controls the masked alien said were functions of the implants.

After the November 1992 dream-event, Estelle continued to recall several other dream-memories. She had sudden flashback memories and also witnessed more overt evidence of alien intrusions. She had more dreams of moving through solid objects, one involving her daughters, and Estelle said she was not "happy" about seeing entities with them, although she felt the tall beings standing there with them were "quiet," "wise," and "rather nice." She dreamed of being aboard a craft, again with masked aliens, who said that humans were going to be told "who and what they really are" as well as "the truth about everyone." In another dream, she was made to feel that the "government" was "going to kill" her for talking about what the government was doing to people.

During one "teaching dream" Estelle woke up and could actually hear the voice of the "lady" talking in her head. "It is not a dream!" she noted in her journal. "Tried to write what the 'lady' was saying, heard her say, 'NO!' and suddenly began forgetting. Tried to write fast but hand went numb. Very tired all day, took a nap-more teaching dreams."

One of the most disturbing dreams occurred in June 1993, where Estelle said she "had the vivid sensation of being held still by wires or tubes going into my head." Everything about the

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dream felt real. “I was pissed!” Estelle said. “I could actually feel something going into my head. I wanted to pull them out, but I couldn’t get my hands up to my head, my hands wouldn’t move.

“Then I heard someone say, in my mind, You don’t want to pull them out. You will hurt yourself. With that warning I saw a clear image of what would happen if I pulled the things out of my head. I saw the wires/tubes coming out and pieces of my brain were stuck to them and dropped off onto the floor. I just had to be still until it was finished. It didn’t hurt,” she added. “I was just so mad at not being able to move my head. I’ve never had a dream like that before. I’m still mad as hell!”

On the night of September 20, 1993, Estelle experienced a time gap, and her record of the event in her journal is very typical of such reports. After first noting that the phone made a strange “beep” at 11:17 p.m., she wrote, “I was sitting here at my desk in my study, and I noticed that I felt funny all of a sudden. I’ve felt that sudden, brief anxiety feeling before.”

Her daughter walked in at that moment, and Estelle reacted angrily because the child should have been in bed by that time, 12:07 a.m. “Then I went back to my work,” she wrote, “and I felt bad that I had yelled at Grace. A few minutes later, I heard a noise that sounded like the door knob of the front door being turned. I thought Grace was opening the door to look for me (when I take the dog out). I jumped up and looked out the little window on the front door, but Grace was not outside.

“I turned on the light, but no one was on the porch. I opened the door and looked out, but no one was outside. I thought it was strange that I’d heard that sound. I went back to my work in my study. Then I looked at the time, and it was 1:27 a.m.!! I couldn’t believe it! I’d lost an hour and twenty minutes.”

Seamlessly, the time gap had occurred, and she had no memory of any disruption. But other times she had flashback memories pop up suddenly, including one scene in which she woke up one night hearing the words, Did you think it was all by accident? The statement’s meaning was clear, she said, “that the Earth is a giant zoo or experiment.”

Other such “downloadings” of ideas and scenes included one of a “future world” our children will “inherit,” a world that is “dying.” On one occasion, the thought, We were without form played through her head repeatedly. Two other such thoughts were more disturbing: Survival of the fittest. That’s why wars are promoted, one said, and the other repeated, Death is the journey Home.

She also recalled a lesson which showed how the aliens use “frightening images” through ‘mental projections’ to control humans. “Fear is the real enemy,” she said.

In April 1993, Estelle had her first taste of a phenomenon all too familiar to abductees: the black helicopters. After the first one flew over her home she noted, “They really do exist-now I know what one looks like.” Other such flights

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have occurred since then, frequently late at night with repeated circular passes above her home.

And like so many other abductees, Estelle has reason to believe her children have been touched by the phenomenon. One daughter recently said her leg was tingling “the way it feels when you put it through the wall,” indicating to Estelle that the child might well have been receiving the same sort of instruction she herself had. Her other daughter described two types of “balls of light” she has seen repeatedly in the house. One is larger than a basketball and multicolored, and the other type is smaller, displaying a trail or tail of some sort.

Estelle was very concerned about further evidence of her children’s involvement after what she thought was a dream turned out to be highly questionable. In the first part, she was aboard a ship with several smaller Grays and two or three six-foot-tall entities. The Grays told her that human concepts of “Armageddon” were not correct. “I remember thinking that what they told me was nothing like anything I, or anyone, had ever imagined,” she said. And while this occurred, Estelle said she could feel the taller beings “directing” the lecture and that their mind was in her mind, an intensely felt presence that made her “want to cry.”

It was similar to the intensity of the “lady” who taught her things, she said. “No matter how tough I consider myself to be, I wouldn’t stand a chance against the Tall Ones,” she emphasized. “I think they reminded me that they have me,

body and soul, and always have had me.”

In the next part of the dream, she and her daughter Grace were involved in a series of scenes and events culminating with a police car approaching them. Estelle said it had very bright lights that were “not right for a police car.” The policeman inside, whom she didn’t like, spoke to her, but then she awoke from the dream when her other daughter began coughing. She later went back to bed, hearing a “loud static-buzz sound” before falling asleep.

The next morning while cooking, Estelle said her ear began to itch. “I rubbed my finger in my ear and felt something inside and outside of my ear. I looked at my finger, and there was some dried blood on it. I went to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I could see dried blood in my ear and down my cheek.”

Frightened that this had something to do with the strange dream, she carefully questioned her daughters to see if their night had been disturbed. Grace said she’d had a weird dream, and Estelle began to tell her about the dream she had. When she reached the part about the colored lights on the police car, Grace finished the sentence for her, describing them as “like a rainbow.” Estelle asked her how she remembered seeing them, but Grace couldn’t explain.

Amy’s memories and the children’s various remarks indicate alien contact with the entire family, although Estelle is more convinced by the



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“hard evidence” and conscious experiences she has witnessed. Grace’s recent spate of nosebleeds, for example, are a worrisome indication of possible implant activity, and Estelle has further been mystified by certain unexplained scars on her body, including the circular scar on her shoulder and a one-inch linear scar down the middle of her nose that appeared in late 1993. This sort of evidence—as well as her conscious daytime UFO sighting in January 1994, of four objects merging into one—are all unwelcome because they make it difficult for Estelle to reject the phenomenon’s reality.

She knows that it is more than a question of random abductions, from the information she has been shown, and she is concerned about the direction and nature of events indicated by the information.

In November 1993 she recorded a vivid dream in which she was with other people in a large room. “We were told that we were selected to experience the end of the world,” she wrote. “God was this ball of light that looked like a little sun. God was telling us that what we experienced was for all...that we should feel honored and lucky to experience the end of the world.”

It was explained that Estelle and the other humans were really “spirit beings” seeking challenging experiences. “Our true nature is to seek every opportunity to grow and to learn. Even sadness, sorrow, pain, and misery represent opportunities to experience and learn. I understood that the meaning of life was just to experience, that’s all-ex-

perience.”

This message resonates with another communication Estelle has had from her unseen guides, telling her that humans are “a species within a species” and that our bodies are mere “containers” for the spiritual entities we truly are.

Another piece of information came in a conscious flash or vision, in which it was explained that a particular person would be coming to public notice claiming to be Christ. Estelle said she was shown how all the religious people around the world would perceive this person as the incarnation of whatever deity they worshiped, and that he would be accepted as god on earth. This would cause many people to turn against those who didn’t accept the new figure, leading to the persecution and suppression of what is actually true. In effect, she explained, the false leader and his false religious teaching would win out over spiritual truth.

A startling encounter in January 1994 had caused Estelle to wonder even more about her lifelong involvement with the “Council.” She heard about a very strange group of people, who called themselves the “Total Overcomers” or the “Omega” group, holding meetings in the Dallas area. Two of her acquaintances attended the meetings, and from the details they reported, Estelle decided to invite the “Overcomers” to hold a meeting in her city, which they did. At that meeting, they told Estelle and others attending that they had just emerged from their “classroom” after eighteen years of prepara-

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tion under the total guidance of their twenty-four elders. Now they were traveling through the country to “harvest” the people who had been “implanted” with the proper knowledge and who were ready to make the transition to the next stage of “more than human.”

This required breaking all human ties of love, family and friendship-bonds that keep us tied to the material world—as well as living in celibacy and surrendering all decisions to the “elders.” They also said that everyone but their group had been warped and programmed negatively, either by society’s false values or, in cases of alien contact, by “Luciferian” aliens—which included all groups except the one that had originally instructed the “elders.”

Estelle described the four “Overcomers” whom she met as tall, thin, pale, asexual in dress (black clothing) and hair style, “clone-like” in appearance, and rigidly controlled emotionally. In fact, she said that she could not feel any “souls” in these four people. Their message was equally rigid: followers must go with the “Overcomers” immediately, without a word to their families, with no belongings, and without any clue as to where they will go next.

These cultish demands were weird enough to Estelle, but the truly disturbing aspect of the “Overcomers,” she said, was the details and phrasing of their tenets given by the “elders,” for they echoed exactly the things that Estelle has been taught by her “Council.” And the products of those teachings—in this cult, at least—felt extremely

wrong.

“After all I’ve been learning about implants and mind-control,” she told me, “I must ask who the Council really is. I am so afraid of them now. What if they have been programming me all this time to do things someday that may not be good for my planet? They have never told me to do anything contrary to my beliefs before, but what if they are just gaining my trust? What if they really are good and teaching me to help my planet and I stop listening to them? What if they are just some defense mechanism and all just my imagination? Somehow I’d rather be crazy than for it all to be real. So, since I don’t know who or what the Council really is, I am listening to them more cautiously. I just keep asking God to help me find the Truth. God I am sure of.”

### **Téodoro and Carol**

After asking these eight courageous women to share their experiences with the public, it is only proper that I also give an account of the things my husband, Téodoro, and I have witnessed since the first year of activity recounted in my research papers. We have repeatedly been asked about further experiences, and the following summary will serve to fulfill that request, in addition to increasing the body of knowledge upon which research depends.

The first intense period of dealing with alien activity lasted from late 1987 through most of 1990, but after that the encounters dramatically waned in our daily life. We breathed a figurative sigh

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of relief, hoping that the aliens had moved on to another task. Besides, having become active in abduction research, this relatively peaceful period allowed us to focus on learning from other people's experiences, expanding our base of knowledge from the personal level to that of general society.

I still kept a calendar notation of any questionable or unusual events, but the frequency was so low that a journal wasn't needed any longer. In all of 1990, for instance, I recorded signs of only eight possible events, only three of which were evinced in a conscious or objective manner. In addition to some unexplained body marks, I witnessed another UFO sighting on February.

Leaving a friend's at 8:15 p.m. I saw a huge, white object flying rapidly at a very low altitude above three tall towers in the city. Driving on, however, I lost track of it, but when I reached my own neighborhood I saw it again.

I decided to go to the hill near our house and have one more look. When I parked and walked to a prominence to get a wide view, I immediately saw the same light coming from the west toward the south. It was moving much more slowly now, and bobbing along rhythmically instead of in a smooth, straight path. It passed between the downtown skyline and me, so I knew it couldn't be more than a mile away.

It began to grow larger, as if moving closer, and I felt ready to confront it, at last, in full consciousness. But after a bit, the light receded, still bobbing, and continued on into the south. I ran

down the hill to the car, thinking I'd drive home for Téodoro and bring him back to see the object. Then I thought I should have one last look to determine where I would likely find it visible when we returned. So I raced back up the hill and looked around. The light was not where I had previously seen it.

I turned back in disappointment, and then caught sight of it again, in the very position it had started from the first time. The bobbing light silently repeated its path, once again coming close for a time and then backing away. I returned quickly to the car then and drove the half-block distance to my home. The streets were deserted as I pulled into the garage.

When I ran inside and yelled for Téodoro to come with me, he looked up puzzled from the couch and asked if I had pulled into the garage twice.

"No, of course not," I replied. "Why'd you ask that?"

"Then I guess it must have been a truck out on the street," he said. "But it sure was loud, for just a truck."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"This huge noise," he said, "about thirty seconds before you came in the garage. It was so loud that the whole front of the house shook, like some huge tanks or trucks were barreling down the street."

"I was just on the street," I objected, "and there was nothing out there. But I did see a UFO, up on the hill." We drove together back to the prominence and were disappointed to see nothing

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but the usual air traffic in the sky.

At no time during 1990 did either of us have a conscious encounter, just signs that something might have been going on. Emotionally and intellectually, we had nothing concrete with which to deal.

In 1991, however, at least in the beginning, that was not the case. Both Téodoro and I felt a great, undirected stress, as we'd done back in 1988, and that experience told us that activity might be recurring which was kept repressed from our consciousness.

In January, our son's friend Jason reported encounters with unusual entities, one of which once masked itself with the illusion of a beautiful blonde woman before revealing a very different physiology. Téodoro also recalled a possible encounter with the blond group that month, which had seemed like a VRS dream event. For Téodoro, the event was disturbing and puzzling, and we both wondered if anything further could occur. But nothing similar happened, nothing but a few unexplained marks, until April.

Shortly before leaving for the Ozark UFO Conference early that month, we had a "phantom sedan" incident, reminiscent of "Men in Black" reports. In this event, a very real-looking black car rolled down the street, came to a near stop as it reached our yard boundary, and a human-looking man in a white shirt and dark suit, wearing sunglasses, peered through the car's deeply tinted windows into the front of our house—where I was standing staring

back out. I turned around to shout for Téodoro to come see it, and when I looked back the car had vanished.

In June, the mysterious helicopters returned, appearing on three different days. By the end of the month we made a permanent move to Arkansas, and thereafter, in an area with heavy, normal helicopter traffic, it was impossible to tell if any of it was unusual. We found a few questionable marks on our bodies in August, but it wasn't until October that a memory of anything specific turned up.

During the night of the fourteenth, I physically got out of bed at some point, and I also had a dream that aliens were about to come into a long, narrow room where I was waiting. My only thought was, Don't scare me! But nothing more remained in my consciousness, in spite of the bruise on my arm and scratch on my abdomen in the morning.

One other incident, in January 1992, involved another almost-conscious realization that an intrusion was occurring. I woke at 1:34 a.m., opened my eyes, and wondered why the room was so foggy. My immediate rationalization was that my eyes just hadn't yet focused, and I got out of bed to go to the bathroom. When I started walking, a sudden rush of thick, clear liquid with tiny black specks suspended in it flooded from me, much more than can be produced naturally by the body, but I had no idea where it had come from. Neither could I account for the new scratch and bruise I found the next day.

These things were physically real,

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yet something within me didn't really "come to grips" with what might be happening to us. I wouldn't let these events obsess me or throw me off track from researching other people's situations. If the aliens wanted to get my attention again, they were going to have to do a lot better than this, I decided. A strange snippet of a dream now and then, a few marks, even the liquid-the significance of which I certainly knew from other women's accounts-weren't enough to frighten me or move me in any serious way. I refused to feel under attack, even granting that some activity was occurring. But I was only able to keep this frame of mind because I wasn't perceiving them consciously.

For months thereafter, neither Téodoro nor I noticed anything inexplicable or suspicious. Throughout most of 1992 I was busy work on a research project involving Lyle Rankin, the well-known psychic in Shreveport, Louisiana, whose lifelong experiences with alien forces shed extraordinary light on some of the abduction activities which have been so hard to penetrate.

The period of no unusual activity, however, came to an end with a bang on the morning of October 13. I was sitting at the coffee table working on Lyle's material, when a large ball of white light appeared and exploded right in front of me, less than four feet away. There was no noise, so I realized I hadn't merely seen a reflective flash from an explosion.

Five minutes later, a noise did occur, a very loud, pounding noise that slammed against the kitchen wall with

a house-shaking thump. My dogs started up, barking, and we ran to the kitchen door to see what had happened. The garage doors were closed and locked, however, with nothing out of the ordinary in sight. My immediate response was a feeling that this was an announcement of some sort, a declaration of a renewed presence. And from past experience I could recognize the "feel" of this intrusion. There was no fear or anger in my mind, just a complete determination to face whatever would come next.

That proved to be a UFO sighting. On October 27, at 7 p.m., our neighbors phoned to say they'd been watching a UFO for the past ten minutes and wanted us to come out for a look. I had dinner cooking just then, but Téodoro and a visiting friend raced up the road, in time to watch an odd orange-red orb of light disappearing behind the tree line. The neighbors said they saw the orb change colors from white to orange, and that at one point a solid-looking beam of light emerged and moved around before retracting back into the UFO as it moved away.

Since this event was multiply witnessed, we didn't feel it was "aimed" at us. UFO sightings are surprisingly frequent in central Arkansas, and they are often seen by multiple witnesses. This sighting, although momentarily exciting, was oddly unaffecting. If this sighting report had come from someone else, I would have recognized the pacified response, but it's much harder to analyze oneself than someone else.

The next month, as I started a dusk

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stroll up the drive, I had my most bizarre UFO sighting to date. And again I experienced a sedated reaction. In absolute silence, a large, rectangular craft soared over my mother-in-law's cottage, which is thirty feet from our house, just above treetop level. My first response was exhilaration, and I started to run up the drive to follow it. But its speed, while not startling, was fast enough that the craft was soon out of sight, blocked by the tall, thick trees on our property.

I observed it long enough to get a clear picture, though. It reminded me of a train boxcar in length and width, although not quite as tall, and it looked metallic-brown. The bottom of the craft had an indentation or bar across the middle, with a large amber light at each end. Four more amber lights marked each corner of the rectangular object, for a total of six lights.

Within a matter of seconds, my exhilaration disappeared along with the craft, and instead of racing inside to get Téodoro, I just began to stroll again. When I did go back in, I told him of the sighting and that I hadn't had time to notify him before the craft flew off. My natural excitement and curiosity felt artificially suppressed, so much so that I didn't even make a notation of the sighting on my calendar. In fact, it simply faded from my memory for almost two weeks before I suddenly remembered it again. After experiencing this response several times, I am now convinced that it is externally imposed and thus denotes outside contact of a very real nature.

At the time, however, I was unconcerned. My friend Brenda was in the midst of much more overt alien intrusions in her home, and they seemed more important than the few things we'd experienced ourselves. Besides, as I'd decided earlier, it would take something highly significant to pique my interest and get me to interact on a personal level with the aliens again.

On January 8, 1993, it got rather personal when I woke up to find my clothing had been removed, and I hadn't been the one who removed them. This was always upsetting to me when it occurred in the past, for it made me feel intimately and helplessly violated. I had the same response this time, and when I phoned Brenda to discuss it the next morning, she told me of the dream she'd had the same night. I was in it. She dreamed she was aboard a craft, immobile on a table, and she could see me on a table beside her, also unable to move. She said she tried desperately to reach out to me, but couldn't, and that's all she recalled. I had no memory to match the event, but the missing clothing was indicative of some nocturnal activity I hadn't generated.

It was Téodoro's turn next, in February. On the morning of the seventeenth he told me that in the middle of the night, at 12:38 a.m., a loud "bang" noise awakened him from a dream. (Normally I am the one who awakens at any sound, while he sleeps through everything.) In the dream, he had been standing in the living room looking out the picture window at the ridge behind our property. A large, white orb ap-

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peared in the sky and then descended to the ridge. He told me that he instantly remembered the dream when he was awakened by the bang and that he then got out of bed and walked into the living room. Just as in the dream, he stood peering out the window, watching in full consciousness as a large, white orb appeared and descended to the ridge.

“What happened then?” I asked, and he shrugged.

“I guess I went back to bed,” he said, “but I honestly don’t remember doing it.” And his response was curiously passive, as mine had been. This time I noticed and determined to be more alert if anything else were to occur, to fight the passive effect in order to react the way I thought best, rather than the way some outside force directed me.

In April I also had a nighttime event, much less dramatic than Téodoro's sighting of the orb, but nonetheless inexplicable. At 1:14 a.m. I awoke hearing the sound of a C-130 airplane, with which I’m very familiar as training flights from the nearby military base have regular paths over this area. The plane sounded as if it was just coming directly overhead, at an extremely low altitude. My first reaction was irritation at the thoughtlessness of training flights at such an intrusive hour. I’ll phone the base in the morning and complain, I thought as I lay there with Téodoro soundly asleep beside me. But seconds, and then minutes, elapsed, and the noise of the C-130 didn’t waver, increase, or diminish.

It can’t be hovering! I thought, but that’s exactly how it sounded—as if a C-130 was motionless low over the house. In a normal state of consciousness—which I really thought I had—I would have awakened Téodoro to hear it, too, but I didn’t. Instead, six or seven minutes after first hearing it, I just fell asleep. It didn’t occur to me to resist.

For over a year I had kept the attitude that I wouldn’t acknowledge alien contact back in my life, in our lives, without strong, overt experiences. I had also been praying, in my fashion, to whatever good and loving and true higher forces may be out there, asking for two things: that they guide me to know and follow the power of goodness; and that they communicate with me in an overt manner, without any subtlety or ambiguity. I prayed for help, for information that would be clear enough for a child to understand, as I realized my level of understanding and perception were about that rudimentary in dealing with the aliens. I wanted a communication that couldn’t be dismissed, variously interpreted, or ambiguous as to its nature.

On May 10, 1993, I may have gotten a partial answer to that prayer, although great caution is called for in assessing any contacts before accepting them at face value. This particular contact conformed exactly to other abductees’ descriptions of the VRS dream and was the first of its kind I had experienced to such a degree.

I was in the middle of a normal dream when suddenly I was somehow removed from that dream and found

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myself sitting in a chair, in a darkened area, accompanied by entities I wasn't allowed to see. They spoke to me, clearly and frequently, throughout the event. I was facing a small stage area, which I now feel was more holographic than solidly three-dimensional even though at the time it looked quite realistic. My "hosts" told me I was to watch a scenario played out on the stage.

It began with a scene from Genesis, in which Esau returned home feeling so hungry he feared he would die. His younger brother Jacob was sitting there eating a bowl of pottage, and Esau begged him to share it. Jacob said he would give Esau the food, but only in exchange for Esau's birthright as the oldest son of Isaac. I heard Esau say, It won't do me any good to have the birthright if I die of starvation, so I'll agree to trade it for the food.

Then the scenario on stage changed to another part of the brothers' story. In this second scene, Isaac was very old and blind and knew that he was close to death. He called for Esau to be brought to him to receive the laying-on of hands that would confer the inheritance. Jacob wrapped an animal skin around his arm and presented it for his father's touch. Isaac felt the fur and believed it was the arm of his very hairy eldest son. So in his ignorance of this deception he conferred the blessing and gave Jacob that which rightfully belonged to Esau.

The play ended, and then it started right up again, playing out several more times as my hosts discussed its meaning with me. At various points they

would stop the action, much as we pause a video tape, and would point out some specific detail and tell me what it meant, what it symbolized, and what the message was trying to convey.

They told me not to focus on the biblical aspect of the play, that their message had nothing to do with any actual Jacob and Esau, but that the story was designed to illustrate important information about what the aliens are doing to humans, both in the past and in the present. The hosts went through the play with me several times, pointing out details and saying things like, Okay? Let's try it again. Now watch closely. And the play would proceed.

After several repetitions, I suddenly "woke up" in my bed, amazed by what I'd just seen. I got out of bed for a while, trying to discern the nature of the event, whether dreamlike or externally generated, and I also pondered on the meaning of the scenario. When I lay back down, as soon as I touched the pillow I was suddenly back in the chair, facing the stage, and my hosts said we would now resume. Once again the play began running, as did the explication offered by my abductors. And when they apparently were satisfied, the action ceased and the abductors gave me a clearly delineated summary of the things I was meant to perceive.

Esau, the older and hairier brother, they explained, represents the original human species on this planet. Jacob represents the altered product of alien genetic manipulations of that older species. The aliens produced this new variant and then used it to replace the origi-



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nal form.

In our current situation, the aliens are once again doing genetic alterations of our species and are once again trying to produce a variant which will be more useful for their purposes and which will supplant us. And again it will be attempted through deception, as Jacob deceived Isaac. This deception, I was told, is being carried out by the aliens through exploitation and manipulation of global events, including weather phenomenon, to make us believe that the planet is in imminent danger of cataclysm and destruction.

This is why they impress the idea of coming destruction upon so many abductees, telling them they will have tasks to perform at that time. They want us, as a race, to be so afraid of this upcoming destruction that when they show themselves openly and offer to save us in some way, we will be willing to take their help, even if it means giving up our birthright, so to speak, which is preeminence on this planet. Like Esau in his hunger, we will say, "What good does it do us to keep our birthright if we're all going to be destroyed along with the planet? What have we got to lose if we accept alien help, even though that means accepting alien control? Better to survive under subjugation than not at all."

But my hosts stressed that this is all a deception, that our planet, without their intervention, is not in imminent danger. These terrible disasters we see—the flooding, hurricanes, and earthquakes—are sometimes being intensified by the very aliens who will then

come in and offer to save us from "inevitable" destruction. We should not believe them, I was told emphatically. And we must not surrender our sovereignty to them, as that would mean we were truly lost forever.

After this, I knew nothing more until waking in the morning, very disturbed by what I'd been shown. I had no way of identifying the source of this event and never caught even a glimpse of my abductors, who stayed behind me in the dark. I couldn't deduce anything about the event from my past encounters, because this one was completely different. I knew I hadn't been taken anywhere, because I woke up consciously in the midst of the experience and was able to check my physical surroundings. And there was no doubt in my mind that during the encounter I was not asleep; in fact, I remember being so awake when I was removed to the chair that I thought, How can they snatch me right out of a dream like that?

The experience seemed designed in some ways to fulfill the request I'd made for a straightforward, clearly comprehensible communication that would be helpful. They must have taken me at my literal word, for the message was reinforced in every conceivable way: visually, repetitiously, and verbally. So did that mean I could accept it as coming from a benevolent source? Could I test or trust its accuracy?

All I could do, finally, was hold the message in reserve and compare it to the events that occur as time passes. At least parts of what they told me I already knew to be true. The aliens do make a

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practice of giving abductees information about a coming time of destruction or change. With the many natural disasters of recent time, it is an easy message to believe. And they have engaged in what appears to be genetic processes for years, according to abduction accounts, as well as taking credit time and time again for the creation of the human species. But even these two “facts” I still had to question, because in neither case could we objectively verify the activities.

Things around our home went back to normal after that, until the middle of July, when a series of odd noises started to plague us. We heard everything from large plastic ware (nonexistent, of course) shattering on our wood floors, to gigantic invisible woodpeckers hammering away in the living room. Things got even stranger one evening in August, when Téodoro and I had a parallel and infuriating experience. I heard him ask me a question, and when I turned around to answer him, instead he answered it himself. Both of us heard the other one ask the question, it turned out, although neither of us had even been thinking about the subject.

Throughout August and September, there was an undercurrent of tension in our lives that felt just as it had back in 1988, after alien contact had renewed with Téodoro but before he was consciously aware of it. His usual coping mechanism for work and personal concerns seemed impaired, so that almost every interaction was stressful.

The stress was affecting me, too, leading to recurrent insomnia and sleep

disruptions. I started doing something I’ve never done in the past—leaving my bed, and Téodoro, to try to rest elsewhere. Sometimes I’d lie on the couch, with the dogs nearby on another couch, and sometimes I wrapped up in a blanket and slept fitfully on the guest bed. There were no conscious events to show that anything suspicious was occurring, but the insomnia was not normal, and neither was my willingness to be separated from Téodoro.

We weren’t in step with each other or comfortable with ourselves in those weeks. I became worried as the situation seemed to go on and on, but I couldn’t pick up any clue from Téodoro about his thoughts. Given all that had happened in the past months, I should have asked him if he thought the stress indicated suppressed memories of new contacts. But I was honestly afraid to ask and risk a confrontation with something that felt so heavy or ominous.

It was Téodoro who broke the silence, one night as we drove home from visiting friends. In the quiet of the evening drive, he began to talk after a long period of silence, seriously and very tentatively. I could feel he was searching for a way to be both confiding with me and reassuring of my feelings at the same time.

What he told me were the details of two dreams. The first one had occurred in early September, but he hadn’t told me at the time. When the second one occurred later in the month, however, he had described it to me the next morning. I recalled he said we were a team of detectives in the dream,

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and then he sketched out the details of our pursuit of two suspects. We had chosen to follow one of them, a woman, but when we caught up with her we realized she was innocent, that the other suspect was the guilty party.

"I think it was a symbolic message," he told me that morning. "I think it was telling me that you and I are on the right path in this work with the abduction situation. We're following the truth, that's what the beautiful woman we caught represented."

In our talk in the car, Téodoro began by telling me about the first dream, from early September, and I could see why he'd been reluctant to discuss it.

"Something's been going on," he said, "and I want to tell you about it. I had a dream earlier this month. It woke me up, and I looked at the clock. It was around 4 a.m. I thought there would be plenty of sleep time left so I wouldn't be tired when I got up for work. Satisfied, I rolled over and started to drift off, when I remembered what the dream was about. And I noticed then, and only then, that my heart was still pounding faster than usual.

"I thought there must have been something to that dream, so I tried to remember more. There was a strong odor of spicy sweat and a stronger scent of fear in the dream. I think I was nude, and so was this woman who was sending out fear and pain signals. She seemed to be very confused and upset by the situation. I felt dazed and angry, dazed by whatever control was being exerted on my mind to get me into this situation,

and angry at being in the situation in the first place.

"I felt pity and sorrow for her, so I held her gently and tried to calm her down. I tried to talk normally, and that seemed to reassure her and give her back some sense of control. When she calmed down, I awoke. And immediately, I remember now, I smelled the air to see if there was any scent from the dream left on me. But there wasn't."

"Did you recognize the woman?" I asked. "Do you know her?"

"Yeah," Téodoro said, naming a casual acquaintance with whom we've never had any social involvement. "I really tried to think it was just a dream," he said, "and that maybe I was going through some sort of mid-life mental quake, but I don't think that's it. Anyway, I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want to worry you. But after the second dream, I can't keep this quiet any more."

"Why?" I asked. "Was it something awful?"

"No," he said, "it wasn't a bad dream. Do you remember me telling you the dream where we were detectives?"

"Yes," I replied, recalling the conversation quite clearly.

"Well, that was the dream," Téodoro continued. "I told you about it at breakfast, and we talked about whether it was symbolic. And I really thought it was. Until two days ago."

"What happened?" I asked.

"I was at the mall with a friend for lunch," he said. "We had eaten and were heading around to the escalator,

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and then this woman came around the corner, dressed all in black. She was blonde, genuine blonde, and her skin matched the color, eyes, too. She looked at me, started to lift up her arms, and said, 'H-h-hello!' And then she seemed to get real confused and walked on past me."

"What did you do then?" I asked. "Did you go after her or talk to her?"

"No," he said, "we went up the escalator, and when I got to the top I turned and looked back down there. She was still there, looking very disoriented, and then she walked off slowly."

"So what did that have to do with the dreams?" I wondered.

"That woman in the mall," Téodoro said, "was the same woman I saw in the detective dream. That was her! In the flesh! I recognized her immediately, and I swear she acted like she recognized me, too. You know how you'll reach out to hug a friend you haven't seen in a long time? That's how it was, and when she reached for me I was starting to reach for her, too."

"What do you think is going on?" I asked. "What does this mean?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I thought that was just a dream, but there was the real woman. So now I don't know if the first one was a dream, either. And that was a bad situation."

"Do you remember anything specifically sexual happening in the first one?" I asked, thinking of the encounters in other abductee reports.

"I didn't see anything like that happen," Téodoro told me. "I only saw us

kneeling in front of each other, nude and scared and angry. We were in a circle of bright light that came from somewhere above us, and everything outside of that was too dark to see. But I sensed it was a very large room. Something could have gone on, either before that or after, and I just don't remember."

"How did you feel, while it was happening?"

"I didn't feel sexual. It was more a very deep sorrow because that woman was in such terrible panic and fear and pain. It was so thick I could almost grab it in the air, all that emotion. All I wanted to do was make her feel better, give her some comfort, and that's what I remember doing. Just holding her and talking."

"Have you seen her, I mean in person, since the dream?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"So how did she seem? Did she say anything?"

"No, she didn't say a word. I passed her on a stairway, and she looked at me very intently. I think her face even turned red, and then she looked down at the stairs and went on by."

"Does she usually say hello when you see each other?"

"Yes, she's always been friendly in the past," Téodoro said. "I don't know why she acted like that, unless that whole thing wasn't really a dream. But there's no way I can ask her about it, we don't know each other that well at all."

"And we don't have a clue as to finding the woman in the mall," I remarked, wishing we could ask her if she

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really remembered the incident in Téodoro's dream.

"No, I never saw her before," he said. "But we had a connection, when we were looking at each other, a very strong connection. I looked at her, and then it was like I was inside her head, her eyes, looking back out at myself. And I could feel her, in a way, that she really is good, a good person. She's not responsible for whatever might have happened. If anything really did."

That was the question we were always left to face, the nature of an event's reality. In some reports, two people have separately recalled being in an identical dream or situation, and in those cases the people involved can feel more certain of the dream or event's objective reality. But it doesn't always happen that way. Sometimes one person will have a traumatic experience involving another person, and the reality of the event is so convincing that the experiencer believes the other person was truly involved, no matter how impossible time and location considerations may seem.

Granted, there is plenty of evidence for the aliens' ability to manipulate time and space, so the objective reality of such events cannot automatically be dismissed. But there is also hard evidence that the aliens are masters of illusion, total-sensory, gut-and-heart-wrenching illusion, generated by an external mechanism. And when an abductee is in an altered state, the illusion is very convincing to his controlled perceptions.

This lesson had been brought home by the extraordinary VRS involving Amy that Lyle and Mary witnessed in 1991, and now I was seeing, possibly, with my husband's bewildered emotions, just how masterful the aliens' deceptive mechanisms can be. For Amy, the event had been a virtual-reality solo flight, the external product or result of the blue sphere technology and its creators. Knowing this, I wondered if Téodoro's dreams were objective or virtual experiences, the product of some similar technology, and so did he. The only thing he knew to be "real" was the nameless woman he came face to face with in the mall.

This experience, all of our experiences and those of the eight women recounted here, define the abduction phenomenon. It is complex, ambiguous, deceptive, inconsistent, traumatic, physical, and metaphysical, with no single or clear purpose. There are patterns and possibilities, but none so plainly verifiable that everyone can agree on the facts, much less the larger truth, of the agenda.

If all that Téodoro and I knew about alien abductions was limited to our own experiences, we would have a very different picture of the situation. And we would be much more vulnerable to alien manipulations or programming in our ignorance. It is only when we consider our experiences within the larger context of Amy's experiences, and Beth's and Linda's and the experiences of the thousands of other abductees, that we gain enough knowledge to get past the personal illusions. And it is only by giv-

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ing up our wishful ideas and facing the data squarely that any of us can hope to penetrate to the actuality of these events, to come to terms with “what is” rather than what we wish it to be.

### XI — Expanding the View

A comparison of the data from these separate reports emphatically proves one point. Our current concept of the abduction experience is too small, too limited, and far too simplified. The Comparative Chart lists 114 elements from the reports, including details which were omitted in previous chapters because of space considerations. When the data is categorized and correlated, some surprising consistencies emerge that force the current view to expand, in both quantity and quality.

Before beginning the comparison, however, it should be noted again that four of the women underwent some regressive hypnosis: Betty, Elizabeth, Rose, and Estelle, with three different hypnotists. Out of the 114 listed details on the Chart, Betty reported 87, Elizabeth reported 77, Estelle 73, and Rose had 96. The other four women showed consistently fewer reported details, although not significantly so. Mollie had 67 of the 114 details in her account, Patsy had 71, Linda had 94, and Andrea reported 53. Almost all of the details, from each of the eight women, came from pre-hypnotic recollections.

In the “Contacts” category there are eight different situations reported, and seven of these eight have been reported by all of the women. These include 240 UFO sightings; missing time

as a child; missing time as an adult; consciousness of an encounter; virtual-reality events; telepathic communications; and the extension of alien involvement into lives of other family members. Three of them experienced missing time or abductions with other people.

The data indicates, then, that the phenomenon is not imaginary or self-generated, that it is linked to the UFO sightings, that it involves a generational interest on the part of the aliens, and that contact can be made by remote means.

The “Aliens” category contains a surprising variety of physical types reported, including some that are rarely mentioned elsewhere. While all eight women encountered the Gray aliens, the Whites (insectoid) and the hooded figures are almost as common, turning up in seven accounts. Blond humanoid figures have been seen by six of the women, as have the cat-eyed or reptoid type. Half of the women reported a wrinkle-faced entity similar to a tall Gray or White, as well as a shorter, often hairy creature variously referred to as a “troll” or “dwarf.” And both a blue entity and a “Jesus” figure have been witnessed by three of the women.

In addition to noting the variety of physical types, it is important to realize that every combination of these different entities have been reported working together in abduction scenarios. It is hard to conclude, then, that the various types are really separate groups carrying out separate functions or missions.

Abductees typically report under-

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going some sort of physical examination at one time or another, as researchers have long acknowledged. A comparison of the details reported in the “Exam” category show that two areas of the human body are most commonly involved: the reproductive system and the brain. Only five of the women remember gynecological procedures, however, and only three of them report possible implanted or missing fetuses, so the aliens’ interest in reproduction or genetics may not be their sole purpose. While this group comprises all women, they are not the only sex reporting fetal implantations or extractions, as bizarre as this seems. In one man’s account, he recalled an abdominal incision into which a malleable sac of tiny fetuses was placed and later surgically retrieved. Another man said that a similar fetal container was inserted rectally.

More of the women report implant procedures and “head operations” than gynecological activity. Andrea is the only one who does not recall receiving an implant, and five women report some surgical activity on their skulls or brains. This activity has no apparent connection to a crossbreeding agenda and points to a program of greater complexity than the limited “genetics” theory.

A variety of alien instruments are reported in these procedures, but the most common here are the wand-type device, found in four accounts, and the small metal box, usually black, which is reported by three women.

There are four accounts of a “lady doctor” present during examinations, and three of the women saw operations

performed on other abductees during their experiences. Three also were made to eat or drink something while in alien custody.

The most common detail of the examination scenario, however, is the report of an alien’s face very close to the abductee’s face, which has been experienced by all of the women but Patsy. Whether this is a type of examination or an exertion of mental control over the abductee isn’t clear, and of course it could be both. There is evidence that the large, black, glassy eyes so familiar from Gray reports may not be biological eyes but instead may be coverings that perform technologically, able to calm the abductee, do a scan of some sort, and even, as Patsy felt, “film” or record data from our minds.

Other activities besides the exams occur in abduction encounters. All of the women report that the aliens communicated with them at some point, although not during every encounter. And seven of them recall teaching or testing sessions. During abductions, six report experiencing levitation, five recall passing through solid objects, and four witnessed or performed telekinesis. On the ‘hardware’ side of things, four women were shown how to operate some of the equipment aboard a craft, and on the ‘software’ side three of them were induced to relive or envision a past time or event in their lives. Again, these activities point to an agenda more complex than crossbreeding.

Six of the women do, however, report scenes generally known as “baby presentations” in which apparently hy-

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brid infants are shown to abductees and are said to be created from some human-alien crossbreeding process. But half of the women also report being forced or induced to engage in (mostly traumatic) sexual activities with aliens, humanoids, or other abductees. And all these activities have little to do with crossbreeding or gathering of reproductive material.

Some researchers have theorized that all such sexual scenarios are the product of mind control-erotic images without substance-used merely to facilitate an actual event which involves nothing more than the taking of sperm or ova. But there are problems with this theory. For one thing, although sperm-gathering can be accomplished via erotically induced orgasm on the part of a male, it certainly isn't necessary for ova-gathering. In fact, it is totally unnecessary. Nor does it serve a reproductive purpose for her to be compelled to masturbate, as in some abductions, as well as in cases where the person feels "switched on" for this purpose when no abduction is underway. Another problem is that sexual intrusions involving reproductively immature children are reported. And finally, there is clearly no sperm/ova gathering going on in those situations where abductees are forced into sexual situations together.

Abductees report a wide yet consistent pattern of communications from the aliens, both in their presence and through remote contact. The most common communications focus on the origin of the human species, the "special" nature of the alien-abductee relation-

ship and of the abductee personally who has an important function to perform, the distinction of body and spirit, and warnings of future global destruction, which were all reported by a majority of the women. These are not trivial subjects. It would be as dangerous to ignore this information as it would be to believe everything the aliens say.

In the "Settings" category there is a similar consistency of reports, including the highly controversial scenario of the underground base, present in half of the cases. Even more surprising, perhaps, is that seven of the women saw other apparently human people in their encounters, working with the aliens aboard craft as well as in the terrestrial facilities. And in six cases, the humans were perceived as military personnel.

Many researchers have, unfortunately, been unwilling to take reports of human-alien collusion seriously. One researcher told me that he believed every case of human collusion could be explained as illusions perpetrated by an exclusively alien group. But all it takes to dispel this view is one confirmed case of military or human involvement, and from information that has been shared with me in confidence, I am satisfied that at least one such case exists, that of Leah Haley, whose ordeal of military intrusions and threats is told in **LOST WAS THE KEY**.

Another researcher has claimed repeatedly that none of his many investigations has produced reports or evidence of human military involvement. His claim, however, has been disputed by some of the abductees with whom he



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has worked, who say they have indeed reported these events only to have them discounted by the investigator.

Yet the reports overwhelmingly point to actual human involvement with alien abductions. Details of reports are consistent throughout the country, and the only thing that differs, finally, is the interpretation of those details by the researchers. Reports of human military involvement must be addressed with more than an unexamined dismissal, for they are as common as the baby presentation scenarios that are accepted at face value by the traditional view. Whether “real” or contrived, these events serve a purpose that the researchers need to discover.

Six other accounts described the abductees either viewing or being in a desert setting or on a desert-type planet, although the explanation of this scene varies from one report to another. Within the alien facilities, five women saw television-type screens, four saw instrument panels, and four were shown graphs or charts. And although it isn’t noted on the Chart, three women described unusual black, flexible tubing in the facilities, both aboard the craft and in underground locations.

Other reported details in alien settings included bodies of water or liquid, in three cases, as well as three reports of animals present. Of more concern are the three accounts of abductees seeing, or being told of, cloned human bodies. Both Linda and Patsy were shown clones of their bodies, although they were given different explanations. Similar reports come from other abductees, and

in one case a man said he saw a room full of inert male and female human bodies, who were beautiful and identical. The implications of such reports are enormous, considering the possible uses the aliens could make of these carbon-copy human bodies.

The eight women reported a number of physical effects, consistent with general abduction data, but the only two effects which were universal were patterns of unexplained bruises and particular noises in the ear or head. While the noises could be rationalized, perhaps, the bruises clearly indicate some physical interaction. The repetition of triangular marks in abductee reports may well indicate a single source for all of the marks.

Other signs of physical, rather than psychic or spiritual, contact include six reports of unexplained blood on the women’s bodies or bedclothes, six reports of scoop marks, five women with scratches, and seven with puncture wounds. The case for actual physical contact is also bolstered by the six women who reported waking up with their clothing on backward, inside out, or completely missing.

The women experienced a variety of other physical reactions in addition to the internally heard beeps and electronic-type tones. All but Patsy, for instance, experienced nausea during or after an encounter, and five reported sudden, total exhaustion in which all their energy drained away in an instant. Five women described awaking at times and feeling as if they’d been “beaten,” to use Andrea’s term. And five said they

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had episodes in which a blinding light seemed to explode in their minds.

Unexplained rashes turned up in five of the cases, and instances of badly irritated eyes and waking with an unidentified bitter taste were both reported four times. Additionally, two of the women suffered unusual hair loss and unaccountable “sunburns.”

The physical nature of the abduction scenario extends to other things in the abductee’s environment. The external effects related to the phenomenon are very consistent, as the Chart demonstrates. Every one of the women have experienced bizarre electronic disturbances, for instance, and phone disturbances, both with the equipment and the callers. And seven out of eight reported lights in the yard, lights in the house, voices, clicking sounds, as well as miscellaneous thumps, pops, whistles, bangs, and hums in the environment, all without explanation. Outside the house, five of the women have witnessed the overflight of unaccountable, unmarked, or unidentifiable helicopters, all appearing after the abductees became aware of their situations.

The most consistent correlations between the women show up in the “Personal Response/Event” category. All of them suffer from chronic or frequent sleep disruption, all have undergone drastic attitude shifts, and they all feel a strong desire to live in rural locations, no matter what their previous backgrounds. Seven of the eight women report unexplained compulsions associated with their experiences, such as

Mollie's compulsion at times to take children, including other people’s children, to a certain spot where UFOs are often sighted, something she would not do of her own choice. And Andrea is the only one who has not reported feeling they are being prepared to carry out some unidentified task, job, or mission related to the alien agenda.

Three types of dreams show up in seven of the reports, as well. The first involves the arrival or landing or invasion of numerous UFOs on earth, a dream reported so frequently with the same details that I refer to it as “The Night of Lights,” from the typical description. The second dream shows scenes of coming disaster and chaos on the planet, and in some cases the abductees are led to believe that their upcoming “jobs” will be carried out at the time of destruction. The third dream type is prophetic, showing events which come to pass after the dream.

The final category, “Personal Background,” shows, in fact, that all of the women have demonstrated above-average psychic abilities. The data on ethnic background included here has only relative importance, focusing as it does on the Celtic and Native American heritages which are more prevalent in American abduction reports than any other specific ethnic groups. The abduction phenomenon is global, and in any given region the ethnicity would surely be different. What is significant, however, is the high percentage of the women who have had unusual or serious gynecological problems, an indication that abduction experiences may be

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hazardous to their health.

The two remaining aspects of personal background, childhood abuse and a family member in the intelligence community, deserve special notice. Some researchers and mental health professionals, unable to accept the reality of this phenomenon, have offered screened memories of child abuse as an explanation for abduction memories. But as in the case of objections to military involvement, all it takes is one abductee who suffered no abuse to explode the theory. Among these eight women, only three reported childhood abuse of any kind, and their memories of these events were not repressed.

Other theorists believe that abduction activity is perpetrated by humans rather than aliens, carrying out massive mind-control experiments for some unknown purpose. They argue that the agents of this activity would have access to “subjects” through the families of those in the military and intelligence organizations. While it is true that most abductees have a family member in the military, that is also true of just about everyone in the country, so that cannot be a significant factor. More telling would be an inordinately high number of abductees with family connections to the intelligence community, and such cases are reported. Among the eight women, however, there are only two confirmed, and one possible, with connections to intelligence work.

These individual, very unique, abduction reports show such a commonality that they all could quite easily be from a single source, or alliance of

sources, with a single, specific agenda. Some of the reported details, in fact, which appear so unique in a given single case, are too striking to dismiss. One good example not listed on the Chart involves Patsy and Rose, whose conscious memories and responses are very different. During Patsy's childhood abduction, she asked for and was given a “green healer rock” as a keepsake, but when the military interrogated the family, they persuaded Patsy's sister to give them the rock.

In Rose's case, a green rock was also confiscated. She didn't consciously connect the beautiful green rock with alien experiences, nor could she remember precisely when and where she first got it. But Rose does remember, as a child, being approached on the playground one day by an unknown woman. The woman knew Rose's name and a few things about her, claiming to be a friend of the girl's teacher. After a brief initial chat, the woman told Rose that she knew about the green rock and asked if she could have it. Rose recalls giving her the rock during a second encounter, although the details are cloudy.

There are other such minute similarities in just these eight accounts, and the details on the Chart generally are true not only for the eight women but also for thousands of others.

There is one more set of parallels, however, which was not on the Chart because it pertained exclusively to the women in this project rather than to the typical abduction situation. I was in contact with all of them separately for months before deciding to compile a

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book-length report about the cases, and during that time, although strange things still occurred, they did not seem any different from past activities. Things changed, however, after Elizabeth and Estelle were given messages telling them to work with me specifically.

I began the book project, and in the course of taking care of necessary business through the mail, it soon became clear that many of my letters to the women were being diverted. It was an annoyance, but a minor one. But then the women began having serious problems, physical afflictions of a suspiciously similar nature.

Betty was first. On the night she decided to participate in the project, she phoned a friend to discuss the decision, but in the midst of the conversation the line went dead. That night, she had disturbing but cloudy dreams, and the next morning both her legs from knees to ankles were in excruciating pain for no apparent reason. And then she had a sudden, frightening flashback that linked the mysterious pain with military personnel warning her not to be a part of the book.

That was in early October 1993. Three weeks later, after discussing my determination to do the project with one of the women, I went to bed in fine shape and woke up at 6 a.m. with wracking, spasmodic pains in both legs, from my knees to my ankles. It was unbelievably bad, unlike any pain I've had before, and after swallowing ibuprofen I hobbled back to bed and tried to sleep. I must have, for I dreamed after that, seeing myself surrounded by military

personnel who were injecting something into my knees. They taunted me, saying, "Don't think you can do anything you want. This is just a little demonstration that we can bring you, literally, to your knees any time we choose."

For Betty and me, these may have been mere dreams, reflecting our fears about the project. But Andrea's report of experiencing this same pain after an abduction, years before, makes it harder to discount a connection. And on the same weekend I had the leg pains, both Andrea and Elizabeth suffered unexpected gall bladder attacks, so severe that they both underwent emergency surgery at almost the same hour.

Rose was the next to suffer. After an abduction in early November, she woke up with several physical symptoms, the worst of which was heavy congestion. It quickly grew worse, and in the space of less than two months she had to be hospitalized. Before that time, however, her health had been remarkably pristine. It was in November, too, that Rose recalls military personnel threatening punishment if she "talked to Carol Rampalé."

Was it a real event, a VRS, or just a dream? Andrea had a similar dream shortly thereafter, in which I first discussed abandoning the project and then military personnel arrived and interrogated her about UFOs. Linda, too, felt a very human threat against her involvement with the book and almost decided to remove herself from it. But in the end, all of the women felt that the information was too important to let intimidation, if that's what it really was, prevent

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its release.

To conclude, then, the Comparative Chart shows how consistently the same details turn up in unrelated abduction scenarios, and indeed how many consistent details actually comprise the phenomenon. Such reports demand that serious attention be given to uncovering the nature and extent of human activity within the abduction phenomenon.

The evidence further makes a strong case for a very physical, technological basis to alien-human interactions. Unless angels perform rectal probes, however, and make crank phone calls, and arrange sexual liaisons in addition to their other heavenly duties, the case is very weak for this being a primarily spiritual agenda.

### XII - The Round Table

When these personal accounts are brought together for an overview, the women have three major concerns, in common with many others who have had forced alien encounters. What are the aliens saying, and can we believe them? What are they doing with us, technologically and psychologically? And what is the real nature of human or military involvement in the abduction activities?

On this last issue, every one of the women have reported seeing other humans present in abduction situations. Estelle, Rose, Linda, Patsy and Betty recall experiences that involved military personnel, and in most instances there were aliens working with the humans. Although some of these scenes may

have been alien VRS productions, other peripheral activities do indicate actual human involvement. Rose, for instance, was confronted and intimidated by uniformed men in the pickups that pinned her between them on the highway, just hours before she had a military abduction and was threatened about "talking."

When Estelle traveled out of state for regressive hypnosis, another suspicious event occurred. A high-ranking naval officer, a long-time acquaintance of the hypnotist's family, showed up at their home late on the night of Amy's arrival, in spite of being told that it would not be convenient to visit at that time. He proceeded to deliver the standard "line" that the military has no interest, much less involvement, with UFOs, aliens, or abductees. He said that in twenty-five years of service he had never even heard another military person mention UFOs, on or off the record. And he insisted that abductees had no business presenting their experiences to the public unless they could also offer "concrete, scientific evidence" that anything had happened.

I was present that night, and when I asked him if he actually could tell us of any military involvement with UFOs, assuming it did exist, he admitted that "national security" restrictions would force him to deny such involvement.

When Estelle left to drive home, she was followed by a state patrol car who stayed inches from her bumper or right beside her car for many miles. The effect, of course, was extremely unnerving, and Estelle felt it was meant to be an intimidation, as do those who have

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had military helicopter harassment, phone disturbances, and other events that seem much more human than alien in origin.

If, as was mentioned earlier, there is proof in even one case that military personnel have been involved in abductions, then the other reports should not be easily dismissed. Each person must decide what evidence is convincing on this issue, but I am satisfied that one case, Leah Haley's, is beyond question. If human agencies are indeed covertly active, their involvement demands more vigorous investigation than has been done up to now. Mainstream researchers, however, show no enthusiasm for confronting possible human-rights violations by human forces, perhaps because they fear personal reprisal—which, as many abductees can attest, does occur.

On the issue of alien communications, there is plenty of data from all of the women. Most of them have had personal messages in addition to hearing their names called. "The communication that has happened when I'm awake," Linda reported, as an example, "is usually simple. They say in my head, Turn off the lights and don't come in here'." After Andrea was sexually assaulted by the humanoid in the red suit, he told her, "I'll be there to help you," which was frightening rather than reassuring given the immediate situation. And Estelle had a curious message in late 1993, saying, "All will know of UFOs on the day of the big game," although which big game was not identified.

Some of the personal messages,

described previously, made direct references to me, once the women began working to investigate their experiences. Elizabeth was told to give all her "information to Carol Rampalé" and to assist me in awakening others to the abduction phenomenon. Estelle was compelled to contact me by her influencing forces, and then when she consciously asked them if they had any message for me, they told her to tell me, "Do take care. Lock your doors—it may help more than you know." The message was so absurd that Estelle challenged it and was told, "She will know what it means." When Estelle wrote me, she did not pass along that message, although she typed it and put it away.

Months later, when she was listening to a tape of a public presentation I had made, however, she heard me say that at one point I was so disheartened by the alien activity that I didn't even bother to lock my doors. Shocked by the correlation, she finally told me about the message she'd gotten earlier. And when Mollie asked her "spirits," as she called the unseen communicators, about this book project, she was given a lengthy reply. In part, they said that the book "is a journey into another level of mind" and that my books "are a part of a much larger work from which she cannot be separated...an expansive work of love, resting on a solid base."

It is impossible not to wonder what these specific personal references mean. They certainly show that some force or group is aware of the connections between the women and my research, which may account for the heli-

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copter flights and telephone interference so many of us have had. During a phone conversation with Rose, in fact, as we discussed one alien group's claim to originate in Cassiopeia, a man's voice interrupted to say, "There's a lot of them out there, and we know where they come from"—and then the voice was gone.

These references also demonstrate foreknowledge of certain events or the ability to direct events, for whoever gave Estelle the message about my locking the door seems to have known she would later, much later, hear a tape of my remarks. These specific references connect our separate experiences within a larger organized agenda, that much is clear, although the coordinators of this activity are not, and it seems to be quite a long-term project.

Many of the women had alien communications very early in their lives. Andrea reported being told as a child that "The children must be protected." Estelle had messages and ideas impressed into her mind from as young as four, and like Mollie she felt the impact of these influences in her early teen years. She also felt that the aliens implanted or stored information within the subconscious, in "packets" of knowledge, reminiscent of the "pockets" of knowledge the aliens told me I possessed in 1980.

Throughout their lives, several women recalled teaching or training communications. For Estelle, these included information about various aspects of physics, as with Mollie, as well as lessons in telekinesis and penetrat-

ing solid objects. Rose's training has focused on using her mental powers, and Andrea's propelled her to study useful survival skills. This training or programming of abductees is meant to serve some purpose, but we have only the aliens' claims for what that purpose may be.

Much of what the aliens have communicated has affected the women's attitudes on a variety of subjects. In childhood, Estelle witnessed an apparent VRS designed to destroy her faith in traditional religion, and Mollie reported lessons on "changes in allegiance." Andrea, Elizabeth, and Estelle also have come to feel suspicious of temporal governments, a suspicion that Elizabeth says was "fostered" by the aliens. Such an attitude adjustment is clearly an intrinsic part of the abduction agenda, pointing to a much more involved and disturbing program than the mere taking of genetic material to revivify a degenerative alien race. Their actions concern changing our belief system as much as working, for whatever reason, with our bodies, and we do not know the motivation for this targeting of religion and government.

On the subject of human genesis, the aliens often say they are our creators, as in Rose's case, and statements about altering our species were also made to Linda. The most provocative message, given to Estelle, indicated a surprise on the part of the aliens that Estelle hadn't clearly seen the situation already. "Did you think this was all by accident?" she was asked, as the aliens presented the concept of the earth as a

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cosmic zoo.

Such indoctrination serves to reduce our concepts of human sovereignty, as well as to bind us to them in a subservient position, as a possession. While some people accept this relationship as fact and thus allow that the aliens can legitimately do with us what they please, there are others of us who feel we possess an inherent sovereignty and right to exist without interference, no matter what our genesis. Their claims to be our creators have never been more than mere claims, anyway, unless there is proof somewhere, as a few researchers report from intelligence and military insiders.

As for information on the aliens themselves, they are less forthcoming. Linda was told that there are “many divisions” of the beings, and Elizabeth has observed that while some of them are interdimensional, as Mollie also believes, others are actually “interplanetary travelers.” An origin in Cassiopeia was stated to Rose, although the alien said their group had long ago made a “home” for themselves on our planet. Betty was told only that the aliens are here for study and to “avert a destructive process” that humanity is bringing upon the world. The most extreme communication of origin, however, was given to Patsy. She was told that the aliens are angels, although not as we’d been taught to think of them, and that they will be responsible for the changing of human bodies at the time of resurrection. Elizabeth, conversely, has been made to see, from her experiences, that the God of the Bible “is not

the supreme being we have been taught to envision.”

A common communication has been that the abductees are to come together or “find” others like themselves. In fact, Rose reported being brought to a group of “Chosen Ones” in an underground facility. “There were others trained like me,” Estelle said she was told in 1989, “and we would come together soon. Now it is time that we find each other.” Betty was told that she and others must work as “spiritual” beings “for the good of humanity,” and the aliens told Elizabeth that “All good people of earth must come together to resist what is coming.” It isn’t certain, of course, that all the communications have come from a single source, and in fact there are frequently contradictions and inconsistencies from case to case.

The future planetary events are also a major topic for the aliens, and it is interesting to note the phrases and images they use here. For Elizabeth, the aliens have used terms like “the awakening” to indicate coming changes in “world cultures and consciousness.” This sounds positive and peaceful enough, but both Estelle and Mollie have been told of a coming “Armageddon,” although Estelle was told that Armageddon “will not be as people think it will be.” Angle’s abductors said that the “filth and evil” in this world will be cleansed as we are subtly changed. But for Andrea and Linda, the future changes are shown as disasters for which they must prepare to survive here on earth.

And Patsy has been shown scenes



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of the return of Jesus, accompanied by space ships and aliens, preceding the “bad time on earth” which will destroy many of those who are not rescued. Indeed, to Estelle, Betty, Elizabeth, and Mollie, the communications have indicated a war of good and evil underway, in which we have a part to play. And as for the aliens’ promised assistance, Linda has said simply, “Why should we believe they can fix our problems when they can’t even control the abusive aliens among them?”

How do the women feel about their alien communications? Elizabeth is inspired by much of what she’s told, but she has not been able to initiate the communications herself. In fact, she feels that the aliens have hidden, in a way, behind their contacts. “We’re not seeing the true intelligence behind all these scenes,” she once said. Mollie says that when she considers all she has been told, she concludes that in reality, “They have told us nothing.” And Estelle has complained that in spite of all she’s been told and taught, the aliens “don’t give [practical] information.”

Rose has come to be suspicious of much of what she has been told. “There’s no reason I should trust those aliens,” she wrote, “any more than I would trust my own kind.” And Andrea has echoed that feeling. “I’m always amazed when I get any information from them at all,” she said. “I really don’t know if someone who would abduct a person could be trusted to give a truthful answer to any question.”

The second issue focuses on alien technology as observed by the

abductees. Besides the various instruments used in examinations, most of which are completely foreign, it is curious to note how often the aliens employ quite familiar equipment, especially needles and injections. Indeed, some researchers have said that this use of mundane technology argues against an alien force and toward covert human activity. Rose, Betty, and Mollie all report getting shots, and the other women have sometimes found injection punctures without remembering how they got them. But the most common technological devices are not at all human-like: the probes. Their descriptions are often very similar—small balls of light floating or bouncing through the house—but in Amy’s case the probe was rather more “spidery” in appearance.

As mentioned earlier, there is a strong interest in human brains evinced by the aliens’ activities. Estelle, Rose, Betty, Linda, Patsy and Mollie all reported having some operation performed on their brains, and they often used the exact same descriptions, of feeling as if their skulls were opened and their brains temporarily removed.

But by far the most alarming evidence of alien technology concerns the “new” bodies and “clones” they manufacture. Whether these are really bodies for a future human “resurrection,” as Patsy was told, remains to be seen, for other explanations have been given. In a case privately reported, for instance, a man was told that a duplicate of his body could be used to “replace” him if he didn’t “cooperate” with the aliens. Linda, too, was told that other people

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wouldn't be able to distinguish her cloned body from the original, if they chose to replace her. And Rose was shown the cloned infants as part of a "novel breed" the aliens are producing.

Mollie has a different take on what may be going on with the baby presentations. "What's the point?" she asked. "Not to nurture this crossbred infant, not to teach the ETs about emotional love and physical bonding, but to blow our goddamn minds. They use our bodies to get to our minds and emotions." She doesn't believe they care anything about our bodies, "except that WE care very much, so that is why our bodies are important to them: to get at our caring."

This view is echoed by Rose. When she was shown one of her "hybrid" offspring, she felt that the presentation was a test of her rather than anything to do with the baby itself. "From that particular experience, I learned that the hybrid presentation liturgy is not a bonding exercise," she concluded. "In reality it is an act of scrutiny against the mother's measure of courage and understanding. It has a lot to do with mental pain and how the mother deals with it."

Concerning the clones or hybrids themselves, she was further told that their souls are "recycled" and that they are regenerated many times. This fits in with other reports in which abductees saw the aliens destroy fetuses and were told they are not "really alive" and that their physical material will be used, not wasted. In fact, these and other reports point to the use of human genetic material to produce the Gray workers, quite possibly biological "robots" rather than

living, soul-inhabited, entities.

The other major technological question concerns the implants, for which the aliens have given various explanations. When Elizabeth received an ear implant, she was told that it affects "brain chemicals and certain subtle functions." The aliens told Rose that the implants "act as a magnet and pull information from people's brains" as well as enhancing the use of "special senses" and sending "instructions."

But Estelle was given very different information about the implants by the masked alien who removed hers. Besides being shown where the implants are placed and the fact that they operate on the abductee's own electrical brain activity, she was also told how the implants are used to control abductees, punish them, and even kill them.

And although no one was told that the implants are used to create the virtual-reality scenarios, that possibility must be considered. The technology behind the VRS is a subject upon which the aliens have been silent, but the effects of the VRS are apparent. Only Estelle has been given any information about the images created by aliens, when she was told that they use frightening images for control. One of the aliens told Rose that the military also uses "illusions," but this was not explained.

Several of the women have their own ideas about what is behind the virtual-reality scenarios. Besides the control factor mentioned by Estelle, Andrea

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believes there may be a positive purpose for some of the VRS activity. "I suspect a lot of these encounters," she said, "are alien-induced dreams, for the purpose of making sure you feel comfortable with them." Linda said, "I believe sometimes I'm made to dream odd things to see my reaction to them." And Elizabeth, too, believes the aliens sometimes create frightening "set-up scenes, absurd stuff," which has made her uneasy. "I'm afraid," she confided, "we might find that intelligence [behind the illusions] so cold and impersonal that it would be unbearable."

Given all their experiences, what do the women themselves think about the aliens, their encounters, and the agenda to come? Patsy is the only one who had unequivocally positive feelings and trust in the aliens-before her encounter with the "oriental girl" in the underground facility, that is-for her perception of them has been shaped since her childhood to see them as angelic beings. Elizabeth, Rose, and Betty all recognize positive and negative forces among the aliens, and while Estelle has been threatened and silenced through the years by the aliens, she still says, "I don't think all aliens are bad. I don't even consider the Grays that are abusing humans and other life forms as 'bad'-they have their reasons and think differently from us, so they probably do not understand our feelings."

Rose goes further, saying, "Perfectly real aliens exist out there, and it seems one kind wants to help us and another kind wants to deceive us." Andrea has recognized differing agendas

among the groups who have interacted with her. She thinks the Grays care very little about humans personally, the humanoids are involved with sexual aspects of the phenomenon (from her conscious recollections, at least), and the Tans are concerned to bind us to them through our emotions.

Mollie has expressed many ideas about the alien agenda. "I know many feel they [aliens] need reproductive material from us," she wrote, "but the way it feels to me is, although there may be the aspect that we are a resource, it feels like a highly sophisticated mind game." And she recognizes, as has Andrea, that the mind game can be very effective. "Intellectually I can say, 'They are out for control; don't trust them'," Mollie has confided. "But, Carol, emotionally and deep in my mind I trust certain ones of them more than anything else in the universe. And I have been confronting bit by bit the evidence that they made me feel this way for their purposes, to fulfill their agenda, not for my good. The depth of my trust, I think, is more frightening than the depth of my fear." Like Andrea, she recognizes the directed nature of her response.

"Their consistent theme is control," she continued. "It is maddening to realize that although we strive to empower ourselves and know that we can claim and enforce our own mental sovereignty, still so often they slip by our defenses...and own parts of us which by rights we should have in our conscious possession."

In spite of what some prominent abduction theorists tell us about avoid-

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ing thinking in terms of “good and evil” or “positive and negative” when it comes to the aliens, this simply cannot be done, nor should it be. For these women, for my husband and myself, for all abductees, knowing that we have been made a part of this agenda and that we have been implanted, trained, and programmed to participate in some future scenario, how can we not ask to what purpose our minds, bodies, and souls will be used? How can we put aside our rationality, our learned wisdom, and our ethics to trust the words and actions of beings whose nature is kept hidden from us and whose agenda involves the entire world?

More immediately, what can be done to alter the abduction situation? Is there any sign that things are changing? The answer is a cautious yes, there is evidence of a change in the ‘standard operating procedure’ of abduction events over the last forty or fifty years.

On the part of the aliens, there seems to have been a quantitative and qualitative increase in abduction activity since the mid-1980s in this country. Whereas most events in the past were deeply suppressed in the abductees’ memories, by 1986 hundreds, if not thousands, of abductees began to remember past experiences and to be more currently aware of new ones. Either the aliens were not doing a good job of suppressing the memories, or something was triggering a wake-up call in the abductees. Further, more abductees were reporting a variety of alien physical types, not just the small Gray workers typically encountered in

the past.

An argument can be made that this awareness was initiated deliberately by the aliens, as part of the preparation for the predicted coming global event in which abductees will be activated to perform their “tasks.”

But a different argument can also be made, that abductees were waking up on their own, many times “seeing through” the illusions and virtual-reality scenarios as Andrea did when she told the Tan entity who was projecting love toward her, “Too bad it isn’t real.” In several recent reports, in fact, abductees have penetrated the aliens’ illusions and refused to cooperate as the aliens would have had them do. The growth and changes resulting from alien contact may yet prove to be a double-edged sword, giving abductees a heightened awareness and psychic perception that allows them to evaluate and react to their situations in ways they could not have done before.

It has been said that any species, in an environment of extreme stress and questionable survival, may develop new coping mechanisms to ensure that the species continue to exist. Could this be part of what is happening now? Certainly an intrusion of an advanced, controlling force on a widespread scale could generate enough “species stress” to trigger new response mechanisms.

Studies of human consciousness development theorize that the emergence of bicameralism—the division of the psyche into conscious and subconscious components—occurred relatively

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recently in human evolution, perhaps no more than five thousand years ago, in a fairly sudden way and with no known precipitating cause. Could it be that we are once again experiencing a psychic change, a movement toward “tricameralism” that will give us a new form of conscious perception? Are we developing new abilities to recognize energies and entities which have hitherto been beyond our ken, and thus new ways to respond?

Many people who see alien interaction as a positive event for humanity point to the growth and changes abductees often evince as proof that the aliens are working to elevate the psychic abilities of our race. Rose has said, echoing the reports of numerous other abductees, “I have grown in many ways. My IQ and receptiveness to learning has improved a lot, and I am more in tune to nature as well as myself and other human beings.” Defenders of alien interaction claim that these sorts of changes are a deliberate product of the contact experience, evidence of the aliens’ benevolent interest in humanity.

It is odd, however, that such growth seems to come to abductees only after they are aware of their experiences. If indeed this growth is produced by the aliens, then it should have been there

long before the abductees were conscious of their encounters, since in almost every reported case there are signs of alien involvement since early childhood. The psychic increase and growth of perceptive abilities, however, occurring after the abductee is aware of the intrusions, may indicate a different genesis—an internal evolution of consciousness—stemming from our need to know what is and has been done to us and what we can do to meet the situation in a more empowered position.

Survivors of great catastrophes such as hurricanes, earthquakes, or war, may be crushed by the impact of these events, losing their usual ethical considerations and sense of self that is the basis of psychic stability. Or they may find a new resilience, rising to the occasion and reacting with abilities they didn’t know they possessed.

Given the vast intrusive activities of the abduction phenomenon, we as a species may well feel such a threat or stress that a “mutational” or evolutionary leap is occurring today, developing a tricameralism of the mind, allowing us to confront the intruders and see them more clearly than they have allowed in the past. On the basis of many recent abduction reports, there is hope that our species is awakening.

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Was it a “Gray?” No, it was more human; it was a humanoid. A hybrid? Possibly. Male or female? It might have been male but I think not. It had long, flowing hair, a fragile, smooth face with pronounced lips, large dark eyes, piercing and watching. The skin, the covering or epidermis, was golden, sort of; pinkish yellow-brown. It was not grey. Did I observe any female physical features? No. I did not notice any breasts or pudenda. It...she...was rather featureless. She was child-like, her physical structure was that of a preadolescent human female, someone who might have been ten or eleven years old. Not curvy, not robust, not voluptuous in any way. Might it have been sexless or, perhaps, some combination of both sexes? I have given it some thought. It could have been either or both. I did not spend any time trying to figure it out while I was there.

Did I have any thought of attraction to the being? If by “attraction” you mean sexually, the answer is no. I was entranced by her appearance, the look of her, standing there, but I had no thoughts of a sexual encounter. She seemed to be an adolescent girl, a child not fully matured.

Was she clothed? No. Was I clothed? No.

What were the others doing at that time? I believe they were recording my reaction to the being. What was that reaction? Amazement. Disbelief. Wonder. Astonishment. And a remote kind of relationship, a father/daughter attachment.

When searching for answers to your “events” be very careful not to look too deeply into that dark well lest you find there something you wish not to know.

